MOTHER MARY ROSE

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MOTHER MARY ROSE

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FOUNDRESS AND FIRST SUPERIOR GENERAL
OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES
OF JESUS AND MARY

MOTHER MARY ROSE

Foundress and first Superior General
of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary,
Longueuil, P.Q.

BY
A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY

WITH A PREFACE BY
THE RIGHT REVEREND EDW. J. O'DEA, D.D.
Bishop of Seattle, Wash.

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WE affirm that in speaking of the holiness or the virtues of Mother Mary Rose, we do not wish in any way to forestall the decision of the Holy See, and would act in all particulars in accordance with the decree of His Holiness Pope Urban VIII.

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE

THE publication of the Life of Mother Mary Rose, Foundress and first Superior General of the Institute of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, is a valuable addition to the religious and educational literature of the American Church. It introduces the reader to one of the most remarkable women of the last century, one whose name may be fittingly linked with those of Mother Seton of the Sisters of Charity and of Mother Mary Hardey of the Religious of the Sacred Heart.

Gifted with a sound practical sense and with an appreciation of the needs of her age, Mother Mary Rose trained her spiritual daughters as a gardener trains his tender flowers. Along with the doctrines of the supernatural life which form the basis of her work, she insisted on the thorough education of the members of her Institute. While she trained them both by precept and example in the profession of teaching, she also laid stress on the cultivation of those virtues which are the essence

of the religious life. In her vocation as Religious and teacher she left the impress of her individuality on her Sisterhood and bequeathed to it the precious legacy of true ideals in the work of Catholic education; and the rare success as teachers her devoted daughters have had, during the past fifty years, is a guarantee that the moral and intellectual programme outlined for them by their venerable Foundress has been faithfully carried out. Wherever the Sisters of the Holy Names open schools they command a title to distinction. At the present time, when Catholic training is such an imperative need, their activity extends from ocean to ocean and from Canada to Key West. The Institute which proudly claims Mother Mary Rose as its Foundress, is imparting the blessing of sound Catholic education to every class of society on this continent, even to the negroes of the Sunny South.

Coming nearer home, the Sisters of the Holy Names have taken deep root in the Northwest, and find herein a fruitful field for their labors. In the Diocese of Seattle they are the valued helpers of the clergy in several parishes; in all that relates to the welfare of religious and secular education they carry out the wishes of the ecclesiastical authorities.

Those who have the privilege of knowing the system employed by this Institute in its

schools will read with pleasure the "Life" of its Foundress, and they will appreciate all the more the admirable gifts of the gentle nun who raised up for God and the Church such a valuable teaching body. Like other saintly founders of religious institutes, Mother Mary Rose had her trials as well as her successes; but the perusal of this volume will show how humble and patient she was amid them all, and how lovingly she placed her confidence in the bosom of her Heavenly Father. This biography, undertaken as a work of filial love, will keep green the memory of a noble and saintly career.

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MOTHER MARY ROSE

I

EARLY YEARS

To enlighten them that sit in darkness... to direct our feet in the way of peace.—LUKE I.

THE work of Christ in the world is not done by men only. In the beginning male and female God created intelligent being, to His image and likeness. And in the Church's work—in her sphere of action, wherever it is, and whatever the Spouse of Christ, the great mother of the redeemed, undertakes for the help of mankind—woman is found associated with the Church's endeavors. Without the help of the Christian woman how much of this would be left undone! From the very inception, from the first days that the Gospel was preached, the part of woman is prominent. She is the ready believer, the faithful follower, the de-

voted helper. The ministry of the Christian woman pertains to the household; as daughter, wife, and mother, hers the office of example and encouragement and willing sacrifice. In her the Christian virtues grow strong and come to early blossom and maturity. The annals of the Church's story abound in the records of woman's contribution to the spread of the Faith. Her name re-echoes in the Litany of the Saints and fills page after page of her martyrology. After the Blessed Apostles some of the names dearest to the memory of the Church are those of her glorious heroines. This is true of every age and every land. It is true of our time and our country. The Church counts upon the assistance of her daughters. Without their cooperation her progress would be trammeled, her success lessened. To woman she turns at every onward step, now as in the past, in the New World as in the Old. And the Master has ever raised up daughters worthy of the Mother whose solicitude extends to every member of the family of the Faith, whose love embraces all, whose eyes are beyond

the fold, and whose arms stretch forth in invitation to those whose life lies without. The Church relies upon the help of her daughters at every step and in every path. Never have they failed her, not here as not elsewhere.

Pious and practical women have always been with us. Under the roof-tree of the home they are found, the quiet, earnest ones who look to serve their Creator and aid afflicted humanity. There are many, yes, and to God thanks for their presence and their influence, a thousand-fold thanks. Oh, that there were more! For sheer joy we cannot contemplate the dazzling spectacle of life were all women such as these, and yet they could be if they would. Ah, if they would! Deplorable contingency! Why should it be that honor and virtue and valor, that Heaven and God, are so frequently obliged to cede first place in woman's heart to petty vanities and transitory joys? Why must woman so often be the over-willing follower of glamor and phantom, and the victim of this world's open delusions and snares? She barters her rank and heritage

of angel upon earth for tinsel and dross. The wail of the tragedies that sweep through our land, the feverish unrest that is sapping society, the fatal tendencies that draw whole peoples away from God, could be stilled and stopped and remedied, if woman would be mindful of the rank Christ assigned her, and to which the Church of Christ has raised her. Morals and religion, law and order suffer, wherever and whenever woman forgets her place and duties in life. And when she chooses, how easily she can rally the good and call a halt in the mad downward rush! Our hearts go out in gratitude when we meet the record of women who take a worthy view of their work in the world. They are truly members of God's order of gentlewomen, whose watchwords are: Truth, Virtue and a Sense of Justice, Nobility of Soul and High Integrity. In the highways of life we meet them, but oftener in the by-ways, the women of this class who do a great work and do it unostentatiously. Patrician and plebeian, mistress or maid, every one of them is noble who has set her heart on God's honor, and on her fellowmen for the love of

God. How sweetly their lives run! How grand and how rich the fruit! Not theirs the modern methods of those who abandon natural dignity, break ruthlessly through sacred reserve, and using the natural means, the world's means, reach a natural end, the world's end—the open disregard of God's Commandments and the Gospel's precepts. Has the Church not placed woman Queen in a fair spiritual realm, to heal the wounded, cure the sufferer, and make whole the heart-weary and sad?

But all of the devout sex do not cast aside their queenship. The woman of eminently womanly qualities has always been with us. When we go back to the earliest days of American life we find her in the person of Madame de Champlain gently solicitous for the least favored of the race, helping the unfortunate from her modest competency, and sharing with them the riches of her heart and soul. We have also Marie de l'Incarnation, Mademoiselle Mance, Marguerite Bourgeoys, Madame d'Youville, Mrs. Seton, living quiet lives, but heroic in zeal for God's glory and their neighbor's

welfare. Another land endowed ours with all the women mentioned, except Mrs. Seton and Mother d'Youville. Many others, native to the soil, did great service for the country, and their names should be inscribed among the real benefactors of the race.

One of these, Eulalie Durocher, was born just a hundred years ago, at St. Antoine on the Richelieu, in the Province of Quebec, October 6, 1811. What a power for good has been that life which we are about to sketch! And yet there is no need of a trumpet to herald a work like hers; it was of God, whose works thrive best in silence and far from the glare of the world.

The Sieur Olivier Durocher wedded his cousin Genevieve, a young woman brought up by an aunt, Madame Mauvide, seigneuresse of the Island of Orleans, near Quebec City. Educated by the Ursulines of Quebec, Genevieve became an ideal Christian, "in the world but not of it." She devoted herself to home, husband and children. The Sieur Olivier Durocher was a man of principle and integrity, God-fearing and deeply religious. Thus united in the essentials, hus-

band and wife trained in the ways of holiness a family of ten. Two of their children died young; three married and in their own homes were faithful imitators of their parents' virtues; three sons, Flavien, Theophile and Eusebe were ordained to the priesthood; two daughters embraced the religious state, Marie Seraphine and Eulalie, the youngest of the family, whose life-story is the theme we now undertake.

The call to the service of Christ comes at all ages as we see from the Gospel; some toilers went to the Master's vineyard at the first hour, and worked continually bearing the heat and burden of the day; some again went only at the eleventh hour. Now Eulalie seems to have had an early summons. When only three years of age she would ask her mother: "Will it soon be time to pray?" The instincts and inclinations of her young heart turned to piety and to God. This tendency towards good was developed by the ideal home atmosphere in which she lived, and even by her beautiful natural environments. From her father's home on the Richelieu she could look down

an avenue of English poplars and see the river hasten onward towards the St. Lawrence, the village of St. Denis on her right, St. Antoine on the left, and a horizon beyond of rolling hills, lifting into craggy mountains, here, there, and everywhere. In these surroundings she grew to girlhood, receiving her early education, first from her mother, afterwards from Sieur Olivier's father. In the autumn of 1821, at the age of ten, she was sent to the Sisters of the Congregation at St. Denis, where she remained two years. During this time she made her First Holy Communion.

She spent the next four years at home, in the quiet routine familiar from childhood. Although two servants were in the constant employ of her father, Eulalie's hands were never idle. She was the joy of the house; for with that intuition peculiarly her gift, she could divine the feelings and needs of those around her; and with exquisite tact, brought comfort and happiness to all. Nor did she confine her ministrations to the members of the family circle; her gentle attentions and help and cheer were freely be-

stowed on the needy, whether the heart-hungry, the soul-hungry, or merely the bread-hungry. The years went swiftly by in acts of love. Her life at this period was entirely given to duty. Work may be prayer, and Eulalie's was; yet, her little tasks finished, she sought Our Lord and poured out her soul to Him, and that soul grew upward to her God, and His love went down to her, to strengthen, to purify, to perfect her for Himself. She assisted frequently at Holy Mass on week days, she received Communion often. At sixteen she began to think seriously of her vocation. She had already learned the value of time by comparing it with eternity, and she longed with a great longing to devote every moment of her existence to promote the glory of God, and to better the lot of the little ones He loves so well. In this she was helped by the decision of her sister, Marie Seraphine, who had been, at this time, two years with the Sisters of the Congregation in Montreal. Seraphine went to the Congregation Convent with the purpose of joining the Order when her studies were completed, which she did in 1827.

While Seraphine was at boarding-school, Eulalie was at home learning to practise penance and prayer, and all the virtues after the manner of the Saints. She did not confine herself to morning and evening devotions, to reading pious books and performing her work with great purity of intention; she moreover tried earnestly to meet the little annoyances of life with calmness, even with joy; and she labored to repress impatient nature by constant cheerfulness and sweet endurance. Sacrifice and immolation appealed to her as they do to all who stand beneath the shadow of the Cross and meditate on the love Our Saviour bore mankind; it was these which decided her to enter the "perfect way." In the cloister ungenerous souls do not excel; it requires a woman of strong will and character to reach the heights whereon walk those who obey the Master's command: "Be perfect." But where Marie Seraphine found happiness and holiness, Eulalie sought to find them too, and entered the boarding-school of the Sisters of the Congregation in Montreal, intending later to follow her sister to the Novitiate.

The influence of Eulalie's example soon told upon the daily life of her fellow pupils; they grew prompt to rise for prayer and meditation, ready to spend themselves for others, and tried to guard against offending the good God. Indeed, their life was lifted to higher levels yet, and they aimed to labor out of love for God, and in all things to serve and please Him. Eulalie, though not strong and wholly unconscious of the power she wielded in promoting piety and virtue, went on her way, loving her Creator with a great love, which was shown by her charity and humility. Long years afterwards a companion of her school days wrote: "In my eyes Eulalie Durocher was wonderful; she alone was unaware of her own worth, attributing all good to God, and to herself, every misery and weakness. She possessed charming modesty, was gentle and amiable; attentive always to the voice of her teachers, she was still more so to the voice of God who spoke to her heart."

But Eulalie was not strong, and illness interrupted her studies during each of the three years she passed in Montreal. She

finally concluded that teaching might be too difficult for her strength, and yet to instruct the "ignorant unto justice" was the dream of her life. Even if her health would not permit her to realize this dream she was determined to devote her days to the service of God. But what could she do? She thought of going to Quebec to undertake the nursing of the sick at the General Hospital; but illness, God's messenger, overtook her and kept her for three months in a state of weakness and suffering. She was thus obliged to remain at home where we find her as of old, "affectionate, prayerful, peaceful, cheerful without noise, the delight of our home," writes her brother, Reverend Eusebe Durocher.

Illness had retarded the fulfilment of her plans and doomed her to wait and work out the interval in deeds of love. Then sorrow came; her mother's health had been failing, it grew worse, and Mrs. Durocher was soon unable to leave her room; hence, Eulalie became mistress of the household. During those trying months, while she waited on her dying mother, and hoped against

hope that Death would spare her the dearest one on earth, it was said that Eulalie knew only one path—that which led to the church. As at boarding-school she had risen every morning to pray and meditate on Christ's life, so now in her suffering, she sought the glow of the sanctuary lamp and the soothing presence of the Eucharistic God. But the blow fell, her mother was called Home, and Eulalie found her only consolation near the unfailing Friend in the Tabernacle.

II

AWAITING THE CALL

My foot hath stood in the right path: in the churches I will bless Thee, O Lord.—Ps. xxv.

IN July, 1830, Rev. Theophile Durocher was appointed to the pastorship of St. Benoit. He soon persuaded Eulalie to change her home solitude for the parochial residence. To many another young woman life there would have been unbearable. The Pastor's sister found herself a stranger among those who had long been in charge of the Presbytery, for Rev. Father Durocher had retained the former incumbent's housekeeper and servant. Her coming begot no friction. Eulalie had learned the lesson of self-effacement, and the annals of these few months speak of prayer and peace. Her brother being transferred from the parish of St. Benoit to that of Belœil early in 1831, Eulalie returned to St. Antoine; but her home-stay was brief, for the new Pastor of Belœil asked her to assume the direction of his

MÈRE MARIE-ROSE
MÈRE M. AGNÈS.
MÈRE M. MADELEINE.

Presbytery and to bring their aged father to live with them. Father and daughter went, and this was Eulalie's final departure from home—that home sanctified by her parents' holy lives, and the holy lives of her ancestors. Truly, she carried away with her hallowed memories of her own days spent there, and ideals for the countless women whose lives she and her spiritual daughters were in future years to shape. Had she cast a glance behind her that day as she set out, she would have seen in retrospect a union as perfect as earthly unions can be, and as Heaven intends them to be. She would have seen a group of children growing up to manhood and womanhood, and in the fulness of their young promise putting aside all ambition save that of laboring to make God better known and served. She would have seen a day, too, in that home, after many of weary watching and anxious prayer, when she knelt by the bedside of her mother, and time was tremulous with dread suspense: her mother's pulse was running low, and her mother's brow was pale and her lips parched. It was the day when

Eulalie's heart learned what it had never learned before—its lesson of deepest sorrow, its keenest in suffering. Yes, hers had been a home; a household patterned on that of Nazareth, where God held first place, with human love subservient. A home of delightful years she was leaving, never to cross its threshold again; but its influences remained with her till life's close. When she left, it was to carry elsewhere the virtues she had acquired there, and which were to make her the soul of the parochial residence at Belœil and the visible angel of the parish. Blessed are they whose home-life is like hers!

Eulalie found many opportunities of doing good at the parochial residence; she was a Sister of Charity both in the house and in the village. Her brother's home was open to invalid priests. Many who experienced her charity have left written attestations of her zeal. Ingenious in finding recipes, and unsparing in care and needful attentions, she nobly seconded the Pastor's efforts. When her duties within the home were over, her charity led her to seek in the village the poor, the afflicted, the sorrowing. If

prevented by work from carrying provisions herself to some destitute family, she invited a friend or acquaintance to do it, and, in this manner, she trained other angels of charity whose willing hands helped on her deeds of mercy. It was by coming in contact with people in this way, that she discovered their pitiful lack of education. She saw young girls growing to womanhood without sufficient knowledge of the sanctifying doctrines of faith; she saw young hearts pure and good, which, if cultivated, could render eminent service to Christ the King. Eulalie's ardor was quickened by these considerations, and Divine Providence, at this opportune time, sent her a kindred soul, a great lover of the Crucified, Miss Melodie Dufresne, the holy daughter of a saintly mother. Mr. and Mrs. Dufresne, who resided at Belœil, had their daughters educated at St. Denis. Here Melodie, as well as several others of our first Sisters, was instructed by teachers who understood how to mould the character and direct the mind of the growing girl. So effective were the efforts of these instructors that their pupils

were distinguished by solid virtue, remarkable for exact observance and their love of Jesus crucified.

Like Eulalie, Miss Dufresne wished to become a Sister of the Congregation of Notre Dame, but God had other work for her to do; and she, too, returned home to watch and to wait, to pray, to suffer and grow strong, to edify and help Eulalie Durocher until God's good time came for the accomplishment of His designs on them. These two souls had met on the heights of abnegation, renunciation and prayer, before God willed that they should meet at Belœil.

Eulalie's choice of a friend gives us an insight into the motives of her actions. Miss Dufresne belonged to the school of Saints of strong will who, like the Anthonys and the Jeromes, loved God intensely and hated self without stint: the class which never surrenders to self-love. Resolute, stern, severe to extremes with their own poor bodies which they starve and scourge, they expect a like severity in others. Eulalie chose a friend, then, who would never flatter; one, on the contrary, who would not allow an-

other's vigilance to relax, even when that other was Eulalie Durocher: a friend whose very temperament must have been a source of suffering to those with whom she lived. Yet, when Miss Dufresne, long acquainted with penance and mortification, saw Eulalie's instruments of penance, she was surprised, moved, and impressed. Now, Miss Dufresne expected much of God's servants, hence to exceed her expectations argued favorably for this gentle young woman of the Belœil parochial residence.

Rev. Father Durocher, seeing that these two elect souls had the same aspirations, and were united by a great love of God and humanity, invited Miss Dufresne to make her home at the Presbytery. There, during eight years, the two friends lived for one end: to serve God in prayer, mortification, and in working for His suffering poor.

And God who loved them and whom they loved, gave them an enlightened spiritual director, Rev. Father Odelin, Pastor of St. Hilaire. Father Odelin was one of the first to detect and expose the errors of De Lamennais, and time, unfortunately, proved

the truth of the Parish Priest's judgment and vindicated his intellectual acumen. This then was the guide send by God to direct Eulalie and Miss Dufresne. He was enlightened, learned, holy; all that St. Teresa herself would have desired in a director of souls. He drew up a Rule of Life which the friends scrupulously kept, and which must have comprised penances, prayer and mortification: for after Eulalie's death, Miss Dufresne, speaking of this time, says: "I went one day into Eulalie's room; she was not in, but before me lay a discipline which bore marks of recent and frequent use, the floor also bore evidence to the same. I was truly surprised, for what I saw indicated severe treatment. Eulalie, coming in as I stood there, was troubled to see that I had discovered her secret, and made me promise not to speak of it. I promised, and have never mentioned the incident until today, when her departure for Heaven makes secrecy on this point no longer necessary." Indeed, her penances were many and austere. She rose at night to pray, she walked almost barefoot in the cold and snow, and

she continued these practices until her physician forbade them. He also felt obliged to moderate her rigorous fasts, and he tells us that she submitted immediately to his orders, because she understood that "obedience is better than sacrifice."

If Eulalie practised numerous and intense bodily mortifications, she likewise sought occasions to overcome her sensitive nature, nor had she any difficulty to find these opportunities, for the servants were often rude. At a word from her they would have been dismissed, but she preferred to load them with favors, to return insult by kindness, and even with gifts. So true was she to the Divine Master's example, that people would say: "Wound Eulalie's feelings and you will win her affection."

Her disposition was very unlike that of her brother with whom she lived. He was dignified, reserved, undemonstrative. His silence led his sister to believe that he was not satisfied with her as housekeeper, for he seemed kind to all but her. In consequence, she suffered keenly but bore the trial for the love of God, though it was painful and

told on her delicate health. Her brother's affection meant so much to her; besides, her duty was to make everything pleasant in his home as their mother had done in hers. Mr. Durocher noticed his daughter's failing health and questioned her about the cause. She told him, and he, in turn, spoke to his son, who narrating this later, said: "I unconsciously made the dear child suffer. After her death many admirable things will be made known about her."

Eulalie turned to things eternal as naturally as most women do to worldly pleasures. God was light and warmth to her existence; and with her, to live was to try to please Him. Her virtue was attractive; her personality, lovable and gentle, yet strong. The young and the old were irresistibly drawn to her, and her influence for good was both powerful and far-reaching, as we have already seen. She, however, gained ascendency over nature by constant efforts. Everything which tended to flatter self-love was ruthlessly retrenched. On one occasion a crucifix was sent her, accompapanied by some complimentary verses. In

a characteristic manner she accepted the crucifix and threw the verses into the fire. She early manifested a more than ordinary devotion to Jesus, Mary, and St. Teresa; and often, after spending the day in decorating the altar for some Church feast, she and Miss Dufresne passed the night before the Blessed Sacrament. Indeed, their household duties over, and the sick and the poor visited, the two friends sought Christ in the Tabernacle. Long vigils in the church became their chief delight. It is said that sometimes school children sought excuses to leave their class-rooms to run to the church to see "Miss Eulalie and Miss Dufresne pray."

It is no matter for surprise that Eulalie's fervent life should have won her the reputation of a model Christian; its influence was felt not only during her stay at Belœil; it remained in the place like an agreeable aroma long after she had moved to Longueuil. Many of the young girls of the parish who were associated with her, consecrated their lives to the service of the Most High; and the little ones into whose existence she had come like a blessed appa-

rition, kept the memory of her loveliness, until they too, grown up, followed her lead. Her example was effective in many other ways. A young woman of the place had fallen into unfortunate religious indifference, no longer even assisting at Holy Mass. Passing by the church one day, she went in "to see Miss Eulalie and Miss Dufresne pray." Eulalie had a crucifix in her hand, and as she prayed her tears fell on the figure of the Crucified Saviour: and, "Oh, how well she prayed! How she must love God!" the woman said to herself; "Oh, how she must love Him!" The contrast of the piety of the two friends with her own carelessness brought about a change of heart; she resolved to amend, and from that day on she edified her neighbors as much as she had hitherto saddened them.

III

THE CALL ANSWERED

Is not our religion the worship of God in spirit and in truth? Is not its motive Love, divine and human, and is not knowledge Love's guide and minister?—SPALDING.

AT this time the Right Reverend Bishop Bourget found his diocese in dearth of priests and made an appeal to France, the mother of missionaries. His call for help was answered by Mgr. de Mazenod, who had recently founded at Marseilles the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary; the former to do parochial work among the poor, the latter to educate the children of the same class. After some delay the saintly Canadian Prelate secured the services of the Oblate Fathers, and on Father Odelin's death, they were given the parish of St. Hilaire, their first in Canada. God was working out His designs on Eulalie and bringing nearer the hour she so sincerely

desired, that of her consecration to God. She and Miss Dufresne had in Rev. Father Telmon, O. M. I., who now became their spiritual director, an able guide, a worthy successor to Rev. Father Odelin.

The first Parochial Sodality of the Children of Mary in Canada was organized by the Oblates soon after their arrival. This Sodality was established at Belœil, May 25, 1843; Miss Eulalie Durocher was its Superior; Aglaé Gadbois, Assistant; Julie Pelletier, Secretary. It became a nursery of religious vocations. Most of its pioneer members gave themselves to the service of God in the cloister; one of the number, Madame Galipeau of Montreal, founded the Sisterhood of the Miséricorde whose lifework is to save the erring of their own sex. As Superior of the Sodality, Eulalie had a new outlet for her zeal; her exhortations, from frequent and intimate communion with her God, were luminous and helpful; her presence was an inspiration. She knew neither weakness nor human respect in the fulfilment of her duty; and the Sodalists, young women of good-will, left the meetings deter-

mined to acquire solid virtue and emulate God's saints. To Eulalie the position of Superior was not an honor, but a sacred trust through which she could work more effectively for the welfare of souls. Everything she undertook was done to further God's glory; He alone absorbed her life. She never frittered away her precious time in striving for transient honors, as flitting and as little substantial as the shadow which accompanies us in the sunshine. To direct a Sodality fittingly to attain its proper end, is no painless task; but Eulalie succeeded. The Sodality meetings at Belœil remind us of the gatherings of the primitive Christians, where all was ardor, and love, and zeal. Her success best proves what her gifts were, and at the same time shows how well qualified she was for the leadership of a Religious Order.

As Eulalie helped the Sodalists, so they in turn benefitted her. If they "went about doing good," what would not a Sisterhood do? She watched the young women of the parish grow in sanctity and felt that, in one of the Congregations in Montreal, she could

devote herself unceasingly to the "Father's business." God was preparing her for her work from afar. He was giving her better opportunities to observe the children growing up with little or no education, and without any immediate prospect of improved conditions, since the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, with their thirteen schools, could not possibly meet the needs. As a consequence, hundreds of young girls were coming to womanhood without sufficient instruction; and Eulalie's heart cried aloud to the Lord to permit her to do her little part for His glory and His love.

Rev. Father Telmon, O. M. I., was shortly transferred to Longueuil, and given charge of the neighboring missions. He saw that the harvest was white, but the reapers were few. Accordingly he left for France in May, 1843, to seek help. His Lordship encouraged Father Telmon to bring Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary from Marseilles, whom Eulalie and Miss Dufresne decided to join on their arrival at Longueuil. But the Marseilles Community was not prepared to send any of its members to distant

America; it was young and had no house out of Mgr. de Mazenod's diocese. Eulalie was disappointed but not discouraged. Convinced that the hour for action had come, and relying on God's help, she went to the Pastor of Belœil: "You are so kind to me," she said, "that I have nothing to suffer, and I feel that I must sacrifice my ease and comfort for God." Like the "young man" who had "done all these things from his youth," she had acquired the perfection to which a Christian in the world can attain; now, she desired to obey the behest: "Leave all and follow me," and this her desire for the highest holiness became a means of greater sanctification.

"Is everything not going on as you wish?" her brother inquired.

"Yes, but I must live for God alone; and since the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary cannot come to further educational work among us, why not help ourselves? We shall establish a house of the Order at Longueuil, and possibly recruits may come later from the Sisters at Marseilles."

Found a Religious Order! Her brother

was dismayed. Found an Order! From the Lives of the Saints he had learned what was necessary to found an Order. The most absolute holiness is indeed required to begin an enterprise of this nature, because its whole spirit should be of God and tend towards Him; sanctity alone can endow any foundation in God's Church. "The Lord will provide," is never more plainly manifested than in the great undertakings within the Fold: poverty is the best asset—poverty and sanctity. Eulalie was already practising both: still the idea of starting an Order was so novel, so surprising that her brother suspected it to be an illusion, which he zealously sought to dispel. He ridiculed the thought of a new foundation; nor was he satisfied to do so when alone with his sister, he did it on all occasions; at table and elsewhere, before visiting clergy, he introduced the matter only to show the folly of such a project. His visitors generally sided with him, and Eulalie suffered in her inmost soul the purifying process so gainful to development in virtue, so necessary to all those who tread the upward path. It is

they alone who know how hard self-love dies and what is its agony. To add to Eulalie's distress, her spiritual Director, Father Telmon, was no longer near to advise her, and his successor lessened the number of her Communions; a bitter privation, indeed, during a time of keen spiritual trial. Frequent Communion was exceptional in those days, and the new Director thought it best for Miss Durocher to keep to the common way, the way of the majority. He deprived her of the Great Comforter when she needed Him most, but she still communed with Him at the foot of the Tabernacle, early and late, and consolation and strength came. She endeavored to compensate for this curtailment of Communions by redoubling her corporal penances, lest her unworthiness might be the cause of the deprivation. Rigorous penance, too, is an extraordinary means of sanctification. No, Eulalie must not do the unusual, her Director decided again, and she obeyed. Yes, out of obedience, she received the Lord of her heart less frequently, a fast that was harrowing to her soul, and discontinued her penances. Then another trial

came. Her father who lived in the Presbytery with her, also heard the strange news; he had been told that his daughter desired to found a new Congregation in God's Church. Now, Eulalie was tenderly cherished by her aged parent as his child and for the loveliness of her perfect life; for, he too, was striving after the sanctity of the elect. Amazed at the scope of her plan, he begged her to remain where she was. "I came to Belœil only to be with you," he pleaded. "I need you in my old age, and Father Theophile is ill and cannot do without you."

These considerations did not alter Eulalie's resolution. "He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," rang in her ears. Certainly she would stay until her brother had recovered his health, but then—ah, but then? "If God wants me to found the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Names at Longueuil, He will Himself overcome all opposition, and show me how to do it," she said, and went quietly about her duties as before.

Father Eusebe Durocher, her second brother, was just then joining the Oblates of

Mary Immaculate, and came to visit his father, brother, and sister at Belœil before entering. He also tried to dissuade Eulalie from her purpose. "If you insist upon becoming a religious," he said, "why not join some Congregation already established—the Grey Nuns, for instance?" Eulalie listened in silence. She heard the voice in her heart calling her: was it the voice of Heaven? Never for a moment did she set her will against her brothers' decision, she prayed for light to know the will of God, and light came. Before Father Eusebe left, she resolved to consult him in the confessional. Here he spoke, not as the fond brother trying to spare a sister whom he loved, but as the representative of God whose place he held in directing her to accomplish her vocation in life, without a thought of the human ties which bound them. "Sister," he said, "you can save your soul as a Grey Nun, but you will not do half the good there that you would at Longueuil. However, if you decide on Longueuil, prepare to meet all kinds of trials."

A few more months of waiting and

Heaven made the way clear to her in which she was to walk. On October 6, 1843, she went to Longueuil for her brother's Religious Profession. Here she met Bishop Bourget and Rev. Father Telmon. Both insisted that she should immediately begin the work at Longueuil with Miss Dufresne and Miss Henriette Céré, whose vocation to the religious life we shall treat in our next chapter. The highest ecclesiastical authority in the diocese had spoken and Eulalie hesitated no longer. She returned to Belœil and the same day sent the following letter to Miss Dufresne who had taken advantage of her absence to spend a few days with her parents:

Belœil, October 18, 1849.

Jesus, Mary, Joseph, St. Teresa.

Praised be the Sacred Heart of Jesus!

MY DEAR SISTER,

I have had a prosperous trip, thank God who takes special care of us. The ceremony was very beautiful, and good Father Duro-

cher is now a Religious, and I hope a fervent one.

Our Divine Master wishes us to follow Him bearing a heavy Cross; I pray that our courage may not fail. Our spiritual Father has not changed towards us, and he is more kind and prudent than ever. Our business has advanced, and we must leave Belœil as quickly as possible. I saw His Lordship. He and the Superior General of the Oblates desire the foundation at Longueuil, and so earnestly, that you must be here tomorrow. In case you absolutely cannot come, begin a Novena to Mary Immaculate. Say six decades of the Rosary, the *Memorare,* a little prayer to St. Joseph, and a *Pater* and *Ave* in honor of St. Anthony. I beg of you, do your best to come tomorrow, but do not worry if you cannot.

Be submissive; speak as little as possible of the reasons which demand your immediate return to Belœil; you will explain later on by letter. Adieu, my dear, till tomorrow.

Yours in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

EULALIE DUROCHER

Ten days later, October 28, 1843, Miss Eulalie Durocher and Miss Dufresne arrived in Longueuil and joined Miss Henriette Céré; the three began their Novitiate at once. Eulalie was now thirty-two years old.

IV

THE NOVITIATE

Among all other virtues, humility, the lowliest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always at anchor; and that man may be truly said to live the most content in his calling who strives to live within the compass of it.—RICHTER.

PRIOR to Eulalie Durocher's coming to Longueuil, Miss Henriette Céré and her sister Emilie had conducted a private school, built with prophetic significance on one of the bastions of old Fort Longueuil; for was not this site to become a centre of Christian education, and consequently, a citadel of defence against the powers of darkness? The Misses Céré were the "valiant women" of Holy Writ, worthy models for their thirteen boarders and the little family of day-scholars which they gathered around them. This school was the Bethlehem of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. The visitor can still see the building; it is the stone house in which the sexton lives almost

opposite to the parish church, and is much the same as in Eulalie's day. The very unpretentious edifice may have been sufficiently large, perhaps, for the Misses Céré's work, but the wonder is how all the additional recruits were accommodated.

Henriette Céré, like Eulalie and Miss Dufresne, belonged to a family of good social standing; but what is more to their credit, her relatives believed in working for eternity rather than centering their hearts on the things of time. Besides being pre-eminently a teacher, Henriette possessed good executive ability which qualified her for any position; yet she lovingly devoted her long life to instructing the ignorant and instilling a practical love of virtue in young hearts. She it was who received Eulalie and Miss Dufresne on their arrival at Longueuil, where they immediately made a retreat of three days. The candidates now began a thorough preparation for the Religious Life. Bishop Bourget named Father Allard, O. M. I., their Novice Master, Professor of Pedagogy, and Chaplain. Father Allard was singularly painstaking, and could not be satisfied with

less than the best efforts of his spiritual children. He was directing recruits who had decided to devote themselves to education; and to do so effectively, to be able to form women, strong and wise and holy, as well as cultured and refined, he knew that the teacher herself must excel in strength and wisdom and holiness. The work of the religious teacher is sacred: she has to place her pupils among the most scholarly if she can, but first among the virtuous she must put them, or defeat the end of her professional existence. Consequently, Father Allard brought to his duties a knowledge of their importance, and a conscientiousness that could not fail of the best results. The postulants, impressed with the greatness of their undertaking, tried to prepare themselves for it by heroism in virtue. Words never have the weight of actions; and the unconscious influence upon the young of a thoroughly upright and noble nature is far more powerful for good than counsels, when not sanctioned by the constant practice of deeds which count for morality and God. Habits of virtue are necessary in a teacher, and habits are formed only by practice.

The Foundresses had wretched lodgings and the poorest of fare; while Eulalie, whom His Lordship had in view as the first superior of the new Community, was subjected to continual humiliations, calculated to destroy the last vestiges of self-love. The Novice-Master told her frequently in public that she was a useless member of the household, altogether unfit to further its work. So often, indeed, did she hear this that she became quite of the Reverend Father's opinion. Still she asked to serve as the last and least in the house of the Lord; neither did her cheerfulness diminish nor her kindness lessen. Named portress shortly after her retreat, she found many occasions to exercise her zeal and acquire patience, the virtue of the perfect.

Eulalie was happy in suffering and serving. She was growing nearer to the good Lord; her gifts of heart and mind were undergoing the refining process which makes saints of the good and God's heroines of the strong. But time sped on and made the new school favorably known to the public; it likewise spread abroad the loveliness of the life—

Eulalie's—which it was perfecting. The efficacy of her virtue lay in its inspiration to generous service, and this impetus it never failed to give to people of good-will with whom she came in contact. She drew hearts to God, and moved natures great and small to come and taste how sweet is the Lord in abnegation, in crucifixion of spirit, in abjection. The first two who answered the soul-call were the fervent and highly endowed Miss Salomé Martin, who came from St. Philip, P. Q., November 15, 1843, and Miss Hedwidge Davignon who joined the early workers on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1844.

The postulants came, although there was no "room in the inn," not even for the Master, and His absence was Eulalie's greatest deprivation. Owing to their poverty and the crowded condition of their house, the Foundresses were not able to have the Blessed Sacrament in their home; they could not prepare a fitting oratory before the end of November. They missed the Comforter to whom they would fain repair in their hours of sadness or of joy. To them the

absence of the King meant a lonely court. Severed from the bright things of life, from God's beautiful world—not the world He so frequently condemns in the Gospel, but the world that is His handiwork—bound to solitude through love of Him, and yet without His sacramental presence, was that not to suffer the only privation such souls as theirs could know? At the end of December, Mass was celebrated daily in their poor little oratory; still, there was no tabernacle "save the hearts of the postulants." But the day of waiting ended; between Christmas and the Epiphany the Lord "took up His abode with them"—with Eulalie and Miss Dufresne, with Miss Céré and the zealous Miss Martin. He was there to comfort the fifth postulant, the gentle Hedwidge Davignon, on her arrival, and the four other aspirants who now joined the Sisterhood.

Piety prevails, enthusiasm reigns; the enthusiasm of Paul and the ardor of Peter. The three Foundresses were superior women; their two earliest recruits were also gifted, and they labored long and well for the Community. Their privilege it was to expand

First Residence and Convent, Longueuil, Que.

the Order and to develop the studies. Both Miss Martin and Miss Davignon were women of exceptional parts.

Miss Martin's maxim seemed to be, "The Lord is never bankrupt," and, "I expect all things from His bounty." Strange as it may be to the humanly wise, her expectations though seemingly extravagant at times were always realized, her faith justified. She was a modern wonder-worker, as her foundations prove; they also show the magnitude of her conceptions; the success of her enterprises demonstrates her range of vision and her executive ability. She was no dreamer; what she planned she accomplished; what she promised she fulfilled. A less capable and forceful woman would have held back, but Salomé Martin, known as Mother Theresa of Jesus, was one of those energetic beings whom Heaven lends to earth at intervals to convince us that miracles can still be wrought. She is worthy of the ranks of the apostolic women of all ages. Nature had endowed her with intellect; distinction and grace added worth. But we must return to the little stone house

in Longueuil to learn how diligently she perfected her virtue. The old Greeks understood human nature when they obliged aspirants to the schools to submit uncomplainingly to insult and contumely, before allowing them to study the divine science. By the time they were admitted to the classes they had acquired self-knowledge and self-control; they had a clear outlook on life and the things which concern life; they could see through the little plans of men and judge how worse than useless are they when their object is not the highest good—which to the Christian is the soul and its God. Salomé Martin learned to know God and herself in her lowly surroundings. She had always valued high thinking and holy living; under the guidance of a past-master in them, like Eulalie Durocher, she advanced rapidly. It was not part of her life-purpose to go slowly in anything. She was trained by the process of humiliation and mortification for the work she was called to do, and this she did with the fervor and constancy of a martyr.

The meek Hedwidge who was to scale

the Heights Beautiful by attaining to all that is lovely and lovable in intellect and soul-culture, first met Eulalie and Miss Dufresne on another height three years previous to her coming to Longueuil. It was on one of those occasions when the "sublime folly" of the Cross is felt to be the highest wisdom. The far-reaching love of the Crucified had called thirty thousand souls and more to the heights of St. Hilaire, to assist at the erection of a Way of the Cross. Mgr. Forbin-Janson of Nancy, France, officiated with three brother Prelates. The name of the French Bishop who was delivering a series of sermons in Canada, thus became associated with the memorial of Love's tragedy on Calvary, erected on the Canadian mountain-side. The story of that celebration was an imposing one. A small boat was seen to cross the lake—the lake which sleeps on the summit of the Mount, with the deep heavens in its heart. There were four bishops in the bark, and as they drew near to the standing, waiting multitude, the Prelates arose and blessed the enthusiastic audience, then landed and began the ceremony

of the day. When the impressive event was over, the celebrants gone, and the assembly dispersed into distant groups, three solitary women remained near the fourteenth Station, like the faithful three of the Gospel narrative. At last they also turned to go, when instinct or grace impelled them to address one another. They were Eulalie, Miss Dufresne and a young girl, Miss Hedwidge Davignon, of St. Mathias, P. Q., whom the two friends had never met before. When the three parted they were no longer strangers—some souls "meet to touch." They separated that day with the understanding that henceforth they would be friends. A little later Miss Davignon attended the last retreat which Eulalie procured for her Children of Mary. She decided then that she also would join the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary when they arrived from France. Time passed and she heard that the two friends had gone to Longueuil. She resolved to follow, but her mother withheld her permission. Finally, the gentle Hedwidge proposed to visit an uncle at Belœil, and take advantage of the oppor-

tunity thus afforded to join the new postulants at Longueuil, "going on foot if necessary." She confided her plan to her uncle who encouraged her project, with this difference: he returned to St. Mathias and won his sister, Mrs. Davignon, to the cause. Hedwidge went to Longueuil, and both Canada and Oregon today bless her name as Mother Veronica of the Crucifix. She was called Home with her measure "full, heaped up, and running over," at the advanced age of eighty-three years.

In the early days of 1844, no passer-by could discern any evidence of actual prosperity, or augury of future success in the home to which Salomé Martin and Hedwidge Davignon were attracted; but the Almighty saw the fulfilment of the promise in the soul-development of those who inhabited that pitifully small dwelling. "All true growth is from within," and she whom God was preparing to be their leader, as she was already their model, was marked by something of that perfect charity, that intellectual and spiritual vigor characteristic of the angels. With such a woman, though

penury was great at times, and trouble never far distant, happiness and love reigned, souls expanded and stretched heavenward and would not be restrained by earth or earth values.

V

PROGRESS IN VIRTUE

Calm days in cloistered shades, whose very air
Is fragrant with the thoughts of ancient times,
Where from old towers fall continuous chimes,
Breaking the silence with a call to prayer:
Such days be mine 'mid these grey walls that wear
Their tangled tapestry of purple bloom,
Grant me a blameless life and quiet tomb.

MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL.

THE first four months of probation passed rapidly. The three Foundresses had much to do and much to think of. They had to determine whether they could persevere in this mode of life, since this is the reason why the Church so wisely prescribes a novitiate. Could they go on, forever following a Rule which marks off a duty for each particular hour? Go on as long as life lasts denying themselves every pleasure and welcoming every pain? Was perpetual poverty too trying, or constant obedience too exacting? The postulants had accepted the discipline of Religious Life as cadets do that of their military calling, without ques-

tion. They were now more convinced than ever that they were where God willed them to be; they saw more clearly than heretofore the work which He had given them to do. They besought Heaven more fervently also, as time went on, that ecclesiastical authority might ratify their choice by granting them official recognition, and that the ceremony of the Religious Clothing might not be delayed. This would give them a right to a distinctive place in the Church of God. Their prayers were heard; His Lordship Bishop Bourget notified them that they could begin the canonical year of Novitiate, and fixed a date for the Clothing. We cannot realize what the Clothing meant to Eulalie. She was assuming no new obligations, it is true; but the ceremony was a further approval of her design, a formal sanction given her work by the Church; henceforth she must feel that she and her companions were doing God's Will. Her whole life had been a preparation for this step, unconsciously, perhaps, for God works secretly and silently in man as He does in creation, and we are always surprised by

THE RIGHT REV. IGNACE BOURGET

Bishop of Montreal

Counsellor and Protector of Mother Mary Rose and her Community

a glimpse of the Divine when we are allowed to look into the workings of any soul. Eulalie's fasts and mortifications, her prayers and renunciation, had made her an angel in the flesh; and yet it was with diffidence that she saw the hour of her happiness draw near. As the time approached to put on the livery of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, which would proclaim her the affianced of the Lamb, the burden of her unworthiness increased. Although she did not cry out with the Apostle, "Depart, O Lord!" she nevertheless felt that she was altogether too lowly to become the bride-elect of the Saviour. She had so longed for this moment. Now, the privilege seemed too great, and her presumption, unbounded. She had drawn so close to Christ, she had seen Him so near, had learned to know so well His intense love, His exceeding goodness, His unapproachable purity, that her own unfitness became oppressive. But she would not leave Him; she would not quit His service now that she knew how sweet it was. She would do the menial tasks; she would fetch

and bring, she would sweep and scrub, and wait and watch, but she could not leave Him. So she went to His Lordship and told him how useless she was, and asked his permission to be an auxiliary Sister. "Do the will of God," was his reply. And she went on as before, sighing over her incapacity, and doing the lowest and most repugnant work of the house. Such was Eulalie, February 28, 1844. On the morning of that day, Right Reverend Bishop Bourget, Rev. Father Honorat, O. M. I., Ecclesiastical Superior, Rev. Father Allard, O. M. I., and Rev. Theophile Durocher, were assembled in the Convent Chapel; the thirteen boarders were present, with the three Foundresses and the postulants who had recently arrived.

Mgr. Bourget began the ceremony with the following sermon:

"My dear Daughters:—From the fulness of my heart I bless God, in that He has deigned to bring us here to celebrate your betrothal to His Divine Son—an event most pleasing to the Almighty.

"This Chapel, which we may call another

stable of Bethlehem, will always be dear to you, for it is your second birth-place, the cradle of your religious life. Our Lord, the corner-stone of the Church, has chosen you to be the corner-stone of a new edifice which He would raise to His glory.

"My dear Daughters, it is, indeed, a great privilege to be chosen by the Master for this work. How conscientiously you should correspond with grace, and what fidelity should be yours! You understand your sublime vocation, and the nature of the apostolate to which you are called. To attain the perfection of your state, nothing less is demanded of you than death to self and a life entirely devoted to God. Your duty will be to form others to this life; consequently, you must make use of every means to become thoroughly religious in thought and sentiment. Therefore, you must study Our Lord's life, and fashion your own thereon. By union with God you will live the life of grace, which is the life of the soul. The soul united to the Divine Model can do all things; nothing resists her; she is victorious in every combat; she suffers

and accepts the death of the body for love of Him who died for her. Jesus, thus, should be the object of all your desires and of all your affections. Study Him, know Him, love Him, that you may be able to say with the Apostle, 'I live, not I, but Christ in me.' To make Him better known, sincerely loved and faithfully served, must be your constant care.

"In His school you will learn the excellence of *charity* which is the sign by which Christ's disciples are known. It is by your charity that people will know if you are truly the daughters of Jesus and Mary.

"A Religious Community is an Upper Chamber in which the Holy Ghost gives Himself to faithful souls. And, I repeat, in entrusting you with the noble mission of establishing a Community, God calls you to an apostolate.

"Accordingly, you must outstrip the ordinary Christian in charity, patience, in a word, in all virtues; you must be real religious women, not the semblance or shadow; but vessels of election to bear afar the glory of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

"Not wishing to delay the happiness you anticipate in wearing the livery of Mary—the titular guardian of this young Institution—I shall terminate by asking God to grant you courage and perseverance. You have arms at your disposal, use them to conquer nature, your worst enemy. Work for God alone; consult His good pleasure in all you think, or do, or say. Through these means you will reach the Heavenly Jerusalem accompanied by virgins whom you will have drawn to the Spouse, and with whom you will sing in the eternal mansions, 'the song which ravishes the Elect'."

Then followed the ceremony of the Clothing. The Foundresses made their first promises, by expressing their desire to consecrate their lives to God; they were clothed with raiment which would henceforth proclaim them dead to the world and its vanities; their names were changed, and they arose from the Bishop's feet to be known hereafter as Sister Mary Rose, Sister Mary Magdalen, and Sister Mary Agnes, who before had been Eulalie Durocher, Henriette Céré, and Mélodie Dufresne. Now the Novitiate proper began.

Thus the second step was taken. But side by side with the formation of the religious, went on the formation of the religious teacher. Eulalie—known as Mother Mary Rose—had set herself the task of founding an educational organization. Individual sanctification is imperative therein. Therefore, not to fail in their mission among the young, the Foundresses labored constantly and earnestly to fashion their lives on that of the Saviour. By their silent sermons they would make their child-audience Christians of the enlightened, practical type, and impress the tender minds of childhood with the necessity of imitating Christ if they would belong to Him. Trained in this manner the pupils would leave their school for the University of Life, understanding the obligation incumbent on them of working out their salvation. The practice of the Evangelical Counsels became the very essence of the life in the new Longueuil Convent. The Novices vied with one another in their service of love for the Master; their efforts never abated, their immolation was as complete as human nature can know.

The narrow path of perfection being well entered upon, the other consideration, professional training, claimed attention. Mother Mary Rose had given much thought to secure practical, normal methods for her teachers. She planned for this end, worked for it, prayed for it. God had sent her gifted companions, and she, wise beyond her generation, would make experts of them. It was skilled labor she wanted. She knew that intellect is God-given, that it is to be approached with respect, treated with reverence, and developed with ability; yes, she valued the gifts of the Almighty at their just worth, everyone of them, no matter how small, and especially intellect; hence, she resolved that her Sisters should undertake their responsible duties fully prepared.

Rev. Father Allard had brought with him from Old France, from the best schools of Old France, methods and knowledge wherewith he was equipped to lay the solid foundation of an educational system for many schools of New France. During nine months and more, he had given pedagogical lectures to the postulants and novices; he had

followed their work in the school-room, noted, criticized, corrected, and perfected their methods; and he, also, saw that the time had come for more advanced professional training. Accordingly, the Superiors of the young Community decided to send two of their ablest teachers to pursue normal studies in Montreal. Miss Salomé Martin and Miss Hedwidge Davignon, now novices, were chosen.

Back in the old, glorious France, there had arisen a youth, noble in the sight of Heaven and among the great of earth; nor did he abuse the trusts which the Almighty had confided to him. His beautiful intellect conceived the means of reaching and educating the host of ignorant children who had no opportunities for enlightenment. It is wonderful what faith and God's charity can accomplish; it is marvellous what they did in this instance. The carefully educated, brilliant young man, Jean-Baptiste de la Salle, had become a priest; but his zeal called for greater activity still. He would go down into the high-ways and by-ways of life and give to the starved intellects of

boyhood, treasures from the storehouse of knowledge; so he established an Order which is now an army of matchless educators, the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Back there in the seventeenth century, with the vision of a seer, he drew up a code of laws relating to school-government, and gave it to his sons, with a digest of methods, upon which the educators of our own advanced day cannot improve. Take up the most perfected work of modern educational effort, consult our weightiest authorities, seek the advice of the best initiated in school-room tactics; then go to La Salle, and you will discover that he has anticipated them all—all these latter-day men and women who bring sanctity of purpose and quickness of mind to this most important of all professions, the educating—not the paganizing—of the young.

Great as Jean-Baptiste de la Salle's work was, his sons had tested its value, and increased the worth of his "theory and practice," by an experience of over two centuries, when the Longueuil novices went to imbibe his principles and precepts. The

house of the Sisters of Providence on St. Catherine Street, Montreal, became their headquarters, and each day they made their way down to St. James Street, where Brother Facile's kindness rendered their efforts both pleasant and profitable. Brother Facile was "the Provincial, who in 1852, authorized Brother Stylian, to purchase three acres of land in upper Manhattan Island, whereon to build the College that has done so much for higher education in the Metropolis of America," and it was under his direction, in the Christian Brothers' School on St. James Street, that Sister Theresa of Jesus and Sister Veronica of the Crucifix learned how the child-mind could best be developed; they learned how to impart knowledge; how to make a live appeal to the attention and the intelligence, to awaken the dormant faculties, to stimulate the lethargic; to interest the mind when active, and make it attain perfect growth. All this skill they acquired by actual practice in the schoolroom, and by contact with a master of recognized ability. Nor did the Sisters confine their efforts wholly to teaching. They

learned, at the same time, the best methods for maintaining order and discipline; they became familiar with the weekly and the monthly tests, the encouragements necessary to arouse in the pupils a desire for study. In a word, they mastered the practical management of a successful school, and they went back to St. Catherine Street each evening and noted down their experiences of the day. Thus it was that the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary made the educational methods of the Brothers of the Christian Schools their own. They assimilated "these multiple processes so well combined, these suggestive questionings, these summaries, these tests, these examinations, this discipline, in short, which excels in developing the faculties of a child and of fixing the effects of instruction," as a Professor of the great University of Paris has so well said.

The two novices returned to Longueuil every Saturday and imparted to the Sisters, the results of the week's work and of Brother Facile's teaching. The methods acquired were then scrupulously applied by the Sis-

ters in their own classes. When years passed and the school was not so new, Sister Veronica of the Crucifix compiled a manuscript on pedagogy for the use of the young Sisters of the Community, and she exacted its application in the many school-rooms of the Order. If the Sisters of the Holy Names have achieved brilliant results as teachers, their thanks are due to Sister Veronica, for she disclosed for their benefit the secret of success in the school-room.

VI

THE PROFESSION

"But Oh! what hast thou won?
A love that is ever pure,
A love that shall aye endure
When the sands of life are run.
Then, mourner from the dust arise!
Thine are no fragile earth-born ties
Which part and sever,
But Love Divine, which never dies,
Is thine, forever!"

MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL.

THE steady increase in the number of pupils conclusively satisfied Mother Mary Rose, her companions and friends, that a change of residence was imperative. While her two novices were raising an edifice "not built by hands," she secured a more suitable habitation for her religious family. The first home of the Sisters belonged to the parish; the parish approved their work still further by allowing them the use of another building more adapted to their present needs. Thither the little Community came with the dear Mother bearing the

Crucifix at the head of the procession, August 4, 1844. The dwelling vacated by the Sisters that day is now a hallowed shrine to their successors. Though pleased to see their work expand, the new Sisterhood quitted their small Convent with sorrow. That little house had sheltered them in their first hours of generous sacrifice, it had witnessed their privations and their first bitter-sweet lessons in the path of perfection; they had learned there how to do without that blessed home-sympathy which makes of earth a Heaven; there, also, they had first truly understood that God must be their all. The hours spent within its walls had been rich in saving grace; self-reliance had become more solid, and fortitude more real. The women who went out from it that summer morn possessed intellect and character, with the finer attributes of soul which make God's Saints, earth's true gentlewomen. When they crossed the street to that other building, they carried with them an embryo movement, which time has wonderfully developed and expanded.

The next events happened in rapid suc-

cession. The Sisters were installed in their new home but a few days, when Reverend Brother, afterwards Rev. Father Garin, arrived from France, bringing to them from the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, at Marseilles, a Book of Constitutions, which became the family gospel. This Rule was adopted with such modifications as the difference of time and climate required. Little change, however, was made in their daily life, for the Sisters had been following a Rule which closely resembled the one just received. If the new Rule made few alterations in their way of living, His Lordship did. He came to Longueuil before the return of the children to school, and placed Sister Mary Agnes in charge of the Institution; Sister Mary Magdalen was named Directress of the Boarding School, and Mother Mary Rose, portress. All three were novices, and the Bishop desired that the future superior should be prepared for her responsible position by learning how to obey. Probably, the individual never existed who had less need of formation in this respect. The old Theban was wise: "The employ-

ment does not give dignity to the man, but the man to the employment." As portress, Mother Mary Rose drew all hearts to her, and attracted many young girls to the Community. People came to see her and to talk with her, and looking upon her angelic face, they went away with peace in their souls, to return soon again to taste the same sweetness. Young girls who visited the Convent came back to stay, and thus the story ran on to the end. A hallowed atmosphere seemed to surround Mother, which precipitated high aims and holy desires in souls; people wanted to grow holy themselves when they saw how amiable a servant of God could be.

While Mother Mary Rose was answering the bell and winning hearts to love God, Mother Mary Agnes attended to many things. The linen was her care, the sacristy her joy, for in the sanctuary was she not living anear the dear Lord? In her studio, she created beauty and made saints. She did not train the young Sisters only in her art of painting. When they completed their course with her, it was not

her fault if they were not as inured to poverty as Job, as abstemious as Daniel, and as mortified as the Fathers of the Desert. She tolerated no imperfection, or the shadow of an imperfection in any one. "Mother wants to make saints of us," was the comment frequently heard in the studio.

Besides Mother Mary Rose and Mother Mary Agnes, there was also Mother Mary Magdalen, a most devoted teacher who spent her long life in the school-room. Much could be said of both Mother Mary Rose's companions; and that her influence was so great while associated with these two able and holy women, brings her wonderful personality out into clearer relief. Mother Mary Magdalen was painstaking in all she taught, and her branch of predilection was Christian Doctrine. When advancing years obliged her to drop many of her occupations, she always reserved for herself the pleasure of teaching Catechism. One day towards the end of her active life, she was looking over the lesson for the next session, as if she had never before taught it. "Mother, do you still prepare your Catechism?"

a young Sister asked her. "We must always prepare," she replied, "when we have to speak of God."

For many years, she directed the Boarding School successfully. Her strong character enabled her to meet privations and sacrifices cheerfully, and her wisdom helped to broaden and enlighten the pupils entrusted to her care; they strove to imitate her example, and were more self-sacrificing women for having lived with her. Thus we see that the three Foundresses had the same spirit, the spirit which found expression in mortification and penance, in prayer and deeds of perfect charity; the spirit which we saw in growth at St. Antoine and Belœil was to attain its maturity at Longueuil.

Mother Mary Rose and her companions needed all the sanctity they could acquire. They were laying the foundations of a new Order, and to do so was to invite criticism, obloquy, contempt. Hence, its first members required the courage of martyrs and confessors combined. Their trials were not ordinary, because their path was unusual

and their needs exceptional. Father Allard understood this, and no probation could be more far-reaching in its efforts, or more salutary in its effects than that of the first three novices of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. To make the superstructure solid the architect had to begin the work well. As the privations were extreme, the Novice-Master had no reason for reproach on that score; so he created opportunities to find fault with the work of the novices, with their methods, their recitations, with all they did or said. He was particularly attentive to Mother Mary Rose, on whom, after God, the spirit of the Community was to depend. So thoroughly did the good Father do his duty in furnishing occasions for the future Superior to practise humility that she was quite convinced of her own utter unworthiness to breathe the same air as her Sisters, and considered herself favored in being allowed to remain in the Congregation. During her early life she had thought that she loved God, that she would not offend Him deliberately; she had believed without

either pride or self-complacency that she possessed some good qualities, because her conscience told her so. Now, however, she was at a loss; she could no longer hear the voice of her conscience, but only that of the Novice-Master telling her and repeating that she was a useless servant, and she prayed all the more earnestly that she might be kept, at least, as an auxiliary Sister.

Bishop Bourget speaking of Mother's Novitiate says: "Eulalie was no sooner in the Novitiate at Longueuil than Father Allard subjected her to the severest trials. Although she was long accustomed to suffering, she now found herself in a new sphere, where it was necessary to undergo all kinds of humiliations that would help nature to be transformed into the highest human excellence, to submit to those trials which alone can aid the soul to acquire complete self-renunciation; and all must acquire this who desire to follow the Divine Master: "If anyone will come after Me, let him take up his cross!"

Here again, we repeat, the most eloquent

utterances on renouncement do not reveal its secrets; practice alone discloses its real nature, and without its practice, even till it becomes a habit, there is neither "happiness nor perfection here below." Eulalie profited so well by the opportunities to grow Christ-like, that she said in confidence to a friend, "My virtue while in the world seems to me now only an illusion." Father Allard wrote: "Mother Mary Rose was so persuaded of her utter unworthiness, that she often said and firmly believed that she would not be allowed to pronounce her vows, and begged to be an auxiliary Sister." Her simplicity was most beautiful. "While I was at home," she was wont to say, "I had aspired to extraordinary graces, and now I see it was an unpardonable illusion on my part."

It requires a saint to understand the saints and the agony of soul which holy persons experience at sight of even their minor faults. Her thirst for expiation, her hunger for crucifixion, are beyond the ken of those unskilled in spirituality. Mother Mary Rose had grown exquisitely discern-

ing from nearness to Our Lord; she lived in His presence, under His eye, and the intimate knowledge she had of His infinite purity and goodness magnified her own imperfections until they had become almost unbearable. Although aridity made agony of soul almost continual for her, she never lost her outward calm. There was no bitterness, no discouragement in her pain; she only turned to her God with greater confidence; believing that her needs were many and great, she besought Him all the more to supply the defect of her virtue out of the excess of His; and that He in His infinite mercy would allow her to be but the servant of His servants. She might have asked to be His special client in the days of her illusion and blindness, not now when she realized her spiritual destitution to be so abject. Father Allard, knowing her beautiful soul, tried her to the extremity, but through everything she remained sweet and calm. "It is so little compared to what I deserve," she would say, and grew more lovely still, while the tender "Sister Veronica of the Crucifix shed tears as

she witnessed such suffering and such humility."

The Novitiate was, indeed, a stern school for the Foundresses, but they left it ready to do and to endure all things for God. They were drilled in solid virtue, they mortified nature on every occasion. Then, Father Allard looked upon his work and saw that it was good. The remembrance of it remained with him as long as life lasted, soothing him in discouragement, and giving joy and hope to his departing soul. After his return to Rome from the African Missions, his constitution broken by age and still more by labor, reflecting on the fervor of the three novices, he cried out with emotion in the words of a thirteenth century apostle: "Oh Lord Jesus, what wonders Thou workest in souls that belong to Thee!"

His Lordship Bishop Bourget approved what Father Allard saw good, and appointed a day for the Religious Profession. Before beginning the retreat preceding this ceremony, Mother Mary Rose wrote to her sister, Mother St. Cecile, of the Congregation of Notre Dame:

"DEAR SISTER,

"I was about to invite you to my Profession, when I heard of your illness. You must know that it would be a very great joy for me to see you present, to have you pray near me when I take the step which you have already taken to your own great happiness. But God has willed otherwise. So while I am at the foot of His altar consecrating my poor life to His love, you will be on a bed of pain, offering Him your sufferings. Share your merit with me to supply the deficiency of mine; and renew your sacrifice to supplement the smallness and meanness of mine. I rely on your prayers and on those of your Reverend Mother and kind Sisters."

The retreat of ten days is ended, and the eighth of December, our Heavenly Mother's beautiful Feast of the Immaculate Conception, is at hand. The quiet village of Longueuil is astir early, a feeling of happiness prevails, it is seen in the faces of the villagers as they hasten towards the church. Men, women, and children eagerly come, singly or in groups, but all are bent on an errand

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of joy. People wearing the same festive look cross the St. Lawrence from Montreal. What calls out this expectant throng? What brings crowds from the metropolis and leaves the Longueuil homes vacant? Strange, indeed, are the mysteries of nature, but strangest mystery of all is man! He condemns poverty, despises abnegation, ridicules humility, refuses obedience, yet hastens to pay his tribute of homage to a Dom Bosco among his street arabs, or a Damian among the lepers, for each one of us admires a courage superior to his own. Three women leave the Convent and make their way to the crowded church; up the aisle they go to the altar-rail. His Lordship is in the sanctuary, Rev. Theophile Durocher is there, and Rev. Father Brassard, Parish Priest of Longueuil, is present with Rev. Father Guigues, O. M. I., Superior, Rev. Father Allard and Rev. Father Aubert. The three novices kneeling at the altar-rail are the humble Sister Mary Rose, the keen Sister Mary Magdalen, and the ardent Sister Mary Agnes, three holy women who had given months to the study of Religious

Life, nay, to the practice of the Evangelical Counsels in all their rigor. They are now happy to promise solemnly that they will continue this until the end, and live a life of death to self, and the most absolute devotedness to what had been a voluntary work of charity.

The three kneel and vow each in turn to Almighty God, poverty, chastity and obedience. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass begins, Heaven opens anew and Christ descends. He reposes in the hearts of His three servants. Mass wears on to its close; then the *Te Deum* swells and ends the triumph of the day. It has been a blessed one on earth and before God's angels also.

But another important event took place before evening. His Lordship came to the Convent to congratulate the newly Professed. The Congregation was his. Had he not encouraged Eulalie? He saw that her design was from God, and he blessed it and bade it prosper; he gave her and her companions guides versed in Religious Life from long and faithful practice. He accorded the Community official recognition

by a mandate read before Mass that morning; and by receiving their vows he placed them among those whose lives were consecrated to the exclusive service of God. Now he organized the first government of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary by naming Mother Mary Rose, Superior and Novice Mistress; Mother Mary Magdalen, Assistant and Directress of the Boarding School, and Mother Mary Agnes, Directress of the art department. Hence it is that the eighth of December, commemorative of our Blessed Mother's dearest prerogative, is for Mother Mary Rose's daughters the sweetest of family anniversaries. Back there on that other eighth of 1844, the Congregation received canonical recognition, the Foundresses assumed the responsibility of vows, and the governing body was installed.

When the appointments were made His Lordship gave the Sisters fatherly advice, as he was accustomed to do. Like the Apostle St. John, the beloved of Jesus, the good Bishop never tired of repeating: "Little children love one another." "In union is

strength," he said on this occasion as on so many others, "therefore, let it be the soul of your Congregation. What I wish you to practise above all other virtues, and practise with ever increasing fervor and perfection, is the beautiful virtue of charity. You cannot be too charitable. Charity is God's love made manifest to our neighbor; let it guide you, direct your actions and flow from your lips. Take charity for your watchword, that those who see you may say of you as the pagans of the primitive Christians: 'Behold how they love one another.'"

A fortnight later the holy Bishop came again to speak of prayer and progress, and bade the Sisters follow St. Ignatius' method of mental prayer. He spoke forcibly of the necessity of study; he did more, he made study one of the imperative duties of the Community; daily study of at least two hours should be as binding on every teaching Sister as are meditation, prayer, and examination of conscience. He moreover decided that no one should be admitted as a choir Sister who had not

the qualifications requisite in a teacher. The distinctive features of the religious body were being outlined and scrupulously carried out. Each recommendation of the Bishop had the force of law, a law that was promulgated and respected during the lives of the Foundresses, faithfully obeyed by their successors, and reinforced by the authority of each successive Superior General down to our day.

VII

ADVANCEMENT

"In superiority there is one thing we should always try to fix in our minds, namely, that our care and our love must be for all; that all must be judged with equal impartiality and justice, and our time and labor equally at the service of all. We should resist the promptings of self-love, which are sure to tell us that we do not need this reminder, because it is so, and there is nothing about which we are more solicitous. As a fact, no doubt, it ought to be so; but, equally, as a fact, I believe entire candor would often find specks in our observance of this point, and every Superior requires a constant reminder. God alone is perfectly just and impartial. What we have to do is to be as like God as we can, to deal with souls as God deals with them.—MOTHER FRANCIS RAPHAEL.

MOTHER Mary Rose believed in serving the Lord with joy; no matter what her physical sufferings or spiritual trials were, she always appeared cheerful and happy. Added to this, she had that unfailing mark of strength, perfect command of herself: qualities most necessary to every woman, and especially to one who makes the sunshine or shade of a religious family. Mother also possessed tact and judgment; she was

kind without weakness, and strict without harshness. She knew how to win and how to hold hearts; every Sister and pupil of the Institution loved and respected her; they looked upon her as an "angel from Heaven." Hers was the power to sympathize with the afflicted, for she, too, had suffered and had not forgotten the pain. She understood how to encourage the depressed and assist those to whom life had become wearisome. She was absolutely "all to all," without either preference or predilection. She even asked to be told if she showed the least partiality to any Sister or pupil under her charge.

We see her at her best in the new school at Longueuil. The Christmas holidays began soon after her appointment, and found her with the pupils to entertain. We all know what the Christmas spirit is. It is one of soul-joy, the season which recalls peculiarly the birth of the Child-Christ, the "Peace and Good-Will" of the Angels, Heaven's favor to the Shepherds, the visit of the Magi. The Christian heart rejoices that Love came on earth, and this happiness is

intensified at each new Christmas-tide. Our Mother, who tried to live constantly in God's presence, was, like Him, in her degree, loving to all. Jesus, the legends tell us, was called "Sweetness" by the children of Nazareth. Mother Mary Rose spread some of His loveliness around her in life, and especially during these vacation days. She arranged, or had arranged plays and games; she planned drives and distributed sweets; in a word, she and her Sisters became children with the children to make the little ones happy. The pupils went home January 4th and the Sisters began their retreat; not all, for there was an important duty to be done, and with the exquisite judgment which Mother always showed, she did it. Nothing, not even prayer, interfered with the obligations she had assumed towards the public in her educational work. We can leave God for God, the Saints tell us, and Mother put this maxim into effect when she sent during a time of retreat Sister Theresa of Jesus and Sister Veronica of the Crucifix back to Montreal to complete their pedagogical studies.

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On the re-opening of school, Mother changed the employment of several of the Sisters, and profited by the occasion to encourage the teachers in her own kind way: "It is the lowliest and most servile work that should be most eagerly sought; we need it," she told them, "it helps to keep us humble." Nor did the dear Mother merely formulate precepts for her Sisters to carry into effect. What she preached, she practised, and most faithfully. How often during the hours of class, when all was quiet, and no one in sight, did the gentle Superior clean the baths and toilets. If one of the good auxiliary Sisters chanced to surprise her in the act, and attempted to relieve her of broom and brush, "No, my dear," she would answer kindly, "I must practise humility." "I could always tell Mother at a distance by her brown apron," a pupil writes, "for she was constantly busy. I often saw her sweep the porch which was very large. Frequently I asked her to allow me to do it for her, but she would never consent." A lay Sister tells us: "Late one evening Mother Mary Rose came to me,

'Sister' said she, 'will you wash the floor in the lower corridor, and I shall send you help?'" "I went," adds the Sister, "and had not well begun the scrubbing, when on turning round, I saw Mother at the most difficult part rubbing energetically. I objected in vain, Mother had her way and together we finished the cleaning."

A lowly opinion of ourselves is gradually borne in upon us by lowly deeds; and from frequent humiliations we begin to get a faint sense of our own nothingness. Mother Mary Rose did not confine herself to the externals of humility; they were solely means to an end. That she had acquired much of the charm of real humility is shown in her writings. In a letter to her brother, Rev. Eusebe Durocher, O. M. I., she says: "Allow me to occupy your thoughts for a moment, by sharing my happiness, I mean the happiness caused by my Religious Profession which took place on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was on her own day, therefore that Our Blessed Mother gave me the one desire of my heart. I shall not speak of the ceremony, for it is

not that which will interest you most. Instead, I shall tell you that God has been infinitely good and merciful to me—I am not afraid to say this to you, for you know my unworthiness and the faults without number which I have committed, and which I hope the dear Saviour has forgiven. Oh, dear Brother, help me to become, I shall not say worthy, but less unworthy, of the happiness which is mine. I cannot reflect on it without being animated by the desire to work more ardently at *my* sanctification.

"My responsibility is great, I feel it daily more and more. But can I complain? God leads me, I live in peace with my Sisters, and am contented in the midst of numberless duties. Ask Mary, our good Mother, to obtain especially for me the grace to be a good religious, to follow the path which God has traced for me, and that I may be able to help others Heavenward."

Her duties were, indeed, numerous and important; for, besides being Superior, she was also Novice-Mistress, and to be Novice-Mistress meant to create the spirit which

should reign in the Congregation, to "give that spirit definite direction, and to impart to it energy and perpetual life!" The candidates whom she was forming would soon be the acting body of the Order, the body which would make or mar the reputation of the Sisters of the Holy Names as religious teachers. She understood that every child of the human race has tendencies, aspirations, ambitions, and that man or woman cannot change his or her nature in a day, or in many days; she knew that much pain and suffering can be spared in later life if the Novice-Mistress is holy, if she knows human nature in its many devious windings and can put her hand firmly at the root of the evil, and direct each novice where to lop off, and how to trim and train.

Mother brought holiness to her task and wonderful submission to God's will. The Rule was her guide, the whole Rule, the Rule in its entirety, and the spirit of the Rule, "the spirit which quickeneth, not the letter which killeth." But she herself was a living exemplar of that Rule, its best

interpretation and digest; her Sisters had only to study her conduct and follow where she led. The fervor in the house was so real that she experienced only pleasure in her trying position. Although occupied with the formation of the novices and the direction of the Community, Mother still found time to devote to the pupils. Here is the evidence of one who was a very small girl at this period. "I met Mother Mary Rose for the first time about two months after her Profession, and perceived immediately that she had the kindness and tenderness of a mother for us little ones of eight or nine. She was in the habit of preparing luncheons for us and of coming herself to bring us to them. We found the orange marmalade she gave us particularly good. But Mother used these surprises as object-lessons in virtue; she taught us to be unselfish, to share whatever sweets we received from home with our companions." And the child-narrator goes on: "One morning while the Chapel was still on the top-story and separated from the dormitory by a corridor, I was standing near the dormitory door in

tears, when Mother passed, 'What is the matter with you, little one?' she inquired affectionately. 'No one is here to curl my hair,' I replied.

"Wait a moment, I'll find some one," she answered, and disappeared down the corridor, to reappear a moment later with a brush and a comb. She curled my hair for me, and I was a very happy little girl all that day. Often, in after life, when a Sister myself, the memory of this act of kindness came frequently to remind me to be thoughtful and attentive to every child I found in trouble."

"Another day she brought us maple creams, a real feast for the minims. Two hours later she returned with an empty plate.

"Who has thought of the poor?" she asked, "I am coming for their portion."

"One little girl by accident had some candy left which she put on the plate. It was by training such as this that dear Mother taught us to think of others and especially of God's poor and our eternal interests."

Bishop Bourget has confirmed these statements: "She busied herself with the menial work of the house, and this with evident pleasure. She might have been seen almost any day, washing the dish-towels, sweeping the kitchen and the school-rooms, erasing ink spots, and performing other such self-appointed tasks. She was up in the morning before any other inmate of the Convent, that she might have time to see the sick before going to Community prayer. Like the Saints and Foundresses of Religious Orders, Mother did the most repugnant work of a chamber maid; she washed and combed the sick, and rendered them every service."

"Mother, you must not do that," the Infirmarian would expostulate, "it is my work and I want to do it."

"Yes Sister, and I know how well you do it, but am I not obliged to acquire humility? Well, to acquire it, I must do these things which mortify self-love."

This ardent lover of humility assisted at the lessons given by Father Allard to the novices and solicited criticism of her exer-

cises. She would have had it generously without asking, for he who made skilful teachers of the first Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, took good care to form saints as well. We can readily conceive what holy affection he felt for the work, especially when he saw Mother Mary Rose eager to profit by every occasion to prove to her God that she loved Him. Her love of the Crucified was that of a Teresa, a Magdalen of Pazzi. The torment of her life was that she could not find a real Gethsemane to satisfy her heart. How carefully she increased her investments for Heaven! She was attached to them as a miser to his gold; yet, with all this rigor towards herself, she was very kind to the Sisters and children. We might ask whence came that tenderness for the students? Whence her astonishing courage and her insatiable thirst for humiliations? The imperturbable serenity of her soul? And we could answer: from the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary to which she was most devoted. She desired the members of her Congregation to consider these Hearts their place of refuge,

the clefts in the rock to which they could hasten for shelter in the storms, their haven of rest in weariness and woe. We have Father Allard's words for this:

"I do not need to attest how strongly she favored devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament, and to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. The practices introduced into the Community at Longueuil, and which have ever since formed part of the very lives of the Sisters, are sufficiently convincing proofs."

Her love of the Blessed Sacrament was so well known, that Sisters and pupils delighted to watch her returning from Holy Communion; her face was radiant, the intense happiness of her soul shone through the poor casement, and she seemed to be already tasting how sweet the Lord is.

How gentle, how compassionate, how Christ-like she had grown, one must needs have seen her to believe. The children sought occasions to meet her to receive a smile or word of encouragement, nor did they stop there. Influenced by the lovable character of her holiness, seven students were

attracted to her Order, and joined it on the Feast of the Assumption, the day on which Sister Teresa of Jesus and Sister Veronica of the Crucifix pronounced their vows.

While the spiritual, which is unquestionably the essential, fabric was progressing, the Sisterhood of the Holy Names received legal recognition through the instrumentality of Mr. Louis Lacoste, who introduced the Bill for the charter. Several of his colleagues in Parliament sought to discourage and dissuade him. "The Community will not last. It has no funds, how can it hope to subsist?" they asked, and ridiculed his efforts. The Bill, however, passed both Houses, and the Act of Incorporation became a fact, on the 17th of March, 1845. The Community was only one year and a half old, and it was already canonically and legally recognized. An extract from the *Melanges Religieux* of Montreal of the early part of 1845 will give us an idea of what the public thought of the Institution:

"Saturday last, the holding of the examinations gave us an opportunity to visit the

new school of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary at Longueuil. We were surprised at the progress of the pupils, and can confidently say that this Convent is destined to mark an epoch in our educational history. We are doing the public a genuine service by making this Institution known."

The same paper contained the following article after the July examinations:

"The friends of education in Montreal must have been gratified for the last few days. The public examinations which took place in this city and Longueuil have occasioned general rejoicing, and we are proud of the success achieved. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary at Longueuil deserve the highest praise. We had the privilege of assisting at their examinations, and we are obliged to admit that the progress of education in this Community has surpassed our highest expectations. It is astonishing that a school of one year's existence should already count more than fifty boarders, and as many day scholars, who enjoy what we may justly call ad-

vanced educational advantages. We noted the exactness of the answers in the various branches taught, and would be inclined to believe that the pupils belonged to a school of long standing.

"English receives particular attention, as do music, drawing, needlework, and domestic science. The heart is cultivated as well as the head, for religion is never lost sight of in the school-room."

The pupils were making progress and the Novitiate was increasing. During the course of this scholastic year, Misses Eleonore Provost, Flavie Ste-Marie, Margaret Reed, Marie Fortier, Delphine Clément and Angélique Roy, joined Miss Aglaé Vandandaigue who had entered the Community a few months previous. After their Religious Clothing the young ladies were known as: Sister Mary Anastasie, Sister Mary Andrew, Sister Mary Philomena, Sister Mary Felicienne, Sister Mary Ann and Sister Mary Ephrem. Their lives were all labor and love. Earnestly did they apply themselves to their own sanctification; generously did they spend themselves for the happiness of

the pupils. Under the guidance of the Foundress they accomplished their purpose to become "all to all," that "they might win all to Christ."

VIII

EARLY TRIALS

Thalwell thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was a botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.—COLERIDGE.

THE characteristic calm of summer vacation no longer prevails; religious silence is shattered by the patter of little feet. The solemn stillness is broken, for the pupils have returned to school. There are more than eighty of them, this September day, 1845. The teachers plan to cheer and comfort the new-comers, but down in the depth of their own souls they are measuring and weighing their duties, since they are replacing the mothers of these dear children. To educate the young is already a serious undertaking; but to become their visible

guardian angels is a still greater responsibility. Yet God is ever near and never unresponsive; the Sisters, accordingly, begin their work joyfully and energetically.

The Chapel has been removed to a lower story since last year; it is considerably larger, chaste and beautiful. A new building supplies the required school space, and soon all the pupils feel at home in their comfortable surroundings. Mother Mary Rose has engaged the service of Mr. Benziger for the music department; his skill as a pianist is remarkable. Mrs. Benziger has charge of English. Thus with every need efficiently supplied, the Longueuil Convent begins a still more prosperous session.

The tact and intelligence necessary in education were eminently marked in the Longueuil teachers; the wisdom which is from God was discernible in their work and in its results. Time tells the tale of our efforts. The women, the strong, valiant women, developed in this period, blessed numerous homes throughout the land, and did I dare lift the veil which screens their many heroic deeds in domestic life, there

would be manifested much that would edify and inspire. Yes, women, strong in heart and head, clever women, who nobly did their share of good for God, went out from that first Convent of the Holy Names, and the world has been bettered by their lives. Mother Mary Rose lived only for this end, but she died after the seed-time. She must have looked at the harvest over "Heaven's rim" and smiled. From beyond she helped by her prayers to perfect the beautiful beginning. She asked God to bless homes and save souls through the students whose hearts had been influenced by her amiable piety and austere life. She was Superior of the Institution and Novice-Mistress, but never did she forget that the reason of her enterprise was the education of young girls, she took an active interest in the studies of the pupils, she listened to the recital of their joys and sorrows, comforted them in their little trials, and shared their happiness. But all this was to attain an end: to make them like school-life that she might direct them in the ways of Heaven. Thus we see her a month after the opening, personally

conducting the examinations with Father Allard, encouraging and stimulating the pupils to be satisfied with nothing short of excellence. Another month passes and she recommences the reviews, indefatigable, tireless. The November examinations were more severe still. There was no half-heartedness about her, and she did not tolerate it in others. The result was that every pupil threw her heart into her studies, progress became marked, and the Convent secured an enviable reputation. The Domestic Science department was most dear to the Foundress. After all, the mother is the home-maker, and she requires a practical knowledge of cooking and housekeeping, quite as much as a man does of business. Mother realized this, and being an adept housekeeper herself, she formed the pupils in this branch, or saw that they were carefully trained by competent instructors.

With her exquisitely balanced mind she promoted the intellectual and spiritual with zeal. Study was not allowed to absorb the child's mind; knowledge had its own importance and was duly respected, but the

soul was not neglected. Therefore, November 8th, Mother had the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin organized at Longueuil. The students were enrolled as Children of Mary. And how they tried to be worthy of the love and protection of the Queen of Heaven! One of them tells us: "Our Blessed Mother was part of our lives while at the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Names at Longueuil; if she had been among us in the flesh she could not have been more real to us. We lived for her and God, and loved them practically," and she who left us this interesting note on a blessed period, was herself a rare intellect among women, Joanna Roche, afterwards Mother Mary Elizabeth.

We look around with a feeling of pride and pleasure on the beautiful Sodalities of today, with their thousands of sterling young women scattered over a continent: they are the full growth of the little seedling set out by Mother Mary Rose back in the forties. The seedling was planted by a woman gracious in all her ways, lovely before Heaven and in the sight of men, hence it

prospered and grew. As her motives were from God and for God, there was no room for self, she had taken care of that. Resourceful she was, though frail and humble, yet never did her strong will waver in accomplishing the good she had determined upon.

The Sodality was a means to an end, and every factor potent in the formation of character was brought into requisition and became part of the educational procedure. Expanding, developing the faculties was the work of Mother Mary Rose and her Sisters; they taught the students how to use the gifts bestowed upon them by God. The mind is not a mere knowledge-tank to be filled at will—hence, as Madame de Maintenon had done before them, these instructors sought to make education pleasant by "diversifying instruction." The aim of all education is to fit man for an honorable and honest life here, and for Heaven hereafter. Now to make men honorable is to place principle well to the forefront and keep it there. But principle like preaching needs illustration, not by a darksome lan-

tern, but by the full sunlight of the preacher's example. Think you it were possible to breathe the atmosphere created by Mother Mary Rose and her companions and not be imbued with their spirit? Even the shadow of deception would have burned into the pure whiteness of their souls like an acid. They belonged to the highest and noblest rank—God's elect; the only aristocracy that is eternal. Privations were their joy, nay, they were striving to outstrip one another in poverty and pain; trials and crosses were their happiness. Knowledge was their ambition, but as knowledge is of God, so all true knowledge leads back to Him; hence their studies made them more pious and holy. There was fervor beyond words in the Longueuil Convent, and the pupils copied their teachers and contracted the habit of contemplating themselves "not in their mirror, but in the reflected light of the Sisters' example till they too learned to walk continually in God's presence, and consider Him the end of all their actions." Still these girls were gay and pious; and the teachers were joyous

and happy. Yet if we examine the Sisters' manner of life, we shall find very few comforts therein.

The number of pupils had grown considerably greater this year, and the new building afforded them commodious quarters; but the Sisters were in no way profiting by the improvements, except in additional degrees of cheerfulness corresponding to the increased discomfort they had to endure. They gave their dormitory and mattresses to the new students, and each evening, while the pupils were preparing for a restful night, their teachers climbed to the gables, to bring down their straw beds and blankets to any convenient place just vacated by the young ladies. Before dawn there was a procession back to the gables to stow away the temporary beds, and when the girls came down from the dormitories, all was in order, and no one suspected that class-rooms and corridors had recently been used as bed-rooms. This condition did not exist for a few days, or a few weeks, or even for a few months—it lasted for at least three years; and Mother

Mary Rose herself shared the Sisters' poverty in having no fixed sleeping place. Nor was this their only privation. Every seat being taken in the pupils' dining-room, the young ladies were accommodated in that of the Sisters. Soon there were no vacant chairs here, and the former occupants quietly withdrew to the end of a corridor. The place was narrow and dark, the table had to be home-constructed, through needful economy; chairs were missing and could not be supplied, for there was not space for them in the newly-appointed dining-room. The Sisters took their meals there—and what did they eat? See, Mother Mary Rose is coming in; she walks to the end of the table, says the *Benedicite,* looks at her Sisters, and, "Sisters, we have no bread today," she announces.

This was the year of the bad crops, and bread had become a luxury; there were potatoes to be sure, so the Community lived on potatoes, and found much amusement in economizing them as much as they could; they watched one another and teased the wasteful, who removed too much with the

"jacket." Bread, finally, became less of a rarity; but even then it made rather a shy appearance in the Sisters' refectory, where often a meager portion lasted a week.

Such poverty in a steadily increasing school may seem surprising; but let us wait, there are other causes for economy which shall be told in their own good time. Mother Veronica of the Crucifix, speaking of those days said: "We led a very mortified life; the food was poor and so was the furniture; we ate on rough boards, in a corner curtained off the main corridor, and we ate standing, after the manner of the Israelites on the eve of quitting Egypt. Until 1858, we brought down our beds each night from the garret, and Mother Mary Rose shared our destitution. What her Sisters endured, she likewise endured; she was the leader in our many privations and abnegations. She was always cheerful herself and exacted a joyous service for God, and we were delighted to yield it. In our poverty she sought to procure us pleasures whenever she could, and we were all most happy with her."

In the Annals of the Congregation we read: "We were very happy to eat standing, like the Hebrews setting out for the Promised Land. We were likewise joyful patrons of a potato regime. There was no sadness amongst us; if a passing cloud shaded a face, our gentle Mother Mary Rose looked earnestly at the grieved one for a few moments, and the accustomed radiance returned."

Long years afterwards one of that pioneer band exclaimed: "How delightful were those days spent in a Community where regularity was perfect!"

Even the exacting Father Allard testified: "The Sisters were all simplicity and good-will." Theirs was a simplicity which was wisdom. With Bossuet, the first Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary could cry out: "It is easy to say, I love God with all my heart when the path is pleasant; but true love holds Him dearest in suffering and crucifixion!"

IX

A TIMELY FRIEND

God hath many sharp-cutting instruments and rough files for the polishing of His jewels; and those He especially loves, and means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest His tools upon.
—LEIGHTON.

BODILY pain or soul-crucifixion arising from privations, are joy and hope to the true Christian, who has but to recall the Master's life, and to remember that His marks of preference are crosses. Sufferings caused by injustice are more oppressive, because one of God's rigid elemental laws has been wrested to serve a selfish, and often unlaudable, end. The soul must needs be strong which has to endure the agony, and struggle at the same time for the very life of its own meekness, patience and charity, which injured feeling threatens to submerge. The shock is often fatal to the spiritual advancement of the victim, at least, until he can collect his senses, look around, examine closely and find in his

reckoning that the things of time, collectively and separately, are not worth the pain. But why need we take to heart any act howsoever unkind or from whatsoever hand it may come? Our peace of mind shatters because it was not well tempered. Not so with the Saints, who kept their souls well in the fire of tribulation until they could resist the most intense temperature. Their endurance and humility are incontrovertible proofs of their love of God. Through Him, in imitation of Him, they daily became more "meek and humble of heart." When others looked upon them as madmen, they were not offended, for they had already committed themselves to the "folly of the Cross." They valued him who harried, worried, heaped all manner of injuries upon them, as their best friend, since he was aiding them Heavenward. Throughout the series of trials which reduced Mother Mary Rose's Community to a protracted potato diet, and left her without the means to purchase the necessaries of life for her Sisters, far from losing her accustomed composure she seemed rather to gain new vigor,

and to reach a height where greater strength and deeper peace prevail.

Prosperity had smiled upon her work; it needed the tonic of adversity, and her friends administered it in no ungenerous measure. The first trouble came unexpectedly. The Parish of Longueuil had given the Sisters a house in which to conduct a school; now, the parishioners wanted to impose conditions. If the conditions had been formulated before the school had been accepted, unpleasant consequences would have been avoided. But the gift was offered and gratefully received; then the afterthought arose and nearly ruined the young foundation, as far as Longueuil was concerned. The new demands ran thus:

1. Should a time come when the Sisters can no longer direct the school, the land and its dependencies shall be gratuitously returned to the Parish;

2. The citizens of Longueuil shall pay their daughters' board and tuition, but the rate shall be fixed and remain at that figure in perpetuity;

3. A reduction shall be made for those pupils who do not study English;

4. The Sisters shall receive day-boarders.

Mgr. Bourget, hearing of the difficulty, counselled the Sisters, and they acted on his advice; moreover, the Bishop told Mother that should the Parish prove obdurate, he would procure a site for her Convent near his episcopal residence.

Now, if the parishioners made unreasonable demands of the Sisters, the Pastor was determined to help the Institution. When Rev. Father Brassard heard that there was question of his teachers going elsewhere, he hastened to assure Mother Mary Rose that if the Trustees would not make better terms, he himself would provide a residence for the Sisters. Besides the boarding-school, Mother had also opened a day-school in an adjoining house belonging to the Pastor. Rev. Father Brassard not only sought to transfer this property to the Sisters, but he also promised to erect thereon necessary buildings. Mother and her Councillors deliberated on the various demands and offers made, and came to the following conclusions: The first stipulation of the Parish should be rejected; to accept

it would be to jeopardize the existence of the Community. Larger dormitories and more school-rooms were needed, and these constructions would double or treble the value of the property. Surely the Sisters could not be expected to agree to a condition which would oblige them to hand over to the Parish the property with these improvements and receive no indemnity therefor. This enforced generosity would cost them their income, small enough at best, and their dowries, to which they had a right. To bind themselves, in perpetuity, to a fixed price for board and tuition would be equally hazardous. The very struggle for existence might render other rates necessary at another period, and under different circumstances. Uniformity and freedom of action in the direction of their school were sufficient reasons for them not to accede to the third demand of the parishioners.

The Sisters proposed to the Trustees a plan of settlement as follows: If forced by any cause to abandon the work of their Congregation, which is the education of young ladies, the improvements made by

them on the present property should be valued, and the Parish have the choice either to reimburse the outlay, or sell the house and land to the Community at cost price. Or, the Sisters would buy the property now at cost price, and make yearly payments on it to the Parish until the indebtedness would be liquidated, the Community binding itself to conduct the school provided no insurmountable obstacle should arise to compel the Congregation to withdraw its teachers.

Mother and her Councillors deliberated, at the same time, what they should do if the Parish refused to accept their terms. All the Professed Sisters were consulted, and the decision was unanimous: To remain at Longueuil, if at all possible, and occupy the house offered by Rev. Father Brassard. The Community was young, in fact only at the beginning of its career, and still required the direction of the Oblate Fathers who were initiating it into the ways of Religious Life. Fervor reigned; indeed, their Convent was another Upper Chamber where Christ's almost visible presence was felt;

their efforts as educators had met with considerable success, but Mother knew that their strength had not been sufficiently tested, hence she wrote to His Lordship:

MY LORD,

"We hasten to inform you of the decision we have reached, We accept Father Brassard's gift, and all the more confidently since this alternative was suggested by you.

"We cannot agree to the conditions imposed by the Trustees, especially to the first. It would deprive us of every right to indemnity for new buildings, should we leave Longueuil. We would be assuming too great a risk to accept this condition. Necessarily, we would be obliged to use our dowries for pressing improvements; in case of our removal the money spent would be lost to us, and we should be left without resources. This condition rejected, the contract must be abandoned, as a more favorable offer cannot be hoped for from the parishioners. However, we feel that we should face the difficulties here—God will help us through them.

"You are very kind, My Lord, and we are most grateful to you for your readiness to provide us a home near your episcopal residence. But, My Lord, would we not have greater obstacles to surmount in Montreal than we are now facing? We admit that a longer stay in Longueuil is what we desire. The graces and blessings which Heaven has accorded us here, bind us to the place, and it would be a great sorrow for us to leave. Besides, the troubles are only monetary, and will disappear before the zeal of our devoted Pastor.

"When Rev. Father Brassard heard of your offer he insisted on our accepting immediately the deed of the land. He also desires us to begin at once to build the necessary accommodations. It would be painful to grieve him by refusing his timely and gracious assistance.

"Allow us to add our strongest motive for wishing to remain where we are. We desire to measure our strength more fully, and examine more carefully our present opportunities for development, before attempting a change. The Community is so

young, and on this account, we should like a longer probation before undertaking schools in Montreal. We are under no illusion about the success we have achieved—we know to whom we owe it. Would we be wise to withdraw from these masters of the spiritual life, before either our virtue or our school-work is perfected, to place ourselves under the direction of new guides—pedagogical and religious?

"These and other reasons which you can easily surmise, make us beg you, My Lord, to allow us to remain at Longueuil. Pardon us for the freedom with which we express our views; they are shared by all our Sisters. Should you not approve them, My Lord, you can always rely on the obedience of

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

This letter was mailed November 12th. Next day the Pastor brought the Sisters the promised deed. The property was theirs, but on the death of the donor, the Sisters should pay off whatever debt remained against it, and provide for the Pastor's housekeeper. The Community accepted the

gift and the conditions with gratitude. But he who is with you today may be against you tomorrow. Nevertheless, Father Brassard's opportune intervention was a great blessing. A respite had been secured during which interval the up-building of the Congregation went on slowly and well.

His Lordship sent an immediate reply to Mother Mary Rose's letter: "I am ready to approve any arrangements that are for your welfare," he wrote, "and I am happy to leave you in Longueuil where the Pastor is devoted to your interests, and where, under the guidance of the Oblate Fathers, you have the spiritual helps your state of life demands. But if the Parish, for which you made so many sacrifices, will not listen to reason, you must decide on the other alternative, for I desire you to have liberty to follow your Holy Rule, and not be harassed in the accomplishment of your important duties.

"I ask the help of your fervent prayers, and those of your dear pupils, whose humble servant and father I am in Jesus Christ."

Financial troubles arose time and again;

in the most anxious moments the Master breathed his "Peace, be still!" The students, who were resting quietly in the bark, did not know of the tempest; they pursued the even tenor of their ways until December 17th. On this date they lost their calm, for all the interest of the house was centered on them—it was examination day. Examination day meant to the pupils severe tests in all their studies in the presence of parents, friends, teachers and Superiors, of their Pastor, Rev. Father Brassard, of Father Allard, and of Dr. Meilleur, the Superintendent of Education. The young ladies were questioned by one of the gentlemen presiding and proved how they had employed the half-year just elapsed. They showed thoroughness in their labor, and demonstrated the worth of live, vigorous methods in the hands of active teachers. The parents went away well pleased with their children; and the children were happy to have done creditably, happy for their own sake and for the sake of the Institution which they had learned to love.

Mother's Novitiate also knew increase in

number and holiness. While she was weathering the storm, beautiful souls had drawn near to her, and she, with her spirit of St. Francis of Sales, transformed them into true lovers of God. Virtue was so attractive when she practised it, that the novices believed spiritual advancement the only thing worth while. Mother's gentleness and fervor made holiness so lovable that the postulants were quite convinced that life was wasted, if not employed in promoting God's glory. To know how well she succeeded in training souls for Religious Life, we must remember that she had all kinds of dispositions to treat. The prayerful and quiet aspirant to sanctity, as Miss Julia Piette, the mischief-loving, as Miss Hortense Dufresne. These form the two extremes; between them range all the other degrees of "grave and gay." You could scarcely credit the fact that Hortense was Mother Mary Agnes' sister. Both were holy, but Hortense was all sunshine and laughter. At boarding-school one day, her teachers, the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, had prepared for visitors. All was ready

and the guests seated at table. When the chief dish was uncovered, it was neither chicken, goose, nor turkey that appeared, but a huge roast. "Where's Hortense?" the Superior asked, in the privacy of the Sisters' dining-room, for only one could have made the exchange—Hortense. This Hortense grew to womanhood, and entered the Longueuil Novitiate; so did Miss Julie Piette, the girl of few words and long prayers; and they met in Mother Mary Rose's school of saints, and Mother met their varying needs with wisdom. Mother's method of formation was not repression. She rather encouraged the commendable qualities which she found in each of her spiritual children, and by the culture thereof left no room for the development of faults. Gently, sweetly, kindly but earnestly, she turned all thoughts and hearts to God and Heaven.

"Laugh, amuse yourself, play pranks!" she would tell the irrepressible Hortense, of whom she was fashioning the most amiable of angels in the flesh; and yet none could be firmer than she when duty required.

"If the bell called us to any Community

exercise, to class, or labor," says one of these novices, "we went immediately. Were we writing, we left a letter unfinished; were we sewing, the needle stopped at the stitch just begun. I like to think how our Mother taught us to observe the Rule. She was not severe, but firm and kind; yet in her kindness there was no weakness. She was persistent in recommending us to be cheerful while enduring privations, whether at table, in the loss of sleep, or in poverty of dress. 'These mean death to self-love,' she was wont to say, 'the common life is its grave. Do not be surprised at unkindness, lack of delicacy, or lack of thought; they help you to die to self, and by this death you shall reach ideal life here—the life of grace.' How wonderfully the dear Mother wove a crown of love and glory out of sacrifices and immolation—the sacrifices and crosses over which so many uselessly repine! The crushed flower sheds its perfume; the tried soul, its loveliness. 'Jesus and Mary suffered, they consented to pay the tribute of pain.' How often Mother would say to the tortured soul, 'Go to the

Chapel, Sister, and ask our Blessed Mother to help you; she suffered, and she understands.'

"When home-sickness was intensified, or repugnance increased, the Novice-Mistress suggested the Royal Road of the Holy Cross, from the *Imitation of Christ.* 'Meditate on it,' she would say, 'and you will discover that it is by renouncing self and bearing the cross that we reach Heaven. The occasions of practising self-denial are simply numberless, lose none of them; they are pearls the dear Lord offers you for your Heavenly crown. Do not forget that you came here to follow Our Lord in poverty and humility; ask His Blessed Mother to obtain for you zeal and humility.'

"It was thus she exhorted her novices, but her example was more persuasive than her words. She sought the poorest clothes, the most unpalatable food, the least comfortable bed. She excelled in the quest for humiliations, in work, in silence, in exact observance, in union with God. 'Nothing is insignificant in the service of the King,' she often repeated, and she tried zealously

to inculcate a love of humiliations, sacrifice, charity, and mutual esteem," Mother Veronica of the Crucifix testifies, and adds: "No one knew better than she how to combine firmness and kindness." Her hand was always cased in velvet, although its strength was of steel, "and whatever was the fault or infringement, its avowal invariably met with kindness; as a consequence she had the love and confidence of all her Sisters."

"How we venerated her!" wrote Sister Mary Joseph. "On my arrival at Longueuil, I was surprised to see the respect shown her by the Sisters on all occasions, for she had been only a few months a Religious."

Love transforms all things: cold, hunger, sufferings become a perpetual pæan, a song of continuous glory to God, like the hymn of creation. Souls were preparing earnestly for the Bridegroom's coming. He came July 3rd, 1846, and Sister Mary Andrew left her earthly friends for Heaven. The Rule had become for her the voice of God. If she saw the least infraction thereof she would say, "Oh, you must not do that, Sister; Mother will be grieved." The Foundress's work had been well done.

The perfect way is the "narrow way" of the Gospel, and Christ Himself tells us that this is the road to His Kingdom. We must adapt ourselves to it if we would reach the glory which is God's. The way is narrow only to those who would live according to nature. Intellect and virtue attain their full stature under no other conditions than those of grace. "Take up thy cross," was the command given by Jesus. Sister Mary Andrew took up hers, and bore it bravely under her Mother's direction, and attaining her spiritual maturity, she went Home. Hers was the first death in the Congregation. But her going was like the departure of an angel who had abided awhile with man to instruct him. She was a product of Mother's wise guidance and God's rich grace. Her life, like Mother Mary Rose's, is the best argument that goodness and holiness can advance in their own behalf. May Heaven grant to the Order numberless generations permeated with their spirit!

X

AT WORK

Education should be tender and severe, not cold and soft.—JOUBERT.

JOUBERT'S opinion, quoted here, is that of all sane, sure minds. Mother Mary Rose was not a metaphysician of the Schools, but she was one by intuition and God's grace. Her breadth of view and depth of thought, combined with a charming personality and wisdom, made her a rare woman. To her, fame was hollow—what would it avail on Judgment Day? And what do the opinions of men amount to? Reflect for a moment on the motives which govern their decisions: a friend's favor, a prejudice. How few bring their cases before the Almighty, and examine them in the light of the Sanctuary, face to face with God! Mother divested herself as far as possible of human considerations; she did what she thought was right, what God would approve, then went her way undaunted. Her

educational system bears her impress, it was evolved along broad lines, and in its application she was satisfied only with success. But with her, success meant spiritual as well as intellectual growth. When her teachers needed help, they had it and from approved sources. In education as in perfection there is no pause, one must either advance or retrograde. It is like all life; there is no cessation of activity in nature, or when one occurs it is for the purpose of greater growth: the seed rests before new life—from harvest-time until spring. Arnold said: "I never give my pupils stagnant water." The knowledge acquired in a teacher's own school days is not enough. Her thorough equipment demands more; each day she must take up her work anew; each daily period requires special preparation. What we serve hourly to the children must be fresh, otherwise their mental digestion will suffer, and teaching becomes useless.

Financial troubles might arise, they could be borne; the real centre of interest was the school; and so long as this went its way towards the wished-for goal, every

other temporal concern was accounted secondary. Where genuine zeal, learning, and wisdom work together for an end, disappointment is not likely to follow. Consequently we are not surprised to read in an old copy of the *Melanges Religieux*, dated July, 1845: "The final examinations at the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, at Longueuil, were a brilliant success. His Lordship, Bishop Bourget; the Superintendent of Education, Dr. Meilleur, and several clergymen, were present. A very delightful entertainment followed. We enjoyed songs in English, French, and Italian; a drama was admirably acted, and the music beautifully rendered. Needlework was a special feature. But where there was so much excellence it is difficult to dwell on any subject particularly. We admired the ability shown by the young ladies in the Domestic Science Department. The education given at this Institution was proved, yesterday, to be thorough and complete." The *Melanges* says all this and much more; in ending it advises the incredulous: "*Veni et vide*—Come to Longueuil and be convinced."

On the morrow of the distribution, the white-robed maidens, like lovely lilies, pure and fair to behold, stood before the altar of our Blessed Mother, and laid their crowns at her feet. Honor, success, fame, time, talents are from God, and how fitting it is that these triumphs of the innocent—children's triumphs—should go back to Him through His Mother! The offering made, the girls kneel, and Mother Mary Rose confides them to the Queen of Heaven. The Act of Consecration read, a few moments of silent prayer follow. The Angels garner the fruit of one more school year. Mother leaves the church and the closing is accomplished. Fond parents claim their daughters; the school-rooms and corridors are silent; vacation has begun.

A still greater silence falls upon the house, for retreat commences. The Sisters enter upon it gladly, and search to see how they stand with God, what progress they have made in His love during the last twelve months. The ten days of recollection fleet by, and Mother kneels again at the foot of the altar. This time it is not to con-

secrate the children to the protection of Heaven; but she herself is there to vow eternal poverty, chastity, and obedience to her God. At her side kneel Mother Mary Magdalen, Mother Mary Agnes, Sister Teresa of Jesus and Sister Veronica of the Crucifix. Of this occasion Mother writes thus to her brother, Rev. Théophile Durocher: "The interest you take in our Community makes me hope to see you present at our beautiful ceremony. The Religious Clothing of several of the postulants whom you have helped will take place; and His Lordship, who desires to see you, will preside. Besides, you will witness the most important act of my life—my final Profession. Please pray for us during our retreat, that God may give us the true spirit of our holy state. Tell dear father not to forget us on the Feast of the Assumption."

After the Assumption, Mother decided to give the Sisters a holiday. She with seven of the teachers left for Belœil, whither business called her. There was question of a new school, the first branch house of one

of the youngest Communities in God's Church. The Congregation was still in its infancy, and yet it was asked to open Convents in various parishes. Rev. Théophile Durocher had followed his sister's work with interest, helpful interest. He knew her power for good, this was an old familiar story to him—the Parish of Belœil had felt her absence; so he reminded her of a promise she had given to send Sisters when the Convent there would be ready. It was now complete—a letter from her brother informs her of this. In reply she writes: "It is with pleasure that we comply with your request to visit the house prepared for us. We hope to go to Belœil, then, Wednesday evening or Thursday morning, and no fewer than eight of us will set out, if you will kindly send carriages to accommodate this number, and provided we be not too much trouble."

Perfecting the details of the organization went on simultaneously with its growth and expansion. Some new helps to devotion and sanctity were approved. Mother recalled her own life at boarding-school, and remembered

that morning meditation had fostered her spirit of piety. Good as she was, she had, like her neighbors, her natural inclinations to combat. It is true, her parents had early given her the bent for Heavenly things; accordingly she grew up thinking pious thoughts rather than vain ones, with the result that her soul became a "garden enclosed" in which her Spouse loved to dwell. That others might have the helps to holiness which she enjoyed at the Congregation Convent, she arranged that the older pupils who desired to make daily meditation could do so, and that those among them who wished, could make the monthly retreat with the Sisters. A special course of religious instruction was also organized for the First Communion class in the Day School; the boarders' choir and that of the novices were henceforth to meet three times weekly for a general rehearsal. It was decided, at the same time, that the pupils should give more attention to plain sewing than to embroidery.

There is compensation for every pain either in spiritual growth or character dev-

elopment, often in both. Mother Mary Rose had her anxieties and cares, but she certainly found much comfort in the beautiful souls Heaven inspired to join her Sisterhood. The number of novices increased. Miss Julie Piette was now known as Sister Francis of Sales; the lovable and estimable Miss Hortense Dufresne had taken the name of Sister Mary Claire; the accomplished Miss Hortense Benoît became the devoted Sister Mary Elizabeth; Miss Julie Marie Dufresne worthily bore the name of Sister M. Cecile; Miss Virginie Duhamel, gentle and strong like the Foundress, strove to imitate the virtues of her young patron, St. Stanislaus. These novices were the promise of the Community. Mother Mary Rose, with her frail health, looked beyond her day and saw that her work would prosper, because the young Sisters were fervent. By word and example she tried to inspire them with love for God and zeal for His glory; to create in them a desire for that humility which annihilates self; with the charity which hesitates not to sacrifice life itself to benefit humanity; with the strength of

soul to withstand the combined strain of unending labor beset with difficulties and surrounded by trials; with courage born of hope in Heaven to endure aridity of soul, contempt, and oblivion, after the manner of the Divine Model. Under her wise guidance the novices learned to lay this precept well to heart: "Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer."

Busy with the Novitiate, the departure of the children, the Sisters' retreat, Mother saw the waning of the summer of 1846. Its echoes sad and glad lingered on; the number of boarders and postulants had increased; the reputation of the school was steadily spreading; troubles had arisen with the Parish; and the Angel of Death had shadowed the home and taken away a pure young soul who "had no fear, for she knew no evil." Mother Mary Rose received the sorrows and the joys with equal thankfulness, knowing that they came alike from the best of Friends, the most loving of Fathers.

XI

BRANCHING OUT

Changes are but improvements and developments.—JOUBERT.

SEPTEMBER had put a welcome coolness into the air, after the fierceness of August had worn away in mere impotency. Life is unusually astir in September; the birds leave the boughs; boys and girls, their homes. The call, "Back to school!" has not the charm "Vacation!" possesses, yet the children rally when they hear it. "Back to school," in 1846, meant to the Longueuil pupils the satisfaction and contentment those alone experienced who knew Mother Mary Rose. To many, pleasure in a return to boarding-school is incomprehensible. But Mother made school life agreeable to every one of the children, to the little miss of eight or nine, as well as to the demure young lady of eighteen. Her solicitude for their health and happiness, her helps in things spiritual and intellectual,

her encouragement, her insight into their character, the kindness with which she corrected their faults, were known by them and enjoyed. She was to the pupils what Raphael was to Tobias. Indeed, who was there like her? In her great poverty and greater trust in God, she was now enlarging the Convent for their comfort and convenience. Could the dear Mother have taken all the children of the earth in their winning youthfulness, and developed their soul-qualities to fullest perfection, her happiness would have been complete. But she could not do this. She knew that soul-growth is slow, that progress in the science of the Saints requires time, that the advancement, of even the most earnest follower of Christ, is gradual—all God's works are done in measureless cycles. He made His universe in a silence of comparatively infinite duration. The up-building is long, the down-pulling may be instantaneous; and knowing this, Mother's patience and love increased. Time was flitting on and bearing her well out towards eternity; she felt it, and her patience and love became more intense.

The pupils returned to her care as if under the impulse of a powerful and sensible attraction, and she again went tranquilly about her work of character-formation. She was also preparing a better home for the little ones. Rev. Father Brassard had given her a piece of land; she now mortgaged this to raise money enough to build a new wing. She was copying the Almighty's plan of developing work by slow degrees out of the depths of nothingness.

Longueuil had now a school of good standing; Belœil called for one, and the young Congregation of only three years' existence responded. When Eulalie Durocher left Belœil, she did so under protest; the citizens knew her worth and desired her to make the foundation in their village. As far back as 1843 she bade them build, and as soon as the Sisters were available they would go. The parishioners of Belœil built a Convent and had it ready for September 26, 1846. On November 3rd, Sister Teresa of Jesus, Sister Mary Ursule, and Sister Mary Anne, left their beloved Mother and Sisters at Longueuil, to start the new

school at Belœil. True, the Sisters were not going far, a return to the Mother House was a matter of no moment; yet the opening of dependent schools was an untried experiment, and there is always a certain dread about the untried, an anxiety concerning the outcome, a vague fear of we know not what. The three young Sisters came under this unavoidable law of nature; they withdrew from their Nazareth and their Mother, with pain and uneasiness. But the feeling did not last, for Mother Teresa of Jesus was a resolute, resourceful woman; she might know fear, but she would never yield to it. She could make a way out of every difficulty, whether it was rescuing a poison patient, or building a Greek temple, as she did at Hochelaga. One day, a few years later, a Sister rushed to inform her that a companion, while suffering, went to take some prescribed medicine, and accidentally put her hand on the wrong bottle, swallowed a dose of poison, and was already in the throes of death. Mother hastened to the sick one's side, taking up quickly a bottle of antidote as she passed through

the pharmacy, she poured the contents into the dying Sister's mouth and saved her. Saved her? The victim of that day is still alive and active, after over forty odd years of service. On another occasion, a holiday, Mother Teresa was giving orders in the kitchen, when a throng of children came upon her like a whirlwind: "Mother, we were playing hide-and-seek, and Angele hid in a trunk with a spring-lock." They said no more, Mother Teresa had already seized the hatchet the cook was using for the meat, and flew to the garret. With a stroke she opened the trunk and released the prisoner. She wasted no precious time on words or keys when immediate action was necessary. Such, then, was the Superior placed in charge of the first branch house of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. We accomplish what we will, and Mother Teresa was not one to fail.

When the Sisters left for Belœil, their good father, Bishop Bourget, was on his way to Rome, but his Coadjutor, Right Reverend Bishop Prince, was not unmindful of the inexperience of the three young Sis-

ters at Belœil, and his encouragement came as a spur to their zeal and a stimulus to highest endeavor. He wrote as follows:

DEAR SISTER TERESA,
SISTER MARY URSULE,
SISTER MARY ANNE,

"From the very beginning, the growth of your Community has been wonderfully rapid, a fact that rejoices all true friends of education; and I can easily see the time when every girl in the diocese will receive the benefit and blessing of religious instruction. You, my dear Sisters, inaugurate the missionary career of your Order. You can readily understand, then, how delighted I am with your enterprise, and with what joy I bless you and your undertaking. Be the apostles of your pious Community; be models for all competent, efficient teachers; reproduce the virtues of Jesus and Mary in your daily life. This is the prayer I offer to God for you today—may He grant it! Receive my paternal blessing."

There are some mortals who stand out from their kind strikingly noticeable by

Academy and Novitiate of the Holy Names, Hochelaga

their rugged strength, their virile qualities. Truth and justice are manly virtues, but they are rare enough. Constancy to an ideal, to the one and only ideal, Christ the King, is rare; but thanks to Heaven, stalwart Christians have existed since the beginning of the Church. Rev. Théophile Durocher belonged to this class. Mother Mary Rose had written him: "I recommend the Sisters to your care; they are only novices and need encouragement. You will be their father and friend." And it was a father and friend who met the three when they arrived at Belœil; and as long as Father Durocher lived, the Sisters of the Holy Names found in him a father and a friend.

He called at the Convent to welcome the new teachers, and on going away left one hundred pounds sterling (£100) in the Superior's hand to supply immediate needs. In Mother's letter to her brother she said: "Rev. Father Guigues saw His Lordship, Bishop Blanchet, who will gladly go to Belœil if you invite him." Five days after the Sisters' arrival Mgr. Blanchet came to bless the new school. What important is-

sues often depend on insignificant events! The missionary head of a new and distant diocese accepted an invitation to bless a humble school, the first branch house of the Sisters of the Holy Names. The Superior of that small establishment was young in experience, a novice also in foundations; but one day, after having constructed schools which were renowned from their very opening, she sent her Sisters across the Rockies at the call of that apostolic Bishop, to raise the banner of the Holy Names on the Pacific Slope. Heaven allotted to her administration the task of building the first of those numerous Academies which are found from British Columbia to Mexico, and that before the railroads had flung their iron bands in many a line across the continent. When the Sisters arrived in the Far West with their culture and learning, Portland, Ore., was changing from a village, whither Hudson Bay traders and *voyageurs* came for supplies, into a world-market of grain and lumber; Oakland was only beginning to realize its ambitions as a near neighbor to San Francisco, the realm of mining-

kings. But Mother Teresa of Jesus in her little Convent home at Belœil did not see the future; she had not yet measured the strength which the Lord had given her; although she must have felt it in every fiber and nerve of her virile being, conscious that it was "in her but not of her." If Mother Mary Rose saw the outcome of that blessing which she was instrumental in bringing about, she said nothing of it, but busied herself with solidifying the wonderful edifice she was rearing—a work of which the Oblate *Annals* has this to say: "Admirable Community which is but of yesterday, and already rivals the oldest Congregations! Admirable Community to which we can apply the line of the poet:

"Flumina sæpe vides parvis a fontibus orta!"

Indeed, the Longueuil household was increasing so rapidly that more space was needed. Consequently, another piece of land was purchased.

The Foundresses, at this time, began to realize that all was not well; some trouble was brewing but they knew not its nature. A little later they discovered the source,

gradually they learned the quality of the attack. What had been given yesterday, was reclaimed on the morrow. Even then, Mother did not allow business worries to absorb her; she had, as ever, a word of comfort and cheer for those around her, and for her absent three. She writes as follows to these her Belœil daughters: "Do not doubt my share of the pain at our separation; I suffered keenly, and, moreover, I suffer still at being deprived of your edifying example and charitable advice.

"You, in your generosity, tell me that it is consoling for Religious to know how to sacrifice all, even the most legitimate comforts, to promote God's glory, to make Him better known who spared nothing for man's happiness. Yes, I often repeat, 'Our dear Sisters are privileged because the Divine Master has chosen them; He loves them; they are His favored children.' Courage, then, dear Ones, Courage! Do not consider us really separated; you are only a few steps from Longueuil.

"It pleased me to hear that you were kindly received, and that you visited our

friends; Religious should do this. I thank God for the auspicious beginning of our Belœil school.

"Let Sister Mary Anne continue to sing the praises of the Lord. She has her place of special importance in the house, and in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary. All the Sisters here are well, and speak continually of you. They will write soon. Sister Veronica of the Crucifix will spend a few days with you at the end of the month, for she must see Rev. Father Superior. If I dare say so, this good Father thinks you are too comfortably situated.

"Do not be anxious about my health. I am much better; but pray for my poor soul, it is most to be pitied."

Sister Mary Anne, whom Mother mentions frequently, and to whom she writes so often, was a rare soul: a pansy whose perfume taught humility even to the holy. She might have become a teacher or a Sister of Charity, being of good family and well educated. Instead, she sought a Community in which there were auxiliary Sisters, that she might devote her life to

menial occupations. Her entire existence was a miracle of God's grace and God's love. She seemed saturated with holiness. To see her was to love God better, for His love dominated her life, it ruled every thought of her mind, every feeling of her soul. She was surely wise beyond the generations of worldings.

Mother did not worry about the contingent at Belœil, she knew it was well provided for. She bent all her energies to perfect the system at the Mother House, since its spirit would be the spirit of the Order. The Course of Studies was continually strengthened and improved. Father Allard had charge of Christian Doctrine, and Mother requested him to give a series of lectures on the Ten Commandments to the postulants and novices. The most assiduous of all the Rev. Father's pupils was Mother herself. Far from her was the illusion that by attending class she would compromise her dignity; nor did she; for the young Sisters were deeply impressed with the value she attached to religious instruction. One of them, Miss Onésime Le-

mieux, writes: "By her regularity, her diligence in taking notes and revising them, we understood the thoroughness she expected of her teachers, and the high regard she had for religious training."

Mother was not satisfied with the theory and knowledge of good; she was an eminently practical woman, and particularly so when there was question of "the one thing necessary." Every wholesome devotion, every link which binds earth to Heaven, every phase of Jesus' love for man, becomes our own, when our life here is what it should be—a near preparation for the hereafter. This was an article of Mother's creed, and accounts for the introduction of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart into the Longueuil Convent. Mgr. Prince says in a letter: "Your Ecclesiastical Superior, Rev. Father Guigues, has expressed a desire to establish the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart in your Oratory, that you may more easily render to your Heavenly Spouse the love you owe Him for His numberless graces, and to encourage you to bear bravely the trials He may be pleased to send you; also

to draw upon you and your beautiful work the protection of Providence. To favor this praiseworthy desire, and at the same time to spread helpful devotions in the diocese, we hereby, in virtue of an Indult of our Holy Father, organize in perpetuity, in the said Oratory, the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, with all the Indulgences attached. The Sisters shall enrol the faithful of both sexes who desire it, by registering their names and observing the other prescribed formalities. We desire that the name of our Right Reverend Bishop be inscribed at the head of the list, and we request that all the future members of the Confraternity pray for His Lordship, for the diocese, and for him who sends you this letter; and we ask that the intention of the First Friday Communicants be, that our adorable Saviour shall be more loved and adored, and that He shall be no longer outraged in His Divine Sacrament."

Mother speaks of this in a letter to her Belœil Sisters: "I am happy to be able to tell you that tomorrow, December 4th, the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart will

St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, Ont.

be established in our Chapel. I am most grateful to see the Community leagued to honor this Divine Heart. Offer your Communion in the same intention as ours, and with the view of being admitted as members."

The blessings of this devotion to Our Saviour's Sacred Heart will be ours as long as we are true to our mother's spirit, zealous in work; heart and soul absorbed in our profession. Mother used ever laudable expedient to advance the studies, but she furthered the practice of Divine things at the same time, with ardor, courage, and perseverance.

Vacation was again near. Much had been accomplished during the last twelve months. A new Chapel was blessed before the pupils' departure for the holidays. Another final examination was held, of which the *Revue Canadienne* has this to say: "I had the happiness—this is the right word—to be present at the examinations and closing at the Longueuil Convent. The pupils sustained well their reputation for thorough work, and the closing was even more im-

pressive than heretofore, to reward the students for their efforts, the parents for their sacrifices, and to prove to the public the character of this school arisen among us as by miracle, thanks to the Pastor of Longueuil and his people. After the young ladies had received their crowns yesterday, a gentleman remarked, 'There is one crown missing'; but the good Pastor did not understand. 'Yours,' the gentleman explained. And the Convent chronicler adds: "The Pastor's crown was well earned."

Did these successes render the epoch of pain more poignant? In Heaven alone shall the answer be given.

XII

DEVELOPMENT

The greatest difficulties lie where we are not looking for them.—GOETHE.

SUCCESS invites persecution by arousing envy, for some people consider the praise given to others as so much lost to themselves. An unfortunate priest, all too notorious later throughout America, arrived in Montreal at this time. He had been requested to leave the diocese of Quebec, and Bishop Bourget tried to save him, as Jesus did Judas. But the kind reception: "Friend, whereto art thou come?" did not touch the latter-day traitor, any more than it had him to whom it was first addressed. His Lordship counselled the young man to remain for a few months in retirement, with the Oblate Fathers at Longueuil. When permitted to resume his clerical duties, he was named Father Brassard's Assistant. There was a beautiful work being done within the shadow of the Presbytery, and

the young cleric could not remain inactive, he wished to have a share in its development. But from the moment Mother Mary Rose met him, she knew that they had nothing in common except the Faith, which he was to traduce and travesty. He felt disposed to guide the Sisters of the Holy Names, and he was not allowed to call on them. Then he turned to the Pastor and assured him that the Oblates were arrogating to themselves parochial rights. Was it not the Pastor's place to direct the religious houses within his parish? Seeing that his words had some effect, the young man went further: he criticized, he maligned, he found fault with the school, with the Novitiate, with the educational methods —nothing was properly conducted; the Institution in all its departments was badly managed. He talked; Father Brassard listened; and little by little learned to think that, after all, he should have charge of the Sisters and the pupils. Slowly and surely the baneful influence began to be felt. Mother, perceiving a gradual change in the Pastor's attitude towards the Con-

vent, went on her way as usual, a little more prayerful, perhaps, but serenely and fearlessly. Her correspondence reveals the undisturbed state of her soul. To her Belœil Sisters she writes:

MY DEARLY BELOVED SISTERS,

"I was well pleased with the account which Sister Veronica of the Crucifix gave me of the pupils and their success in examinations, also of their skill in needle-work and in the Domestic Science department. We were delighted with the samples sent; our pupils are surprised at the activity of yours. Courage, then, dear Sisters! You see that God is blessing you. May this happy beginning continue! Believe that He who protects you will never forsake you, if you are faithful to your religious observances. Do not fail to devote half an hour each day to meditation. Is it not simply strict justice to give to the dear Master His little half hour daily? See what our Holy Rule says on this point.

"Communion is especially necessary, for He who came to heal our infirmities and

strengthen our weaknesses will be a remedy in our ills, and a support in our faint-heartedness. All three should receive frequently. I understand how much at a loss you are to know what to do, not being accustomed to take the initiative in these matters. But you must advance! Therefore, act, and act zealously.

"Every evening from 7.30 to 8.30 you should prepare your class-work for the following day. Both Sisters and pupils may limit their spiritual reading to fifteen minutes, and as Sister Mary Ursule is with the pupils during theirs, she is not obliged to join you in yours.

"Do not forget that you are the spouses of Jesus Christ; hence treat one another with the greatest respect, with all the consideration due to an alliance so honorable. Sister Teresa of Jesus, being your Superior, has a right not only to your submission, but also to your deference; and she, in turn, must remember that she is obliged by her position to set the example in all things. In what concerns her health, she must obey Sister Mary Ursule, and neglect

nothing which will preserve it. Sister Mary Ursule should bear in mind that, having to form the pupils' character, she herself should be a model of perfection. She must respect the Pastor's wishes, for instance, regarding the pupils' use of the English or French language when not in the class-room. Let French be spoken in the after-dinner hour, and English during the other free periods."

The Sisters at Belœil had, as we see, many things to ask their Mother; being so limited in number, their duties were necessarily multiplied. Should a spiritual exercise be sacrified for a duty towards the pupils? When in doubt the Sisters wrote to Longueuil for counsel, and the solution became a precedent. Belœil was the eldest daughter of Longueuil, and the little Belœil Community was the first to attempt to make the Rule fit in a place where all the minor points of discipline had to be adapted to conditions far different from those of a large school and a numerous Community; but the hands at the helm were strong, and the heads wise; accordingly Religious

Life at Belœil soon ran on as smoothly as at Longueuil, without any sacrifice of exact observance.

Mother Mary Rose had Sister Mary Ursule's spiritual welfare at heart; in truth, wherever Mother saw progress necessary and possible, she could not understand why steady advancement was not perceptible. When no letter came to her from her spiritual daughter at Belœil for the first of January, Mother wrote: "I thought children offered New Year's greetings to their Mother, but I suppose your occupations did not permit you to do so." And she added, "There is nothing I desire so much, as to see you animated with the spirit of your holy state, submissive to your Superior, respectfully heeding her counsel, shunning the world, and avoiding unnecessary meetings, even with your own family; extremely discreet and reserved with strangers; polite and deferential towards the Pastor; gentle and zealous with the pupils; finally, scrupulously faithful to our Holy Rules."

Mother visited Belœil soon afterwards, and it is her remarkable devotedness to

each and all of her children which appeals to us so persuasively. Father Allard profited by the occasion to despatch a letter to Sister Teresa of Jesus and her companions:

"Your Reverend Mother's visit," he says, "affords me an excellent opportunity to write to you. I thank God you made the advice received at Longueuil your own. Now, when you no longer have those helps, you can draw from the treasures of memory the secrets of spiritual life, revealed to you by God, during your Novitiate. Then, you were laying in provisions; and although many things may be wanting, you have still enough for your guidance. Let your chief interest be to advance in the interior life—the seed must bring increase. Every one of your Community exercises: meditations, pious readings, etc., should tend to this all-important end—spiritual development. If you have only five minutes to give to a pious book, give them; God will speak to you and enlighten you.

"Consider how the good Master cares

for you whom He has chosen. When you can no longer hear the voice of your Superiors, He brings up the past; there are truths, perhaps, which you never understood so well before. Put your confidence in Him; He will not forsake you. What do I say? Forsake you? Does He not reside with you in your home, in the Blessed Sacrament? This thought should fill you with love and gratitude. We shall never fully know His goodness towards man, especially towards Religious, whom He will not quit for a moment. Make Jesus and Mary known to the children confided to you. Let the atmosphere of your house be prayerful, and hearts pious. In suffering and doubt consult the Good Master; He will always comfort and enlighten you."

As we have said, Bishop Bourget was in Rome at this time. The Sisters felt his absence keenly, and their prayers accompanied him on his journey. His honors were their joy, for echoes from the Eternal City were heard on the banks of the St. Lawrence. There, the Sisters of the Holy Names thanked God that His Lordship,

their Bishop, was valued in Rome at his real worth. They heard that the Holy Father had looked upon him and loved him. "He is a holy Bishop; I like his modesty and simplicity; I have the greatest esteem for his piety and zeal," was the Pontiff's verdict concerning the "Angel of the Church of Ville-Marie."

During Bishop Bourget's sojourn in Rome, Ireland was suffering from one of the many consequences of a selfish government. The legalized potato crop failing, famine resulted. The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX, then a sovereign ruler, ordered a *Triduum* to be preached in his dominions, during which contributions would be accepted for the Irish sufferers. Sermons were to be preached in English, French, and Italian, and Bishop Bourget was chosen to speak in French. It was an honor accorded the Canadian prelate, and a delicate testimony to his worth. Shortly after the *Triduum*, His Holiness went to the Roman Seminary to celebrate a centenary. After Mass, the Holy Father was dining with the dignitaries, but modesty kept Mgr. Bourget at

a distance. His Holiness missed him, and sent the Master of Ceremonies to bring the humble Bishop to a seat reserved for him among those of his rank. A reception followed, during which two costly pictures and a richly bound album were presented to the Holy Father, containing an account of the anniversary they were keeping. His Holiness examined the splendid gifts, then calling a Chamberlain asked him to give the pictures to Bishop Bourget. In a moment the Montreal prelate was at the Holy Father's feet, asking to be allowed the privilege of receiving the gifts from His Holiness' own hand. The Pontiff graciously complied, took the pictures and presented them to Bishop Bourget, with words of affection and esteem.

Mgr. Brunelli, Secretary of the Propaganda, assured Rev. Father Pinsonnault, S. S., who remained in Rome after the Bishop's departure, that "few Bishops are held in so great regard by our Holy Father as is yours. His Holiness speaks warmly of him; he more than esteems the Bishop of Montreal, he loves him."

Right Reverend Bishop Bourget's absence was a sorrow for his large family, and an intense one for his daughters at Longueuil. Their love had gone with him, followed him afar, and rejoiced when his face was turned once more towards "the lights of home." The happiness of the people on his arrival took the form of an ovation; the entire city turned out to greet him, and conducted him in triumph to the Church of Notre Dame where the *Te Deum* was sung.

While on the other side of the Atlantic, the Bishop thought of the little ones of his flock. Who are more deserving of thought and care than the children whose life lies all ahead? The Bishop brought back with him the Sisters of the Holy Cross and the Brothers of St. Viator, both Congregations devoted to education. Nor was His Lordship unmindful of the young Congregation at Longueuil. While abroad he went to Marseilles and met Mgr. De Mazenod's daughters, the Sisters who had intended to found a house at Longueuil, and whom Eulalie Durocher had proposed to join.

Their Foundress, Mother Marie de St-Augustin, impelled by the spirit which "breatheth where it listeth," sent to her kindred soul, Mother Mary Rose, an answer to a letter which the latter had addressed to the Sisters at Marseilles, when Bishop Bourget set out for Europe.

Mother Mary Rose, Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

HIGHLY ESTEEMED MOTHER AND DEAR SISTERS,

May Jesus, our Divine Spouse, be with you all by His grace—now and forever!

"Your kind letter made me shed tears of joy, written as it was by Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. My first words to you must be expressions of congratulation on belonging to Our Lord under the sweet patronage of the Holy Names, so worthy of all our love. How happy you must be to have placed your entire confidence in Jesus and Mary! Be their true daughters by your simplicity, obedience, humility, and zeal in making the Blessed Saviour loved through your own ardent

attachment to the Crucified. I can assure you that you will receive help from Jesus and Mary beyond your highest expectations; the 'hundred-fold' and more will be yours.

"I must tell you that our good Superior, Mgr. De Mazenod, through Rev. Father Guigues, O. M. I., kept us informed of your establishment and subsequent growth. We heard the story of your foundation with exceptional interest. As soon as we learned that you had adopted our Rule, we began and have not ceased to beg God to give you His spirit and a love of the religious virtues which we are so happy to practise.

"This is what we have done for you up to the present. Today you express a desire to share our spiritual benefits; we most cordially accede to your wish. Yes, dear Sisters, we want you and all who will form part of your Community, to be united to us, in the charity which is Christ's, and to share in all we can do and suffer for the glory of our Divine Spouse, and the honor of His Blessed Mother. You may consider yourselves our Sisters, and call yourselves such before God. I enfold and keep you

in the embrace of my love, in Christ's Sacred Heart, as I am accustomed to do with all my loved daughters here. Moreover, I pray that God may include you in the gifts of His grace which He continually showers on our family, and I earnestly hope that the good Lord will answer my prayer—for it is no fault of yours if you are not really members of our Community. I entertain for you the tenderness of a mother rather than the affection of a sister. Pay us in kind, love us in Jesus, and let us have a right to your spiritual treasures. Thus by the bond of Divine charity, we shall be most closely united although far apart.

"Know that every time you write you afford us a great pleasure. All my dear Sisters, to whom I read your letter, and especially my Assistant and Councillors, unite with me in embracing you affectionately in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

"Revered Mother and dear Sisters, I am, in Our Saviour Jesus,

Your devoted and affectionate,

MARIE DE ST-AUGUSTIN, *Sup.*

Previous to the reception of this communication, there had been one other occasion of intercourse between the sea-divided Communities of the Sisters of the Holy Names. Before the Religious Clothing of the three Canadian Foundresses, February 28th, 1844, they received their costume from the Sisters in France by means of a doll. The little traveller was named Sister Bienvenue on her arrival, and can still be seen in the Chapter-Room of the Longueuil Convent.

Two recruits, meanwhile, joined the ranks of the Canadian workers, Miss Onésime Lemieux and Miss Emerente Benoît. The former had been counselled to visit the various Religious Congregations in Montreal and at Longueuil, with the view of entering that for which she felt the greatest attraction. From the moment she looked upon Mother Mary Rose her choice was made: "I know God wants me here," she said. Generous and devoted as was her disposition, under the impulsion of her loved Superior's example, she advanced rapidly in the perfection of Religious Life. We shall often meet

her name in the course of this narrative as Sister Mary Ignatius. Miss Benoît, a singularly pious young lady, was forced by illness to return home.

Recovering her health after an interval of several months, she again sought to consecrate her life to God in the cloister; she even became a novice, and was known as Sister Mary Joseph. But ill-health left her no choice; she was obliged to abandon her purpose of taking vows, much to her own regret and that of Mother Mary Rose.

The expansion of the Community thus went steadily on. Mother Mary Rose while laboring sedulously to perfect the details of the organization, worked earnestly at her own sanctification, as a person might who often ponders on the query: "And how this audit stands who knows, save Heaven?"

XIII

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire; and through their tears have the sorrowful first seen the gates of Heaven.
—CHAPIN.

ONE proof of England's failure in Ireland, the Typhus tragedy, was carried across the Atlantic to our very doors. We would like to abolish prejudice and race wars, but some disagreeable facts will always remain as history. There was not bread enough in Ireland for her children, thanks to short-sighted and discriminating rulers; hence, many Irishmen had to convert their little belongings into money and set out for a foreign land, to cast in their lot with strangers. The exiles were many, and the Government volunteered to furnish sufficient ships to carry the emigrants across the Atlantic for a stipulated sum. It would seem that even the departure of Erin's sons

from their native land had to be turned into a money-making scheme by unscrupulous government and steam-boat officials, for the passengers were packed by hundreds into ill-ventilated, unhygienic vessels. Every available space was occupied, with no thought of comfort. Of comfort? With no thought of life. The poor passengers boarded the steamers, with agony in their souls—for were they not quitting home, and kindred, and native skies? Yet there was a gleam of hope in the darkness; for into that New World whither they were going, Europe had poured its surplus population since Columbus. And might not they also hope to find a home and independence? But a day out, a night, another, and the terrible visitation came. There was no escaping it, as all those hundreds knew who floated in those ships of death. Strong men lay down never to rise; energetic women fought with the grim visitant for their children's sake, but all in vain. The atmosphere was reeking with disease. The officers who conducted the business, and who saw the boats pass out and away from

the home-docks, knew what must occur; but when the inevitable came, in the form of dread Typhus, men's hearts were frozen, and their souls shrivelled with fear for their dear doomed ones. In the History of the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, the author, very Reverend Dean Harris, paints this scene with vivid touches. It is the story of a crime, of one of the saddest crimes in human experience, because so fatal, so sordid in cause, and so easy to avoid. What injustice to be righted, what accounts to be straightened on God's great Judgment Day!

The disease-freighted vessels reached Quebec, and the scourge with its victims came on to Montreal. The Bishop, mindful of our Holy Father's recent action, ordered a *Triduum.* The Sulpicians devoted themselves heart and soul to the fever-victims; the Jesuit Fathers rushed to the breach; the secular clergy, as ever, were in line. Oh! the glorious devotedness of the Catholic priesthood! It has never failed; let the plague be what it may, the priest is there; he knows that his place is by the side of

the dying and he does not shirk the solemn duty. The Canadian clergy were the equals of their brethren the world over; and when some laid down their lives, others stepped bravely forward and continued the work. The Bishop himself labored among the sick until he was stricken with the disease; the Oblates of Ottawa took the contagion, and the Longueuil Sisters prayed and feared for their friends. Mother Mary Rose wrote to her former director, Rev. Father Telmon, O. M. I.: "Accept our gratitude for the letter you so kindly sent us and for the details about your health. We were most happy to learn that you are somewhat better, for we were kept informed of the progress of the malady, and we did not cease to pray for you and for all the Fathers. May God preserve health so precious!"

The Coadjutor, Mgr. Prince, also fell a victim to his zeal. Like Mgr. Bourget, he had always been a most devoted friend of the Sisters of the Holy Names. The Community now redoubled their supplications to Heaven, knowing "there are more things wrought by prayer than this world

dreams of." Those were anxious days, days of suspense and sorrow, of earnest entreaty and agony. The Bishop and his Coadjutor seemed necessary to the existence of the young Community, and both, one after the other, contracted the fatal malady—a malady which was reaping a soul-crushing harvest on the banks of the St. Lawrence. But the Almighty stayed the hand of Death, and refused to sever the ties which bound the Pastors to the flock they were sanctifying and guarding. Many of the Sisters' friends were going down alone towards the "dread and awful pass," but a kind Father stayed them on the hither side, for the welfare of those whose salvation depended upon them.

The courage and zeal of the Sisters of Charity were equally manifest. These valiant women were indefatigable by the bedside of the plague-stricken, laboring to make pain less violent and praying to make death less fearful. By care and love and supplication, they brought sufferers back to life and health, or sent them forward to meet their God with faith and confidence and

peace of soul. The Grey Sisters braved the pestilence with heroism; and by their side could be seen the Sisters of Providence, true to their name and calling, generously, eagerly helping where help was most needed. The Sisters of the Hotel Dieu offered fifty beds to the in-coming strangers reduced to so sad a plight in an alien land. Six of their Sisters were even allowed to leave the cloister and join the other workers among the sick. Misfortune, the great leveller, broke down all barriers; the new arrivals and the native born, the physician and the patient, the priest and the penitent, the nurse and her charge, became one in sympathy, in affection, in gratitude; one in penitence and prayer before the God to whose will they now lovingly bowed in prayerful submission.

The siege of death was raised after terrible destruction had been wrought. Among those called Heavenward, was many a parent leaving his children unprotected on a foreign shore. The little ones were now to find in the saintly Bishop a father who would not abandon them. Tireless man of

God that he was, he looked around to secure a shelter for the homeless, and in doing so, he bethought him of one who was struggling bravely with her poverty, but who, like himself, believed that the Lord's arm is never shortened, and that His hand never grows less bountiful; a woman who liked to "consider the lilies of the field and the sparrows of the air," and hope all things from God. So the Bishop came to the sweet Mother at Longueuil, with three little girls, three sisters, as her share; and Mother Mary Rose brought the balm of her beautiful nature to heal the wounds caused by sickness and death and distance—it was such a comfort for her to be still able out of her poverty to bless the lives of the unfortunate.

This was a sad year. People had lived in the vicinity of contagion and death; the Longueuil school knew the agony of dread, but it was spared all disease. The examinations drew near, and the shadows were closing in on a woman who refused to be frightened, on the woman whose royal heart bore Heaven's quarterings. If her

soul was weighted with pain, she gave no sigh. She was seen more frequently at the foot of the altar, her serenity unruffled; her confidence, unshaken. She had to be tried "as if by fire," and in her wisdom she faced the ordeal calmly and bravely.

The evil-doer had accomplished his designs. The Pastor presided at the examinations, and studiously tried to bring discomfiture on the pupils, to prove the Oblates unsuccessful and their methods faulty. As the children stood in the presence of their parents and strangers, with the questioner clearly unfriendly, a few lost their self-possession under the strength of the attack. But the majority saved the day, and answered so well that even, if the foe did not deem himself vanquished, the Commissioners were delighted. Mother was pleased that the children bore off the victory, yet her soul was sorrowful. Hostility had been displayed; what had been apprehension and vague rumor became open warfare. Her Congregation was still in its "tender infancy," and already its happy days seemed over. But when was Heaven known to

fail? The suddenness of an onslaught and the recoil may make us reel, but His voice calls through the darkness, and how it gives strength and courage!

In the difficulty with the parish, the Pastor had generously come to Mother's aid, and she had accepted his kindness with joy and gratitude. Should she not endure patiently the pain he was now causing her? Yes, for she knew that he had been influenced slowly, insinuatingly, by a man who ate at his table and slept under his roof; by a man who spoke eloquently and persuasively; and the Pastor, well intentioned, and devoted to the school, was affected by that other, whose cry now was: "Get rid of the Oblates at all cost!" If the Oblates would withdraw from the direction of the Institution, the Pastor declared that he would help the Sisters in every way possible.

Naturally, the young Congregation was dependent on the Bishop, and the Bishop was its most devoted friend. "He loved the Community sincerely. How often was he known to leave most important duties

to come and encourage us. Vigilant sentinel, he made our every interest his personal concern. He wrote our Book of Customs himself; our Ceremonial is his work; our method of saying the Office is his; our manner of teaching catechism. We taught in his presence and he criticized and gave hints and helps; he labored and prayed to make us perfect Religious; he insisted on devotion to the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, and the strict observance of our Rule. He explained the love we should have for one another; he was a protector, a father, a friend; he gave us every care and encouragement—we owe him eternal gratitude," wrote Mother Veronica of the Crucifix. And it was particularly during the trying days which were coming that this kind father took his station at the head of the line and led the Congregation through the onset, until it seemed good to God to restore peace. The prudence, wisdom and patience of Mother Mary Rose during these months were strikingly manifested in all her dealings with the Pastor. She examined into the nature of the trouble,

and, in her lowly opinion of herself, thought that another might direct the Community better; so she begged Bishop Bourget to be relieved of the charge; not, she urged, to shirk the responsibility, but because she was wholly unfit to be the Superior. Beautiful humility of the Saints, how lovely and rare thou art! Thy perfume draws souls to know thee better, and through knowledge of thee to serve more perfectly the Divine Model! The charm of Mother Mary Rose's lowliness, the attractiveness of her soul, won and bound hearts to her, until those with whom she shared her gifts learned to love God alone. She was too precious a light to "put under a bushel;" the holy Bishop, consequently, did not listen to her prayer, but left her to guide the Sisters so fondly and sincerely attached to her.

XIV

PATIENCE IN TRIAL

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.

PROCTER.

MOTHER Mary Rose had taken up the work of her sanctification, apparently with the dawn of reason. Trials were to prove the solidity of her virtue, the measure of her being; they came thick and fast in the form of sickness, death, and financial difficulties. But she met them bravely and well, without being either cast down or doubtful of the outcome; her maternal tenderness remained undiminished, her loving care, her solicitude, unimpaired. Early in September, she thought of the teachers and their needs. Knowing that a change of scene is most beneficial to the educator whose fund of patience and good-humor should be inexhaustible, she planned an outing to Belœil for the Longueuil Sisters.

They went, and after enjoying country calm and country beauty, in addition to the exceeding kindness of Sister Teresa of Jesus and her companions, they returned to Longueuil refreshed and rested, ready to take up the year's work with enthusiasm, with keener relish for their duties, and a renewed taste for knowledge. Studies were resumed September 7th. A new Chapel and bells had to be blessed. Father Allard's name-day came early in the school year, for which a reception demanded preparation. All of these occupied Mother, and every detail of which she perfected.

Miss Hermine de Rouville was now some months in the Novitiate. She had passed from the boarding-school to the cloister, convinced that she was chosen by Heaven, that her happiness was to be found in sacrificing herself for others, and in living for God alone, as Mother Mary Rose was doing. But Mr. de Rouville had not approved of the step, and Mother profited by the blessing of the bells to draw father and daughter together again. Hermine was very happy in her new mode of life, and Mother

thought the father should see his child and judge for himself; therefore, she invited him to come to the ceremony. She wrote him as follows:

Mr. René de Rouville,

DEAR SIR,

"On the 14th inst., Mgr. Prince will consecrate the altar in our Chapel, and will bless the bells of which Madame de Rouville kindly consents to be godmother.

"We shall feel honored to have you assist at the ceremony; and we hope for this favor all the more, since you promised to call on Miss Hermine. I need not tell you how happy your visit will make her. She is well and not at all lonely; yet, I know that her happiness is incomplete, for I can perceive that she needs to see you to prove how tenderly she loves you—how great is her affection for her father—an affection which will increase daily in her new life. Distance cannot separate souls, hence, it cannot lessen her fondness for you; and we like to encourage these beautiful filial feelings, knowing that they are from God."

The blessing of the new Chapel and the bells was, in every respect, a pleasant event. The guests were many; the ceremony impressive: a plenary indulgence was granted in perpetuity to all who visit the Chapel of the Longueuil Convent on September 14th, or within the octave.

Father Allard's patronal feast was also a glad occasion. He had done so much for the pupils and teachers, that they were delighted to have an opportunity to express their gratitude. But there was one present who was not in harmony with the feelings of the hour; and the shadow on his face gave a touch of sadness to the celebration—it was the Pastor's last visit to the Convent for many a day.

Rev. Father Brassard had tided the Convent through serious financial straits; it was located in the village of Longueuil, of which he was the parish priest. He had donated land to the Sisters; he had opened his granary for their relief; he had given the music teachers the use of a piano—in a word, he had been a friend to the the Community in its every need. The Sisters

were genuinely grateful, and he knew it—but he was not happy, because the Oblate Fathers had control at the Convent. Rev. Father Guigues was Ecclesiastical Superior; Rev. Father Allard directed the students, the Novitiate and the Professed—he was the soul of the Congregation. Had he not been Novice-Master and Professor? But the young man who sat at Rev. Father Brassard's hearth did not allow the Pastor to forget the interest of the Oblates for the Sisters of the Holy Names. He discoursed at leisure and lengthily on the subject until the Pastor believed himself injured. To be sure, Father Brassard had once said that his parochial duties were more than enough for his time, but that was before the coming of the Assistant; it was quite different now. All was going wrong over there where all had once seemed quite right. Yes, all was wrong—did the young man not say so? The praise of the *Melanges Religieux*, the approbation of the Superintendent of Education, the congratulations of the Bishops, the confidence of the parents were worthless—facts are sometimes powerless be-

fore oft-repeated fiction. The number of the boarders had increased from thirteen to eighty-nine, but what of that? The young man had spoken, and the force of his words won the Pastor. To make matters worse, Rev. Father Guigues, O. M. I., was named Bishop of Bytown, and his work at the Convent devolved on Father Allard. The adverse criticisms reached the Sisters, but far from putting a brake on their zeal, they were stimulated to greater activity. Thus it was, while the shadows were falling thickly around the cradle of her Congregation, that Mother's soul rose to its full height; clouds were continually arising to make the darkness more dense, and yesterday's sorrow grew keener from the morrow's new trial. Debt was forced upon debt to keep the roof over their heads, and still additional expense had to be added, and again more; yet Mother was not terrified, for just beyond the rim of the deepest darkness, God's Providence could be seen shining, and God's bounty and goodness were visible in a hundred ways. Was the Lord ever bankrupt? Mother again re-

membered, "the lilies of the field, and the sparrows of the air," and left a lesson to all of little faith.

While troubles and sorrows were being flung on her path, God sent her joy; she opened her heart and home on the 14th of this month to two remarkable postulants, Misses Catherine and Mary O'Neill, both of whom imbibed the very spirit of the Foundress, and made her exquisite meekness and piety live again on the far Pacific slope, which they blessed through generations of superior women educated by them. Mother Mary Rose seemed to possess the gift of reading hearts, for after looking on little Mary, whom the new Novice-Mistress, Sister Veronica of the Crucifix, had pronounced too young for the Novitiate—she was only fourteen—and listening to the child's appeal, she said, "Come at any time, dear; you will be one of us." And we like to think that, with her wonderful insight into persons and things, God gave her a vision of Mother Mary Margaret's years of apostolic life in the West; for the young postulant of fourteen was none other that

Mother Mary Margaret whom people name to bless; and her sister Catherine, was Sister Francis of Assisi, a wonder of zeal.

But Mother was not allowed to concentrate her thoughts altogether on the souls she was winning for Christ. War had been waged against the French Oblate Fathers. They must go! They did not understand Canada or the needs of Canadians; another chaplain, one of native birth, should be appointed! The Sisters heard the clamor and grew uneasy lest they should be forced to give up their guides. But the Bishop came and calmed their fear; and the Coadjutor strengthened their assurance. "You have no cause for uneasiness, believe me. The Bishop is your father and Superior; he calls you his right arm; obey him and do not worry. You owe much to the Oblates for your religious training; gratitude obliges you to remain loyal to them," the Coadjutor said, and the Sisters felt relieved. At the Bishop's next visit, Mother Mary Rose exonerated the Pastor; according to her story, she alone was to blame. The trouble was all due to her lack of tact, her inexperience

and incapacity. She humbly knelt at the Bishop's feet and told him this, begging him to appoint another Superior in her stead. But he answered that a change would be inopportune, counselled patience, admired her beautiful humility, and advised her to consult the Pastor in all financial matters.

The Pastor refused to be consulted for mere temporals, feeling probably as Napoleon did, when he said to a famous ecclesiastic: "You control souls and leave me the poor husks," and the tension of the strain increased.

Meanwhile letters were received from several parish priests, asking for houses of the Order. Mother answered them, promising to open Convents immediately where she could, and went on her way as usual. Once, twice, in the heart of the storm we hear a cry of pain, but it dies out at the chief Pastor's word of approval or advice, and all is calm again. Rev. Father Guigues, O. M. I., Bishop-elect of Ottawa, had gone off to a remote parish to study English with the pastor, an Irish priest. On quit-

ting Longueuil Father Guigues had promised to return in two months; the allotted time had long since passed and still he was not back. Mother writes to him whose counsels had helped her on so many occasions:

"Permit us who do not cease to consider ourselves your daughters, to prostrate ourselves at your feet and beg your blessing. You do not doubt our loyalty, I know, but we would fail in duty if, in your absence, we did not express our gratitude for all we owe to your zeal and kindness. Yes, esteemed Father, we prize your goodness and more than paternal solicitude. We are grateful to God for having sent us such a father, and well we may thank Him, for we could not enjoy a greater blessing than your friendship has been to us. If on the day of your departure we shed tears, it was because we knew what we were losing. Without real strength, and still in the formative work of the Institution we could not but weep. Forgive this weakness in your daughters who desire your return. Yes, we long for the day that will bring you back to Longueuil.

"The beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception is drawing near, the two months of your projected absence are long past, and we are informed that you will be back at Christmas only! We were happy, at least, to receive news of you in the interval, and we have another great regret besides your protracted stay in the mountains—our inability to be of some use to you. Be convinced of the most profound respect and sincere confidence of all your daughters, and particularly of her, who will always be,

Your humble servant,

SISTER MARY ROSE."

The causes of mental anxiety were numerous, and physical suffering was not absent. The malady which had long been undermining Mother's health, was progressing; still she did not complain, for she was wont to be silent on subjects that concerned herself. She was putting into practice what she had written her brother, the Pastor of Belœil: "Suffer and struggle, this is our glory in exile; Heaven is our real country and will be our recompense if we

are faithful." Her life was one continual struggle. Rev. Father Brassard now declared formally, that he would have no dealings with the Convent so long as the "Frenchmen" were not expelled, and the Bishop had advised her to consult the Pastor. What could she do? On the shock of Father Brassard's refusal to see her, Mother went to the Chapel and prayed; when she left the Eucharistic Presence, she brought away with her something of the eternal patience of the Almighty. Her soul had not lost its equilibrium; it had only felt the tremors of passing alarm. She made another attempt to follow the Bishop's advice by consulting the Pastor, but his reply was positive and final. Mother was now at a loss how to proceed, and went to His Lordship for instructions.

My Lord,

"It is impossible to write what I have to ask. The Pastor refuses to see me. He simply wrote to announce that he was going on a trip, and that we should pay the fifteen pounds sterling, due for interest, on the

15th of this month. There are several pressing business matters about which I need to consult him. What am I to do? Will you kindly appoint a day on which I may go to Montreal to see you."

Business called Mother to Belœil in the meantime, and on her return, she was informed that Father Brassard had invited the School Commissioners and the parents to assist at the examination of the classes on the following day at 2 p. m. She wrote him: "I have just returned from Belœil, and the Sisters tell me that you and the Commissioners will be here for examinations tomorrow at 2 o'clock, and that the parents are invited. Although we cannot do anything extraordinary, still we would like to receive the public in the best manner possible. Will you kindly allow me to go to the Presbytery this evening that we may arrange matters?" His reply was immediate, and ran thus: "Your action of yesterday makes me believe that you did not understand what I said to you a week ago. I told you not to come here, and that I would not go to the Convent, until

you had settled your difficulties with the Bishop and the Oblates. My determination is to take an interest in your work, only when you have nothing more to do with the Oblate Fathers. While you are under their direction, I shall do nothing for you, and you should consider me dead as far as the Convent is concerned. As soon as the Frenchmen go, if ever they do, you will find me the same devoted friend to you that I was in the past: my purse, my house, my granary, my services will be yours to command.

"Your step yesterday was quite useless. Do not expect me to give Benediction in your chapel, Christmas Day; do not count on the wheat in my granary; and, I beg you, never oblige me to refuse a request of yours again, as it is painful for me to do so. You have had sufficient proofs of my devotedness to convince you that only the most serious reasons could force me to a line of conduct which must have the saddest consequences for your Institution."

The examinations took place at the time arranged by him, but in his absence.

The Bishop had expressly stated that the Pastor was charged with the business affairs of the new Convent, but he refusing to give his advice thereupon, Mother wrote to His Lordship to obtain permission to attend to the financial matters herself: "I had hoped to see you," she says, "but the condition of the river makes crossing impossible, hence, I must have recourse to the pen. I wrote to arrange an interview with Rev. Father Brassard, as I had certain transactions to treat with him, but he refused to see me. Will you kindly permit me to do what we think best in our business affairs without consulting him?

"The Superior of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame wrote to me relative to the Christmas holidays, and I wish to seek counsel of you before replying. Our last year's experience proves that the New Year's vacation might certainly be done away with; for the parents did not seriously object, and everything was pleasant; consequently, we did not regret the course we took on your advice. The same reasons exist this year against dismissing

the pupils at this season. Some parents may profit by the circumstance to withdraw their children, but what of that when the greater good is promoted? Besides, it is very uncertain if the crossing will be safe, and several families have been informed that their daughters will remain at the Convent."

His Lordship's reply was not delayed: "Awaiting a new order, I allow you to conduct your own business affairs without consulting Rev. Father Brassard. That there may be uniformity in our schools, dismiss the pupils from New Year's eve until the Monday following; this must be done to prevent a greater evil.

"Thank God that so much good has been done by your retreat; I hope to see still greater things accomplished next year. You must remember that God took six days to create the world; hence, be resigned if you cannot immediately do all the good that is to be done; we must not try to go more quickly than God.

"As long as the superiorship is painful to you, do not ask to be relieved. If ever

it become sweet, a successor shall be named. Keep the strictest silence about your present troubles, and when others speak to you about them, change the subject. Providence will send you a favorable occasion to explain matters to the Pastor. While awaiting that moment, pray, suffer, and trust in God who alone can help you at the time marked in His eternal decrees."

We see that the Bishop as well as the Superior felt that it would be an injury to the Community to deprive it of its directors. Father Brassard, with all his parochial responsibilities, did not certainly have the necessary time to attend to the boarders, novices, and professed. The Convent was a parish in itself; it consumed all of Father Allard's days; besides, the Sisters owed their religious formation to him, and they felt that they could not dispense with his services yet awhile. The future of the Congregation depended on the foundation, and that future could not be sacrificed even to conciliate one who had been a most generous friend.

This December month had been a trying

one, yet, there were bright, happy days in its passing: the eighth brought blessings of peace and immolation. Under our Most Holy Mother's protection, the Sisters for the first time renewed their vows, the spirit of sacrifice was in the air, trials became still intenser joys, and even if the way ahead appeared to grow abnormally narrow in the distance, these true lovers of the Cross went joyously on.

But did Mother, while biding her time of explanation with the Pastor, feel that her unpleasant experiences were hastening the hour of deliverance? We know not. Her troubles were many; the Community had borrowed money, and built on the land which the Pastor had given; now, the Sisters had to make heavy payments on the capital as well as to meet the interest. What this meant to Mother we can best learn from a letter she sent to Sister Teresa of Jesus, at Belœil: "It is but right that we realize what holy poverty is. We shall never understand it better than when suffering its effects. Let us go to the Manger and gather courage, while considering the

total deprivation of the Master. I have not seen His Lordship since you were here, and the situation is the same: pray, suffer, and hope." To Sister Mary Anne, also at Belœil, she says: "How good it is to see Religious filled with the true spirit of their vocation, sacrificing their ease and inclinations for the Master's love; also their desire to remain under their Mother's wing, that they may procure the glory of our God so generously kind to the Community; thank Him for all His favors. I did not forget you on the anniversary of your Profession. Pray for renouncement, the virtue of the strong, and, my dear Sister—this is a paradox—you will find all by leaving all, for is it not by quitting things of earth that you find God and all that is His? Yes, even that God for whom we should live and die?

"The Sisters speak of you frequently, and with me they embrace you in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary."

Examinations were again at hand, and this time they were conducted by Rev. Father Guigues, O. M. I., who had returned to Longueuil. After their success in these,

the pupils departed for their homes, as the Bishop had decided. New Year's eve, Mother Mary Rose not being able to see the Pastor, sent her greetings by letter.

"I received the expressions of your gratitude with much pleasure," he replied; "however, I must say that the pleasure was diminished by the fact that the lines were not yours but a stranger's, and were not the expression of your heart—which I think would have spoken more simply.

"A portion of your letter did not harmonize with the season. It was inconsiderate, to say the least. Cease, I beg you, to put the Bishop's name so much to the front. They are deceiving you who say that all things depend on him. Your future is in the hands of Father—Bishop Guigues and Father Allard; they treat the business between themselves, leaving His Lordship well on the outside. May these good Fathers lead you without trouble to the heights of happiness and prosperity which I have always wished for you, and which I wish you still with all my heart."

Three days later His Lordship came to

Longueuil and assembled the Council; the Pastor and Father Allard were also present. His Lordship decided what the duties of each should be: Father Allard was to retain the spiritual direction of the Institution and Father Brassard was to be consulted on all sales and purchases.

But it is difficult to make a nice distinction between the details of the temporal and the spiritual, to mark exactly where one ends and the other begins; so Mother went to the Pastor, only to be referred to Father Allard. The difficulty of the situation was thus intensified; the disaffected Pastor had not taken up the work of his own free choice, and he did not do it willingly, although he was a model ecclesiastic. Still we must not be surprised to see him succumb to the eloquence of his friend. If Father Brassard did yield he was only human. But his conduct left Mother Mary Rose in a dilemma; hence, she wrote to His Lordship: "Will you kindly give me in writing the decision you came to regarding the Pastor, the Oblates, and ourselves. You know, My Lord, that it is

impossible to hope that the Pastor's wound will heal soon; and since I must treat with him, I want to know what to do that I may not irritate him still more.

"How difficult it is to deal with people who do not understand Religious Life. It is especially in this agonizing moment that we value the privilege of being directed by a Religious. My Lord, we cannot thank you too much for this favor. May it continue; even if finances fail, we can put up with that. But when we are told that we are too religious, and we are forced by questionable means to give up our Directors who have brought us so near to God, I am truly saddened. If we have deserved so severe a punishment, I do not know how we can repair the injury we have done ourselves. You are our father, My Lord, you will have pity, I know, on your children, who are always happy to obey you. Full of confidence, and recognizing the goodness of God in you, at your feet I humbly beg your blessing for my Sisters and myself, that God may give us the courage to suffer all, and that He may grant me prudence."

"I have just returned from a journey," the Bishop says in his reply to the foregoing, "and I use my first leisure to answer your just demands of yesterday. Father Brassard has charge of the temporal affairs of your house: consult him, therefore, in all purchases and sales. Father Allard has the spiritual direction of the novices and the Professed Sisters. Rev. Father Chevalier, O. M. I., has been appointed confessor of the pupils, and Director of Studies under Father Allard. When the Pastor perceives anything that might be detrimental to the Institution, he will tell the Superior, or Father Allard, or Father Chevalier, as he thinks fit, and his advice should be received with respect and gratitude. Should any difficulty arise, consult me; I shall help you to the utmost of my ability, for the greater good of your house.

"I think, Reverend Mother, that you should not be alarmed at any trials or difficulties Providence may send you; they will teach you to live for God alone and for His Holy Mother. Be true daughters of Jesus and Mary, and take care not to

prove unworthy of these names to which you are consecrated. May Jesus and Mary bless all your Sisters and grant you prudence! Truly, we need it when we have the direction of others; you will please ask it for me, who need it more than you."

There came a joy to Mother in the midst of all these worries. One of her former Belœil Sodalists, Mrs. Galipeau, was appointed first Superior of the Sisters of the Miséricorde; she was known in religion as Sister de Chantal, and her new Order received canonical recognition. We know best in our day what the significance of her work means to the unfortunate in our large cities, and how Mother de Chantal's daughters turn Christ's charity to account for the salvation of the fallen. Mother Mary Rose had also another happiness. In January, she succeeded in winning the Pastor to give Benediction at the Convent: "Both Sisters and pupils will be happy to see and hear you," she told him. He came and gave Benediction, but instead of visiting the Community and Boarding School, he hastened home. Then an explanation came: "I was sincerely

grieved, yesterday," he wrote, "not to be able to accept your invitation to call on the Sisters and pupils. I understand it would have been a pleasure for them had I gone, and I am heartily sorry to have disappointed them. Pardon my weakness and sensitiveness. My feelings during Benediction and afterwards wrung my heart and caused me to shed tears; I could not appear in that condition, and I would not have been able to say a word without weeping.

"I value the kindness you show me, and I shall try to respond; but I beg of you, do not exact too much now. You do not understand how I have been hurt, and in what a painful position the Bishop places me. I shall do all I can for you. Do not hesitate to ask me all the advice you need in your temporal affairs. That I may obliterate any unfavorable impression, I shall make it a duty to announce publicly the work the Bishop has confided to me in furthering the welfare of your house. I hope that all will be well, and that His Lordship will protect you from such trials as you have been enduring recently. I need

to be humiliated. May I bear this humiliation as a Christian and a priest; ask God to give me strength. As your peace of mind does not depend on me, do not be troubled about my sufferings. Whatever the future brings, be convinced that my prayers and my wishes will always be for your happiness and your prosperity.

"I am truly to be pitied, but in my misery I have the great consolation to know that fervent prayers ascend to Heaven every day for me in your Convent. Do not think that I shall not go to see you. This over-sensitiveness will not last. Yesterday, the sight of your Community, the singing, the place, the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, everything, stirred up emotions which I could not control. Let not this sadden you; you and your Community are now strangers to anything that may annoy me. Your affairs shall prosper, for I shall take a more active part in them than these few lines can make you believe. Not feeling equal to the task of meeting you now, I write to explain why I pained you yesterday."

This is a priestly letter, and represents Father Brassard perfectly when left to himself; and, had the tempter not been in the Presbytery at the time, further misunderstandings with the Convent would not have to be recorded; but the tempter was present, he colored the Pastor's thoughts and played on his emotions until he fell back again, for a time, into his former attitude. Soon after this, Father Brassard asked the Sisters for the land he had given them. Mother did not hesitate; she bought the land at the price he named. He had another lot adjoining the Convent property: would she buy it? If not, he would sell; and the land was so near that were strangers to get it the school would be hemmed in and could not expand. So Mother purchased the lot at the owner's figure, and this outlay necessitated greater economy and privations. But what of that? "It is well to feel some of the effects of holy poverty," she had said, and rejoiced thereat.

One of the young professed, Sister Francis of Sales, was daily declining, and Mother thought that change of air and scene would

benefit her, so she sent her to Belœil: "The cold," she wrote Sister Teresa of Jesus, "has prevented my sending you Sister Francis of Sales before this. She does not improve here. I wrote to Dr. Allard asking him to give her the necessary care. I hope that your charity will aid his medical skill, and that in eight or ten days she may be able to return. If you are without anything that you need, kindly let me know. Should Sister Mary Anastasia require a rest, send her to the Mother House; and if Sister Mary Anne can not take care of the sick and do the work, engage a servant: I shall meet the expense. Pray for your Mother who feels more than ever the need she has of your prayers. Be assured that I shall never forget you who share so thoroughly the religious sentiments which were given us in our Novitiate, and which will always be our happiness."

Mother's tenderness is shown in every line; but much as she loved her religious family she did not forget the ties which had made her young life so pleasant. Her brother Edouard had already lost one daugh-

ter by consumption, and now another lay at death's door. Mother writes her thus: "I hear, my dear Eulalie, that your health, instead of improving, is declining. Are you thinking of leaving us, as your dear sister Eléonore has done? If such be God's will, dear Child, I believe that you will joyfully obey; for in this life we are much exposed to lose God's grace, and nothing is so painful as not to be able to say: 'I shall pass this day without offending God'; but it is only in the other world that this happiness will be ours. Although you have decided to become a Sister, would not the pronouncing of your vows in Heaven make you happier still? I should like to be in your place. Suffer with patience and even with joy; if you recover, we shall be most happy to receive you among us. If God wills otherwise, let your submission and your confidence be perfect. A thousand kind wishes to your dear mother and little brothers. I would be very well pleased to hear from you occasionally." Then she tells her brother, Rev. Eusebe Durocher, of this second angel of theirs who is about to leave

earth: "Perhaps you do not know that our niece Eulalie is beyond hope—she is dying of consumption like our dear Eléonore. I assure you I envy her early call to Heaven. She also will go Home without having offended God. How fortunate she is! Truly, this is stealing Heaven. And we, dear Brother, what are we doing here below? At least, if we were only good Religious and made use of the trials which are sent to efface our many faults! Pray for her and for me."

The sun had made its appearance through the January clouds, and seemed to promise fair; but it quickly disappeared, and all was dark again. "We are practising the extremes of poverty," the *Annals* of the Congregation tell us, "and when it seems no longer possible to endure the privations we meet with, we follow our dear Mother's advice, and go to the Manger to learn what a God did for us."

When Mother purchased the land of Rev. Father Brassard, the conditions were $700 yearly until the cost price, $6,000 was paid; the property was mortgaged in

his favor, and interest was remitted annually on the capital. Twelve days after this transaction was terminated, Mother received a note from the Pastor, "I do not consider that I am unreasonable in asking you to return my piano which you have had for the last three years." The Sisters had never looked upon the piano as a gift, so Mother sat down and answered: "We are very grateful for the use of your piano; it was most kind of you to lend it to us for so long a time. In this as in all things we are resigned to privations. We have not forgotten, that when we bought a new one, we offered you your choice. When we give our word we like to keep it. Now you can take whichever instrument you prefer, and you can have it today if you wish. We still have three tables which do not belong to us; we shall send them to you as soon as possible. We may have other objects that are yours; if you know of any, please inform us. I beg you to accept my gratitude for all your kindness."

This letter was calculated to disarm the Pastor: "I was very much touched,"

he wrote, "by the generous offer of your beautiful new piano. I loaned you mine without remuneration, and I am pleased to receive it as it now is. By taking back today more than I loaned you I would lose the merit of a service rendered."

In writing to her brother, Rev. Théophile Durocher, Mother Mary Rose tells of her dealings with the Pastor; then she adds: "As you see, the Sisters need the special help of Heaven to keep them from bankruptcy. Now, I was thinking—pardon me if I say this—what if the Pastor of Belœil would do the same? Father Brassard was so devoted to our interests; what belonged to him was ours. We relied on his protection and we had it; but he was only human and subject to the weaknesses of humanity; nothing is stable here below. If I mention you in this connection, dear Brother, you must not be offended, but I would like you to keep an account of what you give us, and what you only lend us. However, if the proposal is repugnant to you, pay no heed to it; it is my own idea, so be hurt with no one else. I am only trying to be

ordinarily prudent on account of what has happened here. But, my dear Brother, I know that you will not change."

Nor was she mistaken. Father Durocher helped the Community with advice and money during his life, and at his death he left it all his movable and immovable property, then valued at about $10,000 which makes him one of the greatest benefactors of the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

The sympathy and love of the Sisters for their Mother grew as her troubles increased. Grace was perfecting her, she was nearing home. How she considered the pressure on her purse and patience we can gather from a letter of hers to Sister Teresa of Jesus.

DEAR SISTER,

"Your letter breathing kindness and resignation, comforted and edified me. If I had entered the Convent to lead an easy and tranquil life, I would certainly have been greatly deceived. No, I have found only what I expected. What should one look

for who deserves hell, and yet desires Heaven, nay, who even hopes to reach it? The Cross. Alas, my God, however heavy it may be, it is still too light for me.

"Our business with the Pastor is ended. There remains on the capital of $6,000 a payment of $600 yearly, with interest at 6%. I beg God to help us to meet our obligations. Do not be anxious about our affairs, God has them in hand; He has guided us this far, and He knows how to conduct us to the end of the road, if we place no obstacle in the way.

"Tell Sister Mary Apollonie not to worry about my health; I was slightly ill; let her rather think about the health of my soul. Am I not in this world to suffer? This is my lot, and I should be happy and grateful for it, and indeed, I am."

But the business with the Pastor was not settled; he next pressed the Sisters to pay him for the use of his land. He wrote: "You object to the sum named for the use of the land, because you were obliged to undergo considerable expense in putting the property into shape. Make out the bill of your expenses, also the benefit derived

from the land." Mother made out the statement and brought it herself to the Presbytery. The Pastor examined it, but did not approve of the figures and immediately left the room. The following day he wrote, and after stating that her account was extravagant, declared that she must pay $180 or the matter would be settled by the civil tribunal. His Lordship stepped in and completed the business himself. Mother gladly consented to pay the $180 as the price of peace. She had set her heart on peace above all things; yet she never showed herself weak in attaining it. She never preferred expediency to principle, or sacrificed the interests of the Community; but fearlessly represented the demands of justice. When her Bishop counselled, she neither reasoned nor temporized, she obeyed; for she had not quitted the world to become a business woman but a saint, and she knew that sanctity is where obedience shows the way.

The tidings of these troubles reached Rev. Father Guigues in his retreat, and he hastened to write to the Superior of the Belœil convent:

DEAR SISTER TERESA OF JESUS,

"I received your letter with much pleasure, for everything which concerns your Community interests me greatly, and always will. You spoke truly when you said that I would be afflicted to hear of your trials; but I must add, they cause me no disquietude. These crosses prove that God has designs on your Community since He allows it to suffer. The Councillors, and especially your Mother, have shown so much virtue and good judgment, that I believe the storm will quickly pass. Rely on God's grace, on His Lordship, and also on your humble friend, for however weak I may be, I am none the less your friend. You will be helped by all three. With their assistance you will succeed, and with the certainty that your work is from Heaven you will be encouraged.

"Give my kind regards to the Pastor of Belœil, who has manifested genuine interest in your Community through all these difficulties."

Men praised the wisdom and discernment, the humility and fortitude which

Mother showed throughout all her painful intercourse with the Pastor. His sternest demands were met with patience and forbearance. To reproduce Christ in their lives has always been the aim of the true servants of God. Mother had labored assiduously at her perfection, and her labor had not been in vain. Her meekness, like that of St. Francis of Sales, was the result of long years of self-repression and self-effacement. Strong and ardent by nature, severe and austere with herself from girlhood, those who knew her most intimately, like Mother Veronica of the Crucifix, marvelled at her gentleness. As there is a limit even to the strength of the most stalwart and brawny, so is there also with moral endurance. In the present instance trials were abetting disease, purifying her soul and loosening the bonds which kept her spirit captive—yet there was a keener sorsow ahead and she went forward joyfully to meet it. How could dissolution be long deferred under the combined attacks of so powerful a coalition?

XV

A NEW BURDEN

Back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN the attempt to bring about the financial ruin of the Community failed, a new line of action was adopted. Defeat often gives zest to the vanquished. It did on this occasion. Far from being discouraged the enemy went enthusiastically to work to attain his end. Vague calumnies were circulated to endanger the very existence of the school. Clever insinuations are often more effective than a statement, for the unknown and the undefined leave scope to the imagination. Therefore, the rumor was set afloat that a disease had invaded the Boarding School—a nameless malady, dire, awe-inspiring and dreadful. Parents hastened over from Montreal and inquired anxiously about their daughters; anxiety gave place to surprise when informed that out of eighty-four boarders not one was in

the Infirmary. The agitation subsided after a time, quiet was restored, only to be followed by another rumor and another excitement.

The second accusation levelled against the Longueuil Sisters was nothing short of murder—a pupil had died, it would seem. Whose daughter was she? Each parent knew that his child was safe, but could not tell if some other father or mother whom he had never met or known was not bewailing the sad fate of a little one. Yes, a girl had died from cold and neglect, rumor said: she had been locked up in a room in punishment, was forgotten there and perished.

The friends of the Community hesitated no longer to protest against the diabolical attempts made on the very life of the young Congregation. They published the following article in the *Minerve* of Montreal:

"Certain individuals, wishing to injure one of our educational Institutions situated in Longueuil, viz., that of the Ladies of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, have circulated the report, that a young girl sent to an unheated room in punish-

ment was frozen to death. This insane statement is of a nature to injure a Convent in which pupils receive the greatest care, and severe punishments are unknown. We, the undersigned residents of Longueuil, declare the report false, and ask the pupil's relatives to refute the calumny, or confirm the story.

TOUSSAINT DAIGNEAU
VICTOR CHENIER
JOSEPH VINCENT
A. COLIN
TOUSSAINT STE-MARIE
JOSEPH LECOURS

The physician of the Convent and one of the School Commissioners published the following: "We, Charles Sabourin, physician, and Isidore Hurteau, School Commissioner of the Parish of Longueuil, declare that we have heard with the greatest concern, the basest calumny against the Ladies of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary that could be fabricated. The calumniator has disseminated a story broadcast to the effect that a pupil, having spent a day in an unheated room, was forgotten there and per-

ished of cold and hunger. Justice obliges us to deny the whole tale, and to assert, moreover, that the said Ladies fulfil their duty in a manner to deserve the encomiums of everyone who has the privilege to know them."

The story reminds us of one of Scott's underground horrors, where spiteful and malicious abbesses condemned beautiful young novices to be buried alive or to some other equally interesting fate, rather than an occurrence in an up-to-date nineteenth century Convent. But when the parents assembled a few weeks later for the closing, there were no illusions about the Longueuil children: they were all there, alert and active, clear-brained and well trained. Disease had not wasted their cheeks or sapped their energies, as they proved by their successful examination, and the intelligent manner in which they gave the dramas, *The Two Savoyards* and *The Red Cross.*

The evil reports could not be substantiated; there was no foundation for them, except in the restless mind of a man who was never happy unless defaming the good;

a man, who later could use his priestly power to consecrate the bread which Love Itself had given for the life of our souls, and in derision exhibit it in the marts of commerce. But the fabrications did not achieve the end the originator proposed; although it is said, there is nothing so hard to kill as a lie—when once sent abroad it grows by travelling. In this case, however, the man of fell purpose over-reached himself.

Rev. Father Guigues had meanwhile been consecrated Bishop of Bytown; a loyal and devoted friend was thus removed, but not lost. His religious virtues lived on in the Sisters whom he had helped to train, and the strongest ties bound him to Longueuil. Grace imparted and edification received are bonds forged by Heaven between souls. Mother Mary Rose knew what Bishop Guigues had been to the Community from its inception; hence, it was with pain that she saw him leave for another sphere of labor. "My Lord," she wrote, some months after his consecration, "we could not allow Rev. Father Allard to set out to you without

making him the bearer of our expressions of gratitude. We prayed for you, My Lord, at the moment you were made "Angel" of the Church of Bytown. We congratulate the flock that has so tender a shepherd. It is already enjoying the benefit of your pastoral care. Your elevation to the episcopacy deprives us of your guidance, but your spirit will remain with us through the Father to whose care you have confided us. We shall keep your spirit, since it is the spirit of God implanted in our souls by your advice and example. This fidelity is due you, we owe it to your undeviating kindness and interest. But we hope to be still permitted to have recourse to you for counsel, to have a large share in your prayers and to retain our place in your fatherly solicitude."

Her physical suffering and her sorrow at seeing her friends disperse, did not prevent Mother Mary Rose's work from going on apace. New fields of devotedness were opening, the first flights were taken, and, "All's Well!" was the cry. St. Timothy, the beautiful, welcomed the Sisters; St. Lin

followed, The first three foundations made by the Sisters of Longueuil: Belœil, St. Timothy, and St. Lin, had the Foundress herself to bid them "God speed," on their mission of good.

Mrs. Olivier Berthelet, who died during the year 1848, left help to the Sisters in their deeply involved financial condition. They were in debt, it is true, but rich in trust and confidence in God. Mother went on as formerly, meeting the Pastor as if nothing had transpired to mar the pleasure of their intercourse. She was at peace with herself and her God, and sought to be at peace with all the world. Father Brassard's name-day came around while he was absent from the parish, and the Sisters could not celebrate it otherwise than by writing him, which they did. His reply shows the chivalry of the old school: "I was very much touched by your gratitude and gladly accept your gift. Knowing that it was made at the Convent gives it exceptional value in my estimation. Accept my thanks. I recommend myself to your prayers, and promise to ask God, at every Holy Mass

I shall offer, to bless your Institution. To-morrow, at seven, the Holy Sacrifice shall be celebrated in your intention."

Thus we see that, "The little rift within the lute," did not succeed after all, "to make the music mute." If there were no injustice, no hatred in the world, human virtue could not be tried, "as if by fire." Mother chose the "sorrowful way," and the dear Lord, who knew no other while here below, aided her and sustained her. Through interior pain and physical suffering she advanced Heavenward, loving her God and beloved by Him in return—the surest proof of this was the constant nearness of the cross. But she endeavored bravely and successfully to reserve the hardships for herself, sparing the Sisters with the great mother-love that was hers. Her cough increased, her strength diminished, but she was destined yet awhile to direct the Congregation which God had called her to establish.

XVI

VALUABLE RECRUITS

Who will understand that to be is better than to have, and that in truth a man is worth only what he is?—SPALDING.

WE marvel at man's greatness and weakness. We like to find intellect, in all its noble proportions, accompanied by humility and meekness. Cicero says: "That man is nearest divine excellence, who combines culture, strength of mind and natural goodness." But when religion is not present to advise, God's wisdom is often absent; and man is pitiful enough in his pride and arrogance, man, who is but as the grass of the field and yet would arrogate to himself the place of Christ. There are those who walk in blindness and know not their affliction, worse still, who would constitute themselves guides of others. Truly, they, as Pope says, "rush in where angels fear to tread." Such men have always existed to the world's sorrow, "and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Mother Mary Rose had her experience. Her beautiful soul had conceived an ideal work; her fine intelligence and strength of character were developing and perfecting the enterprise—it was expanding, when, in an evil moment, an unfortunate creature looked upon it, and would not be content with anything short of its ruin. We have seen how God came to the assistance of His servants and blessed what He saw was being done for His glory. But all men were not enemies of the Longueuil foundation. It had good friends, staunch and leal friends, away back in those days, as it has today. One, a woman of more than ordinary ability and power, who attended the school during the "dark days" of its maligning, wrote well of it. She had come from Massachusetts, a bright, beautiful girl, accompanied by her aunt who was not a Catholic. We shall let her, Miss Joanna Roche, later Mother Mary Elizabeth, speak of her *Alma Mater:*

"I came to Longueuil, June 6th, 1847, with Margaret Gallivan and my aunt. Mother Mary Rose, Mother Veronica of the Crucifix and Sister Mary Elizabeth came to

greet us on our arrival; a little later, Father Allard stepped in to bid us welcome. Coming up, he looked at us and said with a smile, 'Here are good subjects for the Novitiate!' He proved a prophet, and when his prophecy was fulfilled, my aunt in her sorrow said, 'Oh, they had their designs on you from the day you entered the school.'

"I had never seen Sisters before and had no idea what they were like. I had heard of the black veil, which seemed to suggest a nightmare among the non-Catholics where I was brought up. Until my arrival at school it was to me a winding sheet, which enveloped the Sisters in their living graves, for all my knowledge of Convents was limited to certain fabulous tales, of the Maria Monk type, in circulation in the United States. My mother, a convert, died while I was still young, and her sister, a non-Catholic, brought us up. She was not qualified to give us religious training, and it was for this reason my father sent me to Longueuil. From the first day there, I was attracted by the kindness of the Sisters, and read their sanctity in their faces

as in an open book. They did not seem to me to belong to earth. Before long, I saw that these women, although young, had virile minds. They were distinguished in appearance, and possessed the rarest virtue which impressed all who met them.

"The Boarding School had a high reputation even as far back as 1848. The best families of Montreal and the vicinity patronized it, and their daughters joined the ranks of Mother Mary Rose's Sisters. A great many American girls frequented the Convent to learn French, and Americans at this date did not generally send their children to Canadian schools. The Reverend Oblate Fathers, who directed the Community, contributed greatly to make those years prosperous. The pupils were happy under the guidance of these good Fathers, who had the tact to come down to the level of the child-mind. They knew how to give brilliancy to feast days, charm to amusements, and interest to their school-room methods.

"Some of them were the confessors at the Convent; others preached on the virtues

of our Blessed Mother with such enthusiasm that devotion to Mary made fragrant our every act. Father Allard was Professor of mathematics and music, and put such ardor into his work, that mathematics, music, and sacred singing became specialized features of the Curriculum.

"The vitality of the Institution was simply surprising under the direction of the Fathers; their activity, enthusiasm and zeal fanned the slowest intellects into exertion. We were carried along by the momentum, and could not pause or be dull, even if we desired—the contagion was general, for every pupil put forth her very best effort, and her endeavors were successful.

"Piety prevailed, the pupils were weekly communicants; the young ladies made the monthly retreat with their teachers, and during the evening recreation, some of us could always be found near Mary's statue. An altar had been decorated in the Senior Recitation room, to which the pupils of all divisions came by twos to recite the Rosary, and ask the help of our Queen. When we made our First Communion, we began

to think about our vocation, and to examine whether or not we were adapted to Religious Life; indeed, vocation became with us the one important thing; for, to whatever life-work we were called, we understood that we had to sanctify ourselves therein, and, consequently, that we should begin immediately to prepare for the future. But we were happy and proud when we felt that we might be of those who "follow the Lamb." When I think of those times, I call them the Ages of Faith—they were to our lives what the Middle Ages, erroneously termed Dark, are to history; "dark", because our little light shrinks to darkness in their luminosity."

Mother Mary Rose often planned pleasures for the children, hence frequently sent them to Belœil, where her brother entertained royally. Shortly after their arrival, Misses Joanna Roche and Margaret Gallivan went to Belœil, and were delighted with their trip and with all they saw and did while away. On their return to Longueuil they were eagerly recounting the details to Mother: "We climbed Mount St. Hilaire," they declared, "and made one Way of the

Cross going up and another coming down." Some of the Sisters present laughed. "The great desire these children had to please God must have been very agreeable to Him," Mother Mary Rose said sweetly, "even if they did begin with the Fourteenth Station coming down."

Miss Joanna made her First Holy Commuion on Christmas Day, 1848. Mother always profited by these occasions to sweeten and intensify the happiness experienced by the pupils. After Holy Mass she went to Joanna, and kissing her tenderly said in her peculiarly touching way: " 'May all your Communions, my dear Child, be as fervent as that of today!' the words and the manner in which she uttered them were always treasured by me."

The little reminiscences of happy days throw sunlight upon life and reveal what nothing else can. The pupils of our time preserve these memories in snap-shots of camera and kodak. Long ago, diaries were written. We willingly quote again from them, as they bring Mother and her work, her spirit and its influence, so vividly before us.

"Mother Mary Rose," the narrator goes on, "had the indulgence of a mother and a grandmother for the children, and especially for the poor, and for those whose parents lived at a distance and who consequently could not receive many gifts from home. Mother often kept those pupils during vacation without remuneration, and at a time when she could not well afford to do so.

"If she met a pupil in the corridor or elsewhere, she inquired about the girl's health; and if a pupil looked sad, Mother asked the cause and cheered the little sufferer. She combed the children's hair herself, gave them sweets, and, during the holidays, planned wholesome amusements for those who remained at the Convent. Trips to Belœil were a great pleasure for them, Mother's brother always making their stay delightful.

"Meeting me one day in the corridor, Mother exclaimed, 'How pale you are! My poor child, you look ill, go to the Infirmary and rest.' I went, and a few minutes later the Infirmarian came with a glass of wine and some cake."

"Her natural kindness drew us all to her," writes Miss Margaret Gallivan, afterwards Sister Mary Helena. "When we arrived at the Convent, girl-like, we had a supply of confectionery and fruit. We offered Mother some, but she refused; we insisted, and she accepted, but on the morrow we found what she had taken at our places in the dining-room."

"She frequently examined the classes, taught catechism, and took a very real interest in everything that concerned us. Always and everywhere her graciousness and dignity commanded respect and confidence," Miss Joanna tells us.

We get another glimpse of the true character of the freely calumniated boarding-school from a letter of Rev. Father Gaudet, O. M. I. It is addressed from Pittsburg, Pa. "I often go back in spirit, and always with pleasure, to the dear Longueuil Convent. It was good to be in a house where everything spoke of God and breathed piety. I see myself again in the midst of the pupils whose candor and ingenuousness are so attractive, thanks to the tender care of their

second mothers who love them for God and in God. And the dear children whom I prepared for their First Holy Communion! Are they good? Are they still fervent? I know they are; in the surroundings in which they are placed, their fervor must have increased."

These expressions from a man who knew Convent life at Longueuil as it was, confirm the statements of the bright young girl who always looked back with longing to the "Ages of Faith." Wherever Mother Mary Rose passed, she created the same atmosphere of piety, prayer, trust, and happiness; and she travelled towards Heaven and sanctity with energy and velocity so intense that her momentum inevitably drew all with her.

Mother also strove earnestly to advance the school, and succeeded beyond even her own most sanguine expectations. She treated the pupils with maternal tenderness, as the traditions of the Sisters of the Holy Names testify—for what was, still exists; and to preserve the spirit of Mother Mary Rose has been the highest ambition of the noblest women of the Order.

Mother fully understood her enormous responsibility as head of an educational organization; because, when we examine her standards, we find them to be of an unusually high order. The testimony of the press supports this assertion; the lives of the pupils she formed bear evidence in its favor; the amazing development of her Congregation proves it. But going back and studying first causes, we discover that she never neglected any suggestion or help which counts for progress. A library was necessary, and with serious indebtedness to consider, she might have objected to a new expense: but no, she purchased the books required. Truly, when we reflect on the condition of the Convent finances, we cannot help but exclaim, How marvellous are the ways of God's Saints! Some might think that she attempted the unreasonable, that she stretched after the unattainable, when, in her poverty, she tried to make her school all that a first-class educational establishment should be—but she made it such, and the wherewithal to meet expenses never failed her. The increasing Novitiate meant also additional outlay.

What a clever woman said of Mrs. Aikenhead's foundation, we can say of Mother's, "Many young people started up to help her and gave themselves eagerly to her work." The same ardor which impelled them to renounce all, pervaded their after-life, and enabled them to welcome sacrifices and trials, to endure poverty and hardship with tireless joy. 1847-1848 brought seven candidates to the Community. These were Miss Octavie Letourneux, Sister Mary Louis, who one day generously left the Mother House and her country to devote her beautiful gift of music to the young women of the far Pacific Slope. Her life was a perfect song, sweetly cadenced, growing in soft and soul-stirring notes towards its grand finale. Miss Lemay, Sister Mary Apollonie, died in 1851. In these few years of Religious Life she filled a long period. The sacrifice she made on entering was a holocaust; self seemed henceforth to be excluded from her computations: God and His glory became entirely her concern. A few years of waiting and ripening, then the quiet summons came and found her ready.

Miss Mary Hagan, Sister Mary Patrick, was another of these postulants who drew near Mother while the cross pressed heavily on her shoulders. In her second Irish daughter, Mother found sympathy and a great generous nature. Sister Mary Patrick came to the Community well qualified for her mission as educator, having been trained by her father, a distinguished Ottawa Professor. Sister's influence has been transmitted even to our day through the superior women whose privilege it was to claim her as their teacher. To their latest breath, eminent educators among the Sisters of the Holy Names, attributed their success in life to the efforts, devotedness and ability of Sister Mary Patrick. "I owe my love of knowledge and my first impetus for things spiritual to my teachers, Sister Mary Patrick and Sister Mary Helena," another notable woman was accustomed to say, and this other was Mother Mary Patrick recently deceased, noble in character, great in intellect, and holy in all her deeds.

She helped the Sisters very practically in another manner. After her admission into

the Community, Professor Hagan gave a series of lectures to the teachers at Longueuil, which from a practical, pedagogical standpoint were invaluable to the English-speaking members of the Order. Miss Marie Louise David was another of those seven postulants; she took the name of Sister Mary Alphonse in religion, and went Westward to labor. She had the direction of the first house implanted in Portland, Oregon. There were two lay Sisters among the recruits of this year: Misses Dubreuil and Pilon. The former, Sister Mary Françoise, also travelled to the Sunset land, and there loved the dear Lord and His beautiful inanimate creatures, the flowers, with something of the mild passion of St. Francis of Assisi; their perfume was to her the "breath of the Angels." Her companion, Sister Mary Julienne, was one of those persons whose natural activity increases with exercise, like a vigorous muscle or tendon. She lived to link Mother Mary Rose's day with ours, while Sister Mary Françoise had an earlier summons Home. Sister Mary Julienne brought down to us from a blessed past, the fra-

St. Mary's Academy and College, Portland, Ore.

grance of virtues she saw practised back in the Bethlehem days of the Community. Throughout her laborious and prayerful life she had but one ambition—to serve and please the Almighty in simplicity of heart.

The influence the Foundress possessed was exemplified in the lives of the Sisters whom she trained and who "imbibed her spirit in its essence." No more eloquent plea for her worth could be demanded by the most punctilious judge than the fervor and spirituality of her daughters. Blessed are we of this generation, who have had such a legacy transmitted to us!

XVII

WORDS OF COUNSEL

Ceaseless growth toward God—this is the ideal, this is the law of human life, proposed and sanctioned alike by Religion, Philosophy and Poetry.—SPALDING.

RELIGIOUS perfection in her Sisters and excellence in the school system, were the twin ends the Foundress labored to attain. She kept up a brisk correspondence with her absent teachers, and in these letters we again see the loveliness of soul of the one whom we have learned to revere. There is tenderness when tenderness is required; there is severity rarely, only when kindness seems to have failed in producing the desired effect; but there is always affection: the far-reaching, deep-seated affection which is Christ-like, never-failing, always beginning, encouraging, stimulating, renewing all in Christ Our Lord.

The Sisters of the Branch Houses left Longueuil with a vague dread in their souls. The Community had enemies, it had active

enemies; it had also friends—who had taken up the fight for them, and the opening of school was to prove which had prevailed. A marked decrease in the number of pupils would have been almost fatal, not only to the Longueuil house, but also to the three dependent schools. Hence, it was that the Sisters had left their Mother with a feeling of dread heretofore unknown. Then September came to reassure them; the defamer had failed disgracefully, for there were more applicants than could be accommodated in the Boarding School; several Americans were registered as pupils, and numerous postulants joined the Congregation.

At the end of the first school month, Lord Elgin, his sister-in-law, and suite, paid an official visit to the Institution. There were songs and addresses in English and in French; a courteous response from the high dignitary followed, then a luncheon prepared entirely by our capable Mother herself. The reception over, the ordinary routine of school life began again; and now it is that Mother takes her pen to comfort, to soothe and to encourage. The dear Mo-

ther was busy, too, but she never seemed to have a thought for self—or was it, perchance, that she felt the end was approaching and wished to have her children fashioned to her heart's ideal? We cannot say, but we know that she failed no one who turned to her for help.

Sister Mary Anne, our little auxiliary Sister, was a woman who had done much through love of sweet humility. Mother discerned the full value of this precious soul, and cherished her, for she knew that nature often protests when virtue says, "You must." If Sister Mary Anne had chosen to walk the lowly way of self-abnegation, she was none the less human for her choice, and suffered intensely at times. Mother writes to her often, and in the first letter says: "The end of the year is at hand, and you will soon have an occasion to tell our Sisters how happy you are in making generous sacrifices for God, who made much greater ones for us. We shall not be less pleased to let you see how we have advanced in charity, silence, exact observance of Holy Rule; and I hope you will find that we

have not remained in the rear. You, back fresh from the battle-field, will inoculate us with your zeal, dear Sister, and we shall try to have you profit by the spirit of recollection which reigns here, that you may return to your work steeped in the virtues of your holy vocation."

Sister Mary Anne had much interior suffering, but putting unlimited confidence in Mother Mary Rose, she went to her with her grief, like a child. Another letter followed closely on the first: "I pray every day for you," Mother tells her, "that God may reward your sacrifices by granting you courage, and that He may enable you to live happily with your companions and in closest union with Him. I leave you in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Believe me always,

Your affectionate sister,

SISTER MARY ROSE."

Sister Mary Anne lived on Mother's advice, it became part of her life; she assimilated it, as well as the two verses of the *Imitation,* from the chapter: "On the Royal

Way of the Holy Cross," which the Foundress had suggested for Sister's daily meditation.

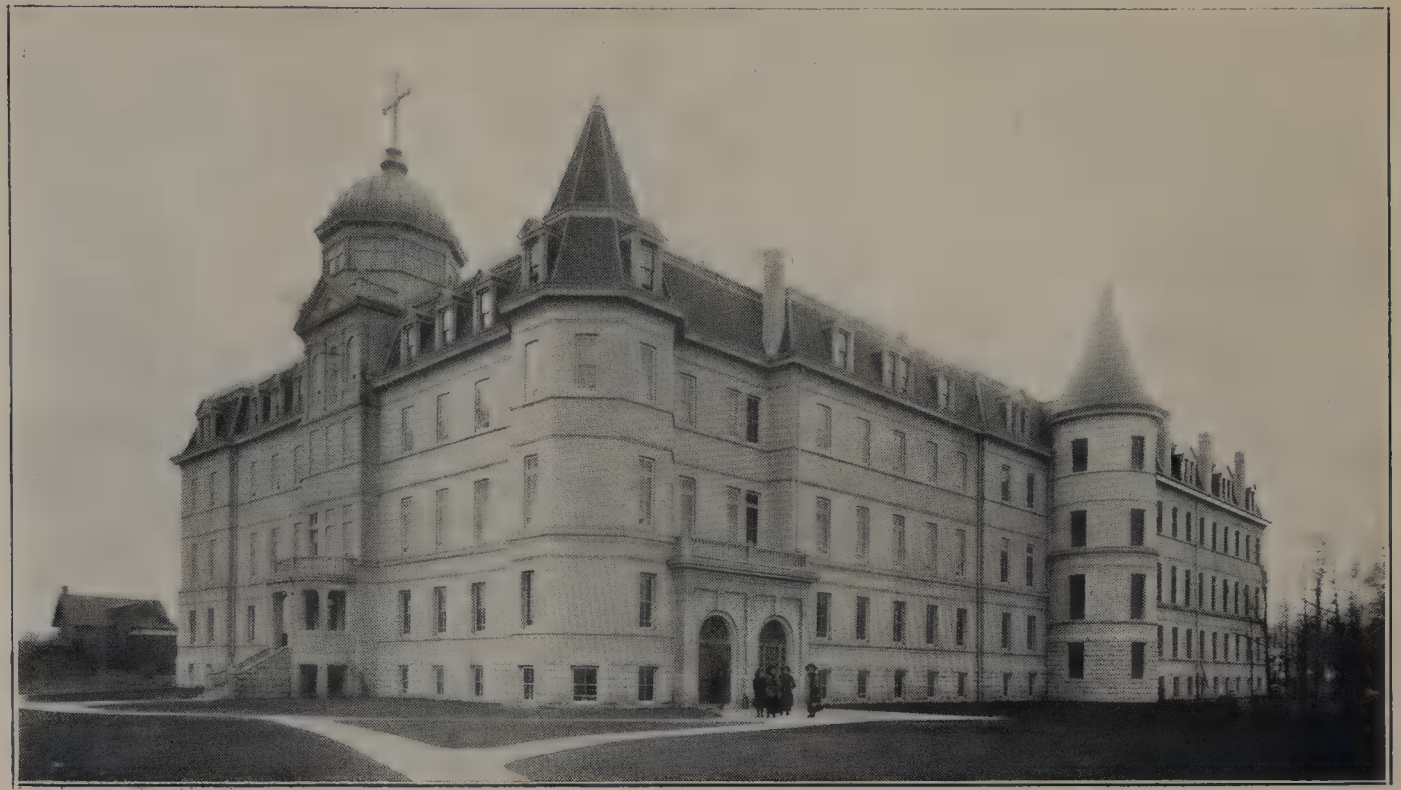
Loving the Foundress as they did, it was very painful for the Sisters to be separated from her. Sister Mary Ignatius, a young teacher then at Belœil, could not be comforted. The Pastor had counselled her to let her Guardian Angel do the weeping. Mother takes up the subject in her next letter: "I hope," she writes, "that the Angel named to weep in your stead acquits himself properly of his duty, and so frees you from this sad necessity. I beg you, let him do the crying, and you reflect seriously on what I have so often repeated: you are no longer a child; you have taken up Our Lord's Cross; do not drag it, carry it courageously, and see God's will in all that happens. Our Lord said: 'The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and it is the violent only who bear it away,' therefore, do violence to your feelings. Believe me, dear Sister, I do not forget you, and I beg Christ to give you the grace to drink a little of the chalice of bitterness which He Himself drank to the dregs."

Thus she developed the spiritual life of the young women who composed her religious family, showing no worry or agitation on account of the financial troubles through which her Community was passing. She did what she could to meet the payments as they fell due, and Providence seemed to do the rest. Her brother, Rev. Eusebe Durocher, hearing of the monetary demands made on her slender income, sent her $400, on the very reasonable condition that a low Mass be said yearly for twenty years on the Feast of St. Teresa, and that Holy Communion be offered, on that day, in his intention.

Mgr. Bourget tried to obtain a Government grant for the Convent: "While awaiting the outcome of my petition," he says, "let us induce Providence to enter into our designs by giving ourselves entirely to our duties and to the interior life—be true religious." On the same date that His Lordship had apprized Mother of his appeal to the Government, she wrote to Sister Mary Patrick, at St. Timothy: "It is a very real consolation for me to see how womanly

you are. May God be praised! Strive continually to master your ardent nature. With the help of Heaven you will succeed, and Sister Mary Patrick will then, indeed, live entirely for Him whom she has chosen as the Bridegroom of her soul. Be faithful to your religious exercises, but give them up for God when you are needed elsewhere. Be very kind to our sensitive little Sister Mary Apollonie, and help her to bear her loneliness generously; be her champion with Sister Mary Magdalen; assist the latter as much as you possibly can; in this way you will be making yourself helpful to all. Do not let Sister Mary Stanislas surpass you. She has already thirty boarders at Belœil. The Sisters are also doing well at St. Lin, and they are very hopeful for the future of their school. Let us endeavor, in praiseworthy rivalry, to outstrip one another for Christ's dear sake."

The life of renunciation, embraced by the Sisters, was new to many among them, while their Mother had never known another. This explains why her daughters came again and again to their Mother until



St. Mary's Academy, Winnipeg, Man.

the shadows were lifted from their way, or they had acquired strength to wrestle with their difficulties. To Sister Mary Ignatius, the Foundress writes: "You are at this moment in trouble. I know you think that all the letters you addressed to me have been lost and your secrets divulged. No, dear Sister, your communications are here before me on the desk. Now, set to work resolutely to surmount all the obstacles nature opposes to grace in your soul, and if you be keenly alive to detect the insidious attempts of the enemy, and brave to overcome his open onslaughts, he will flee and leave you in peace—your spirit of self-sacrifice promises victory. Your good-will is strikingly shown and rejoices your Mother's heart. How then can God fail to listen to your entreaties for help, when you are ready to do all things for Him? But, I repeat, do not pause in the upward path. Let your tears never be seen—serenity should beam from your face. Meditate on this: That poor heart of yours is so freighted with cares and anxieties that it could load a hundred coaches, and there

is no space left for the Lord therein. Yet all this imaginary trouble which crowds Him aside does not force Him to abandon you; nay, He even seeks you, and gently persists in trying to win you to live for Him alone, as you promised to do on the day of your Profession.

"I embrace you, as you will the dear Sisters for me."

A few days later, Sister Mary Stanislaus wrote from Belœil, where Sister Mary Ursule was located. Mother's reply was: "You must humble yourself for your faults and not lose your peace of mind about them. Attend carefully to your duties; accept with gratitude the reproaches made you and which you deserve, and be more generous in future." Her letter to Sister Mary Ursule was equally clear and convincing. "If your faults would grieve you sufficiently to make you correct them, you should consider yourself very fortunate. Courage, dear Sister; you have not yet reached the goal. If you labor untiringly in this life, you will have all eternity in which to rest."

The weeks roll by and bring no diminu-

tion in Mother's correspondence with her Sisters. "Christmas," she says to Sister Mary Anne, "is near, and I ask you to meditate earnestly on the birth of Christ, surrounded as it is by circumstances most repugnant to our self-love, which is always so active in us. Go then to the Manger and learn lessons in humility and poverty, at sight of a God born among animals. And we? Why we can scarcely endure our Sisters who love us; and we believe ourselves important, and prefer ourselves to them. Ah! foolish pride, how detestable thou art! We should be happy to be the last and the least in the House of the Lord, and to consider the lowliest place our just due. These are the sentiments you must cultivate in your heart, that they may govern your conduct. Do this and you will have great consolation."

Mother Mary Magdalen, one of the three Foundresses, was Superior at St. Timothy. Mother writes to thank her for her devotedness to the Community and to greet her, at the opening of 1849. Sister Mary Ignatius, who is pining for her Longueuil Mother, also receives the following affec-

tionate missive: "Although absent you are with us, for souls know not separation. However, I wish for you, my dear, a great spirit of sacrifice which will make you happy wherever you are. This spirit should characterize every Sister of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. Believe me, dear Sister, it is only by this mark that we shall be known as the true daughters of the Holy Names." Mother then invites Sister to come to Longueuil for the holidays, adding, "It is the greatest pleasure you can give her who will always be united to you in the Divine Hearts."

From these letters we can see that Mother's kindness never degenerated into weak indulgence; her earnestness impelled her to say what she believed necessary for the spiritual welfare of each one. Sister Mary Claire, then at St. Lin, a charming, beautiful soul, all laughter and good-will, one of God's lovable saints, whom we already knew as Hortense Dufresne, Mother Mary Agnes' sister, wrote to Mother about her little formal failings, and she has left us the answer she received: "I hope you are

feeling better than when you wrote. You are one of God's privileged souls, despite your faults, because it is a great grace to know one's defects and bewail them. Humble yourself when you see how attached you are to your own will, which can only lead you in the wrong path. Do not be discouraged—discouragement and irresolution are not from God. When we have a properly low opinion of ourselves, we see our faults, repent of them, and work valiantly to correct them without ever being discouraged."

To another Sister for whom she had labored insistently and spent time in fashioning her religious life, but who still seemed far short of the perfection her holy state demanded, Mother says: "You should remember what we were often told in our Novitiate, that sufferings are caused by our own perverse nature. According to this principle, look into your heart when it is sorest; humble yourself before God, and see what fault you have committed; then go to work and repair it. If you had informed me that you had taken the resolution

to be more candid and sincere, I would have greater confidence in your repentence. Remember that God loves to dwell in simple and upright hearts."

To a timid, retiring nature, Mother knew how too bring the balm of comfort and encouragement, the while strongly advocating the practice of those virtues which were proper to each individual case brought under her notice. What could be more stimulating than these few lines to Sister Mary Apollonie, at St. Timothy: "The good news you give me about your spiritual advancement, compensates for the sorrow I feel on account of your trials in the schoolroom....

"In spite of these obstacles—for, remember, dear, there always will be obstacles —you will improve, if you constantly beg God's protection and that of His Holy Mother. The more patience, calm, and resignation you have in your sufferings, the more God will love and bless you. Do not forget that you became a Religious to suffer. Did you not say often to yourself before entering the Community, and do you not

still frequently say: I have committed many offences against God. How shall I expiate them? By penance; there is no other way. By becoming a Religious I shall suffer; by fulfilling the duties of my state with fortitude, I shall suffer; but what of that? I shall save my soul. Your sufferings, then, dear Sister, are in the school-room: there you find the penance you are called upon to perform. Courage! Gain Heaven by this cross. Yes, suffer everything, endure everything, without complaint or murmur; this is what God asks of us....

"We have begun the Month of May and find comfort in the sweet devotions to Our Lady. We hope for numerous graces from our good Mother. Each Sister is determined to acquire a virtue—the one she needs most—by trying to form a habit of it during this month. Besides, we each take a special practice every day; she who strives most, will be most loved by Mary. We also offer her daily a practice for our absent Sisters."

This love and reverence for Christ's blessed Mother permeates all her correspon-

dence, especially that of the Month of May. Nothing remarkable was ever achieved by half-hearted efforts. When the object transcends time and earth, it is only reasonable that our best energies should bend to its attainment. Mother and her companions set us an example of rare earnestness, at all times, but during this last May of her life, she has only one determination: to grow Christ-like, to copy the Model sent from the Father's bosom, to make His characteristics live again in her religious family. What sane mind can doubt her wisdom, for, "what were life, if life were all?"

Sister Francis of Sales had written Mother of her hopes and fears relative to her spirituality. Mother replies: 'The news I received from you is quite satisfactory..... Thank the dear Lord, who tries and consoles whom He pleases, and always for their good. Mary, whom we are honoring in a particular manner, will not fail to aid you powerfully in the work entrusted to your care. Let us pray to this good Mother with all the fervor of our souls, and strive to imitate her virtues, especially her sub-

lime charity and admirable humility. Have your boarders pray for us and for the peace of the Church. Encourage them, for they are unusually docile, to cultivate the beautiful virtues of purity and modesty which are the real ornaments of every Christian maiden. . .

"Our Sisters are well and embrace you all most lovingly. Tell Sister Mary Ignatius that I think her very good and dutiful, also Sister Mary Anne. Let these two ask our Holy Mother frequently for zeal and humility. Adieu, my dear Sister. Always remember, in your prayers before the Tabernacle, your Mother, who is ever united to you in God, through Mary."

Humility! Humility! is the constant cry of her soul. Be humble! Accept humiliations! was her oft-repeated advice. "Your faults help to keep you humble," she frequently said to the dear auxiliary Sister Mary Isidore, "but do not be discouraged by them. Come to me when you are downhearted. Be cheerful! My 'yoke is sweet, my burden light,' are the words of Jesus." And this often reiterated and repeated, made

saints of the first Sisters; and added to the counsel was that blessed example of her who was unto all a light that never failed.

XVIII

SPECIAL DEVOTIONS

Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast.

WORDSWORTH

AFTER more than forty years from the time her charity had sent them to some poor Indian missionary, vestments made by the Foundress found their way back from the British Northwest to the Mother House, to be treasured as precious souvenirs of her zeal for God's glory. "Help the clergy in every way you can," was her doctrine; "work diligently to promote the knowledge and love of Christ," and she herself set the example. Early in November, 1848, Rev. Father Telmon, O. M. I., who was then at Pittsburg, Pa., wrote to Longueuil. In his letter he expresses his admiration of the beautiful virtues which had become a habit in the Canadian Convent where he had formerly been stationed. He adduces convincing evidences of the en-

lightened piety of both Sisters and pupils. From this house of prayer and penance, guilelessness and goodness, progress and refinement, he turns to his actual surroundings, to the poor chapel where he officiates, and describes its utter destitution. It is another stable of Bethlehem, barren, bare. Would Mother supply suitable altar linen and vestments, he asks. Most certainly she would; here was one of the occasions she sought, to be able to contribute to the spread of truth, and to make the ceremonies of the Church impressive. The Sisters set to work on the needful articles, and Mother answered immediately: "It was with the greatest joy that we read your letter. The poverty of your little church excites our pity, and we are doing what we can for you. Vestments will soon be ready, for willing hearts and able hands are now busy upon them. The lack of zeal among your people for the requisites of Divine Service arises from the fact that nothing has ever been said to them about the necessity of providing proper linens, lights, etc., for the Lord of Hosts. . .

"We are not only sewing for your church, we are also praying, and praying very earnestly, that God may keep you in good health to make His name loved and honored, and our Holy Religion better known...

"There is no change in our relations with the Pastor. The trials which God has been pleased to send us are not yet over. They say that many people are surprised to see that the Community has weathered the storm, and has been strengthened by its buffetings. It was no ordinary tempest, for word and deed were actively combined against the existence of the Order. If I had become a Religious to live in peaceful retirement, would my deception not have been complete! You know, Rerevend Father, that this was not my intention...

"My sole regret is, that I do not give my Sisters the example they have a right to expect of me. The thought grieves and pains me. Your letter did me good, for nothing is so helpful to us when we suffer as the sympathy of those in whom we have confidence. Our Community will prosper, aided by Heaven, for we have the fervent prayers of many zealous friends."

Mgr. Bourget was one of these. When the need was pressing, he was near; when intervention became imperative, he acted. If it happened that he could not go to Longueuil, he wrote. Mother consulted him about all the important affairs of the house, and he was interested in every project, plan, or purpose which touched the Congregation. A letter came from him, at this time, treating of business matters; it ends thus: "Mother, I hope you have lifted your soul beyond the reach of the intense torture which was crucifying you the last time I saw you. Have courage, and our good Lord will help you to triumph over every obstacle. Is not the visible protection of Providence over your Community a sufficient guarantee for you, and a powerful incentive to hope all things from Heaven for the future?

"Love Our Sorrowful Mother and win others to her love. Be fervent during the month of St. Joseph; have a lamp burning day and night in his honor; and remember, he obtained for St. Teresa all she asked."

While Mother was occupied with the advancement of the school, liquidating the

debts of her house, and dispensing charity far and near, she still had time for delicate acts of kindness, which seem small in themselves, yet count for much in a young life. Miss Hermine de Rouville, daughter of the Seigneur de Rouville, had been a postulant for a few months. As riding had been one of her favorite pastimes before coming to the Novitiate, Mother told Madame de Rouville that she might bring Hermine's horse for the sake of old times. A few days later, the animal was led up to the Convent, and when Hermine went out, to her great joy, it recognized her, even in her new attire. Then she mounted and raced around the Convent grounds at full speed, to the amusement of the young Sisters, and the amazement of the seniors, who gazed in astonishment on the unwonted apparition. Thus it was that dear Mother understood how to relieve the tension of the Novitiate.

Mother might brighten life for others and make it delightful by her personal charm, yet she chose the cross for her portion, and it was never far from her. March brought her many cares, financial and other.

Sister Mary Alphonse fell critically ill, and for days hung between life and death. The Sisters stormed Heaven with their prayers; the illness passed, convalescence came, and with it a little rest for the tired and worried Mother who spent herself for her Sisters and her pupils. She took scarcely any repose when they needed care, she waited on them herself at every opportunity; and when they were in sorrow or pain, she was their "Moses on the Mount;" when the danger was past, she became again their wisely indulgent Mother.

At the beginning of March, His Lordship had strongly recommended devotion to St. Joseph. The Bishop was a man of God, and Mother was Heaven's pious client; both besieged St. Joseph to succor the Longueuil foundation. We are not surprised then to read the following letter sent to His Lordship by the Foundress: "Allow me to tell you, My Lord, how the good St. Joseph has paid us compound interest on the prayers we invested. Let infidels smile, but here are facts. First, our anxiety was great on account of your illness. You may ima-

gine how we prayed, how all the diocese prayed, and touched the Heart of God. Rather, our Heavenly Father knew that children as inexperienced as we are in the science of the saints need our earthly father's care; so He kindly left you to us, and we sincerely thank Him and St. Joseph for the favor. We also attribute Sister Mary Alphonse's recovery to St. Joseph; she went very far before she came back to us and health. Our Boarding School seems to be sharing God's blessings, and the teachers are very much encouraged, for the pupils are more studious, and we are laying particular stress on religious instruction. But our temporal affairs surprise us the most. At the beginning of the month, we re-appointed St. Joseph Treasurer of the Congregation, and we acted wisely. We gave him six francs that he might raise six thousand, and he has far surpassed our expectations. We have been able to make a payment of £311 on our indebtedness, including £209 to the Pastor. We received a dowry of £147, and Mr. de Rouville will remit £500 for Hermine's dowry before the expiration

of six months; with this we shall be able to pay almost all we owe Rev. Father Brassard. To these favors of the good Saint, which I have mentioned, I must add another which made us very happy. Rev. Father was most gracious to us when we called at the Presbytery; he gave us very helpful advice, and consented to be present at our beautiful feast in honor of St. Joseph. This celebration was indescribably consoling to us, and we consecrated ourselves anew, with all our hearts, to our generous Father, the dear St. Joseph."

Heaven had been kind and repaid her confidence. "Consider the lilies," often recurred to her mind during these days of hard uphill work. "Consider the lilies, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory is not clothed like one of these." Was the Lord ever known to fail anyone who put his trust in Him? Mother trusted Heaven implicity, and the harder pressed she was, the more she trusted, and the more striking was the assistance she received. Occasionally, the very necessaries of life were on the point of failing

the Sisters, yet the required article always came at the moment it was needed. The debt was large and the income small; when the date of payment came around the amount was always ready. Never was more perfect faith in God's help more constantly or more fully justified.

Fervent and pious as Mother was from her infancy, there is still something strikingly remarkable in her ardor during the last year of her life. Had she premonitions of the end? Had her soul, in some way unknown to science, begun to escape from its prison cell, in stretching after God? Although she seemed absorbed in the things of eternity during the prayerful month of March, she in reality followed every detail of her beautiful work. When May came, she chose Mary as Superior in her place, to protect the Community then, but still further, to guard it forever, in those days ahead when she would be no more. Did the Sisters realize that the visible angel of their hearth and hearts would soon be no longer near? Their Mother longed for Heaven, for the sight of the Omnipotent, the

All-loving Father, nor did she let one single earth-tie bind her here. But her mother-heart bled at the thought of quitting those whom she had formed for the higher life, and whose entire confidence was hers. They were still young and timid souls, not accustomed to tread the Way of the Cross, the way of trials, the way of complete self-effacement; and in her love she would provide a mother to guide them Heavenward; so she turned to Christ's Mother, to her whom the dying Saviour left us as He hung on the Cross on Calvary, and begged her to be the Queen and Superior of the Congregation so soon to be orphaned. Before dying, she willed her daughters to Mary in the following words which were found among her papers after her death:

"Immaculate Virgin Mary, of stainless birth, holy Mother of God, Queen of Heaven and earth, and in particular of this Community which is consecrated to you, and Mistress especially of this poor slave, Sister Mary Rose, permit me to express my thoughts to you on this day of retreat, April 29th, 1849, whereon I am preparing to celebrate

the beautiful Month of May, your month, dear Mother, and which I would employ to honor, bless, and love you. I wish to imitate you more in deed, by practising your virtues, rather than by speaking of them. I desire this Community, of which your Divine Son has willed that I, although most unworthy should be the Superior, to love, bless, and serve you. Allow me to open my heart to you today. Humbly prostrate at your feet, I come, O tender Queen and compassionate Mistress, to beg light to know more clearly my inability, pride, inconstancy, negligence and sloth, and that self-love over which I now weep, and which causes me to be so selfish in your service and that of your Divine Son.

"In one of your Chapels, fifteen years ago, I consecrated myself to you without reserve, by declaring you sovereign Mistress of the powers of my soul and body, of my thoughts, words, desires, actions, and affections, wishing to love only your Divine Son and you. O loving Queen, I besought you then as a first favor to preserve me from all taint of mortal sin, and to detach

me from all affection to venial sin! The second grace which I begged of you, dear Mother, was to become a Religious, but a good and fervent Religious. I have spent five years in this house, O Blessed Mother of God, five years in a house sanctified by the presence of your Son, and what have I accomplished? You withdrew me from hell, where my sins had plunged me; you let me know how sweet it is to flee the world and serve God alone, and what am I doing in return? You know, my dear Confidant, that the sacrifice which I have been offering for five years has not been accepted—not because power fails you, or the desire to see me all in all to God and you. It is all my fault; I must admit it, whatever the cost. Therefore, O good Mother, I shall try earnestly to the very end of my life to get rid of self, convinced that I shall be pleasing to you only when I shall have sacrificed all to attain this end. But you know, dear Mother, that I shall not succeed without God's grace—obtain it for me, I beg of you."

At the beginning of May, Mother set

the example of practising some particular mortification, or devotion, each day, to acquire the virtue most pressingly needed. We see, from her letters of this period, that the fervor of the Sisters and the pupils was almost a miracle in itself; and notable as this fervor had hitherto been, every new day of May seemed to increase it. Towards the end of the month, Mother wrote again: "Let me beg of you, dear Mother, to obtain for me light to know and understand my Sisters, and what is best for the spiritual advancement of each one. Give me the spirit you desire them to have; give all your children whom you cherish the knowledge of what real love is; grant this in particular to your unworthy daughter and servant, who longs for nothing so much as to depart...."

She did not end the sentence. Her humility made her consider it wrong to wish to go to Heaven when there was still so much to be done for the Congregation; and while there were sins to be expiated upon earth.

May 31st we find her again confiding

herself to our good Mother: "Permit me, O my sovereign Queen, prostrate at your feet, to solicit on this last day of May, your holy benediction and protection for all who compose this Community, specially for its most unworthy member, Sister Mary Rose. Knowing my unfitness and incompetence now, more than ever, I beg you to take the direction of this house and deign to be yourself its Superior and Directress. I promise to act only through your inspiration and as I know you would act. You see the state of weakness to which I am reduced by disease prevents me from attending properly to my duties; I am convinced that God wills this to make me expiate the many offences which I have committed. I bless His goodness and thank Him through you, His Blessed Mother. Take charge of this house until it pleases Him to appoint another Superior in my place, better qualified to fill this position. As I believe that I have a very short time to live; obtain for me inalterable patience, spotless purity, and perfect obedience—as perfect as it can be in a miserable creature like me.

"May the spirit of holy poverty animate me, and make me hold precious everything pertaining to this royal condition, which your Divine Son loved so well. O my Mother, put into my heart the sacred fire of love which consumed yours for Jesus and His creatures. I beg the same favor for my Sisters. Grant your poor servant these requests. Protect my last hour. I believe all the Holy Catholic Church believes. I believe in Jesus Christ your Son; I believe in God, I love Him with my whole heart, and you also, my good Mother!

"Your most unworthy slave,

SISTER MARY ROSE."

"I believe in God, and I love Him with my whole heart," is the keynote of her life, the aim of her existence, the perfection of her being, the inspiration of her conduct. Would to God that all His children would weave His love into the fabric of their daily lives! If they did they would banish the lukewarmness, indifference, worldliness, and love of ease which today are at war with practical faith in the lives even of the just.

Gradually she weakened; imperceptibly, she was nearing the bourne. A trip to Belœil at this time, brought on a serious illness. Through her love of holy poverty, she walked the two miles which lie between the railroad station and the Convent. Excess of fatigue told on her feeble health, and she was obliged to take to her bed on her return to Longueuil; her cough, too, was most unremitting, and she suffered much from pains in her lungs. Science did what it could, but it cannot long stay the coming of death; so her daughters did then what the children of God do in all times, they turned to Heaven with hope, yet saying resignedly, as their Mother had taught them to do: "My God, Thy will be done!"

Study the life of any servant of God and we shall see that those whom God means to sanctify He leads by rugged and steep ways. The legitimate comforts are withdrawn; then the authorized helps; finally, the very counsels which seem indispensable to high perfection must go. This is the usual process, and Mother Mary Rose's treatment proved no exception to God's rule.

The Reverend Oblate Fathers had moulded the Congregation under the direction and advice of Right Rev. Bishop Bourget; they had formed the novices to religious Life, guiding them wisely, fostering the love of things high and holy in the students, while developing their intellects, at the same time, by approved methods—and now the Fathers must depart. Ill as Mother Mary Rose was, or rather because she was ill and Heaven near, this greatest sacrifice was demanded of her. After this her soul lay in the hand of God. No human help was interposed. Now all was immolated, and she trusted Heaven for the spiritual needs of her daughters, as she was doing for their temporal necessities.

In the *Annals* of the Order we read: "God asks a very heavy sacrifice of us by the removal of the Oblates whose assistance and protection seem indispensable. They were so devoted to us and to our pupils. These kind Fathers not only cultivated all virtues in the children's souls, but men of God that they are, they were also most interested in the formation of the students, whose characters they moulded with firm-

ness and kindness; in the studies which they followed most carefully; in the examinations, in the good works undertaken in the Boarding School and which they so ably encouraged; in the Convent festivals they made so imposing; even in the children's games, in which these apostolic men took part. Their names—the names of Father Telmon, Father Guigues, Father Allard, and Father Honorat, are inscribed indelibly in our *Annals*. May Mary strengthen us on this day of sadness and grief."

Mother's health had not improved, and on the 7th of June, the day of the First Holy Communion, she received the class in her room. It was composed of Misses Aglaé Benoît, Mary Ann Morley, Thais Lacoste, Rosanna Bourgouin, Adele Rollin, and Marie Lassiseraye. Mother congratulated the little ones, and exhorted them to be faithful to God until death; then turning to Thais Lacoste, she said: "You will be one of us; this is written in Heaven, you know, that you will be one of us. From this moment you are ours." And the little girl cherished the sweet preference shown her; she che-

rished the loved mother who with prophetic vision had read her soul and knew. She always cherished the remembrance of the patient sufferer who voiced God's will to her; and through fifty long years of religious life she looked back with happiness to the day when Mother Mary Rose foretold her future as a Sister of the Holy Names.

Miss Hermine de Rouville, now Sister Mary Scholastica, was the next to claim Mother's attention. Sister was not well, and Mother, resourceful always for others, sent her to St. Lin for a change. Mother herself, as the weeks wore on, seemed to improve somewhat. Summer benefited her, and with the return of her strength, came also the desire to labor again. As His Lordship had relieved her of her active duties during her illness, she wrote to him for permission to do some work: "I should fail in my duty," she says to him, "if I did not let you know the state of my health. This week the doctor has ceased all treatment, and I am convalescing. I hope as I gain strength not to be too much inconvenienced by my cough, which remains per-

sistent. At your feet, My Lord, I beg you to give me some work, that I may aid, if you judge proper, my over-burdened Sisters. I know that I do not deserve this favor; but it seems to me that God has not created me to be without a cross, and in such perfect calm as is now mine. I desire, however, only what He wills, as expressed by you."

At this time the Sisters had another fear besides their Mother's illness, for a great apprehension came upon Canada during these days. The Asiatic cholera had traversed the Atlantic and reached Montreal; a few cases had even been located in Longueuil. His Lordship feared for the Convent, and, as a measure of prudence, counselled Mother not to have any examinations or closing, and thus avoid bringing a crowd to the school. But the pupils were quite disappointed at the arrangement. Mother represented their sorrow to the Bishop, who was always ready to please the little ones of his flock. He not only consented to their wish, but he even came himself and presided in person.

The holidays followed, and Mother saw

the pupils disperse with a feeling of sadness, for down in her soul she knew that there were many of them whom she would never see more. The little strength she had gained went quickly. Her world narrowed down to her small cell, scarcely large enough for herself and two Sisters, who might chance to meet in their Mother's sick-room. But her religious exercises were kept up with scrupulous regularity; when she could no longer go to the Chapel, she prayed in her room.

The Sisters came in from St. Lin, Belœil, and St. Timothy for the retreat, and were sorely grieved to see their beloved Mother's strength so reduced. Sister Teresa of Jesus now took charge of the business affairs of the Congregation, in the hope that absolute rest would benefit the invalid.

Weak as Mother was, there remained another sacrifice for her to offer, another bond to sever. The Oblate Fathers had been removed from Longueuil; but Father Allard remained, and now he also must go. He had been named for Ottawa, and the hour of separation was at hand. He had been a

father and friend to the Community, beyond the reach of praise. Of him the *Annals* say: "Neither rigorous cold nor winter storms prevented him during six years from arriving at the hour marked for Holy Mass, confessions, or other exercises. During these six years he taught us grammar, history, literature, arithmetic, geometry, and singing. On the eve of solemn feasts he united the two choirs, the Sisters' and the pupils', and rehearsed them for the following day. But it was as Novice-Master that he served us best. He let nothing pass; the least fault was severely censured. We left a letter half formed at the first stroke of the bell, or if we did not do so, we were reprimanded. And yet he had a keen sense of the ridiculous, was fond of repartee and pleased with naive answers, all of which provoked his mirth. His gaiety charmed us the more for its contrast with his usual severe aspect. He was a providence to our young Congregation, and he watched over it with a father's solicitude. He guided our first steps by forming us to solid virtue, to all the requirements of Religious Life; and

to the education of children. He also gave to the Congregation the spirit of obedience, poverty, and humility which have always made it strong in time of trial. It is impossible for us to write all that he has been to us; but the Sisters will be the living Annals to transmit to their successors his methods and his knowledge; they will repeat to each new generation of workers the ability, patience, and devotedness of this father and professor whose departure we so deeply regret."

The Foundress more than any other Sister knew what Father Allard had been and what he had done for her Order, and in consequence she suffered most, yet remained calm, for she was convinced that her work was of God, and that it should go His way—the way of renouncement and crucifixion. Bethlehem, Nazareth, the hours of ignominy, the scourging, rejection, and abandonment preceded the Ascension—they were the price of souls, as suffering ever is the price of souls. The Congregation was enduring hardships and injustice, but it was winning and fashioning souls for

God's Heaven. This was the object of its existence, and Mother bowed her head in meek compliance to the will of the Almighty, accepted the bitter with the sweet, and thanked her God who thus considered her worthy to bear a portion of His Cross.

XIX

ON THE WAY

O Love Divine, that claspest our tired earth,
And lullest it upon Thy heart,
Thou knowest how much a gentle soul is worth
To teach men what Thou art!

THERE is a church in Montreal, the site of which was the gift of Maisonneuve at the beginning of the Colony, and dedicated to Our Lady Help of Christians. Here humble prayer has often been requited by generous help from Heaven, "Man's infirmity being God's opportunity." There was not one of the Sisters who would not have gone down gladly to death that Mother Mary Rose might live. But what could they do? turn to Heaven: and this they did all the more confidently when they saw that human science could not stay the progress of their Mother's disease. Our Lady who had listened to the cries of many in distress might also hearken to their prayers. Accordingly, they decided to make a pilgrimage to her shrine. Bishop Bourget

approved the plan, and, August 22, at 4 a. m., they left Longueuil—postulants, novices, and professed Sisters—chanting the Office of Our Blessed Mother as they went to the ferry. Across the St. Lawrence ranks were reformed, and the little procession wended its way to the Church. Mgr. Prince, the Coadjutor, was there when they arrived, and offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in their intention. He even consented to place their modest offering, two rose-bushes, at the feet of the Heavenly Queen, for the Mother whom they would keep with them. But when a Religious has rounded out her career with the perfection of holy deeds, she has already won the right to quit probation for fruition. Let us glance into the life the Sisters prayed to prolong. Mother Veronica of the Crucifix tells the story succinctly. "The Foundress had become so perfectly mistress of herself, that under the most trying provocation she did not show the least sign of impatience by gesture or change of countenance; neither did multiplicity of duties affect her serenity. She never spoke in her own praise, or repeated

any incident that might redound to her credit; neither did she refer to what she quitted on entering the Convent. Exact observance was sacred to her, nor would she tolerate an infraction of it in another. Yet when she reminded the delinquent of her fault against the Rule, she did it with affection and kindness. If Mother, however, thought that there was any warmth in her reproach, even when it was imperceptible to the offender, she immediately threw herself on her knees, saying: 'Sister, pardon me for the love of Jesus!' The trials through which the Community passed, came near wrecking its existence. 'They happen for our good,' Mother would say, as she bent to the burden and bore it uncomplainingly. Neither did interior sufferings lessen her courage nor diminish her confidence. God allowed every spiritual consolation to be withdrawn from her to such a degree that she felt abandoned by the Almighty. This is, indeed, anguish. But it was not all. While her soul was enveloped in densest darkness, that completely hid the Heavenly Father's smile, she had other keen tortures

to undergo. When an able hand is at the helm, guiding the bark through the desolate night-stretches, trust in the pilot is a help and a joy; but if the comfort of confidence has been removed, and ever increasing repugnance for the voice of the helmsman is experienced, then, truly is the poor soul really tried. Yet this is what was asked of the Foundress for her sanctification and our instruction. These interior storms, finally, ended like the furious assaults on the Community—one can scarcely tell how. The tempest was: it is no more. During the fiercest interior attacks her outward calm was undisturbed."

To substantiate Mother Veronica's statements, we shall adduce Bishop Bourget's evidence, even at the risk of repetition. "Her faith and piety," he says, "made her see God in everything, and filled her with respect for His Divine Majesty. It was by living continually in God's presence that she advanced daily to higher perfection. Her conferences to the Sisters and the pupils revealed her lively faith; her trust in God was proved in the many difficulties which

beset her. Her Boarding School had been attacked by evil tongues, she was obliged to pay heavy interest and reimburse large sums; and at the same time, her soul was journeying through arid wastes such as only they know who have travelled far towards God. She believed that she was abandoned by Him for whom she had left all, which for a faithful soul is agony worse than death. Yet, her courage never wavered; nothing could shake her generous resolution to belong entirely to her Maker. Her faith was so intense that everything which happened was accepted by her as coming from the hand of God, and therefore, for the best; nay, she welcomed all things with love, and her soul was at peace in the midst of her grievous trials, as could be seen from the serenity of her face."

Is it any marvel that her daughters believed the Community could not exist without her? Do we wonder that the Sisters, whom she formed and influenced, were filled with the love of God and the spirit of their holy vocation? They were models of religious obedience, patterns on which

younger generations could fashion their lives.

Look upon her and those privileged to live with her, as she sat among them for the last time. It was with a feeling of intense regret that the Sisters watched her advancing gradually towards the "door which never outward swings." She had been confined to her room for several weeks, but she rose from her bed once more to cheer and comfort her daughters before the final leave-taking. It was on her Name-day, August 30th, that, pale and feeble, but wearing her sweet smile, she came to spend an hour or two in the Community-room with them. Her sister, Mother Ste Cécile, was present, and the invalid tried to make the old joyousness reign. But she failed, she who had never failed before. Her companions perceived her efforts to radiate happiness. They could not rally courage. The signs of approaching dissolution affected their souls to sadness. Their Mother's physical beauty had been as remarkable as her spiritual loveliness. Tall and imposing, gracious and graceful in manner and bearing she had been, with

golden hair and sparkling brown eyes lighting up her fair, oval face. Now the hectic flush was more brilliant; her emaciated cheek and form, her weakness, her altered gait announced the nearness of the end. Postulants, novices, and professed Sisters gathered around her in wordless sympathy. It would seem as if, on leaving them, she had obtained from God for each one there a sacred distinction of life. Her mantle did not fall on one but on many, that what she had not time to accomplish they might do for the Order. May we not believe that there by the side of the Foundress in the peaceful twilight of her life, in the awfulness of the near presence of Death, those generous young souls were accorded unique favors by the God who was about to make them orphans?

Picture them as they sat together for the last time. In that little group where hearts were tense with dread, and brows drawn with pain, was the young Sister Mary Margaret with her happy combination of head and heart. She it was who gave higher education to our Oregon Province, and taught young girls there to leaven

home-life with piety. The blessing she received seemed to be that of Jacob besought by a Mother whose hands had grown weak. Sister Francis of Assisi was there also. Her name stands for lofty purpose, pure motives, high ideals, and ripe intelligence. What greater love can there be than that man should lay down his life for a friend? Sister Francis sacrificed hers for God's afflicted humanity. In the days when the black small-pox desolated Jacksonville, Ore., and "wives fled from their husbands, fathers and mothers refused to attend their offspring, children would not approach the couch of their suffering parents to quench their thirst," Sister Francis of Assisi and her Sister companions remained at the plague-stricken village to minister to the sick and the dying. When at last Sister went to Salem, Ore., to recuperate, the physicians discovered that rest came too late. Sister lingered yet awhile before going to join the Mother who had taught her the heroism and grandeur of self-sacrifice. Anear the Foundress, too, was Sister Mary Scholastica, Miss Hermine de Rouville, the future Supe-

rior of Hochelaga Convent, a woman as noble in nature as in name. Miss Josephine Lagassé was one of that "wrapt assembly," on whom Mother invoked God's blessing. She worked long and faithfully at Holy Names College, Oakland, California; became a progressive Superior General, who ruled the Congregation for nine years, and at an advanced age, died, Provincial Superior of Oregon. Miss Claire Lussier, Sister Mary of the Visitation, was also there. She rests now in quiet St. Paul, Ore. Around her tomb her pupils' children and grand-children tell of her devotedness and zeal. "If love of Jesus Crucified truly possessed our hearts, we could not live without sufferings," is the favorite maxim of Sister Mary of the Holy Angels, Miss Adele Jacques. Her gaze rested pensively on Mother Mary Rose as if she would take her image and lock it in her soul. "Life is so short, let us not waste a moment of it," she would frequently say, and acted accordingly. Her task was completed early, her crown won in young womanhood. When she disappeared from among us, the fragrance of her holiness was

an inspiration to her companions to work as she had, that they might go hence to God as joyfully as she went. Miss Catherine Chabot, Sister Mary of the Cross, began early her lessons in self-effacement. She felt the pangs of the approaching separation, embraced the cross and bore it patiently till the end, even as Mother would have wished her. At the last, after receiving Holy Viaticum she could exclaim: "I am not yet in Heaven, but all Heaven is in my heart!" Miss Clotilde Dupuis, Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, a model of regularity, humility, and meekness, was an apt pupil of that fervent school on which the dying Mother looked with love. Sister was culled for the garden of the Angels while still in her prime. There were present also Miss Basilisse Benoît, Sister Mary André, whom grace made glorious by the conquest of nature after a hard struggle. Miss Elizabeth Daignault, Sister Mary Angele—an angel in earth-guise—was present. As Secretary-General and Novice-Mistress she left her impress on the Order, and lasting reverence for her virtue. With her, to live was to grow in the trans-

cendent attributes of the elect. The Misses Elmire and Cordélia Bruneau were twin violets, who (the former privileged to bear the name of the Foundress) as Sister Mary Rose and Sister Mary Dolores, won hearts by their natural charm and held them by their sanctity. Naturally, Mother Veronica of the Crucifix, whose life ran on in lines parallel to that of the Foundress, was a notable figure in that family gathering, as were also Mother Teresa of Jesus and Mother Mary Agnes. Mother Mary Magdalen was Superior of the house at St. Timothy, and was thus unavoidably absent. Sister Mary Elizabeth, the refined and saintly woman who replaced Mother Veronica of the Crucifix as Mistress of Novices, sat among the Sisters, but she was already sorely afflicted in body as she was in soul. Ill-health announced to her the near end of bondage. "How long, Mother, shall I survive you?" she asked the Foundress; and the latter replied, "A year." Twelve months day for day, a promising career was cut short; the pitying Saviour called her hence to join the Mother she loved so well. Sister Mary

Patrick, the great-souled, was pondering on the visible sorrow of the family; she also was to answer the early call and go Home with years full to overflowing. Sister Mary Ursule, the object of so much affectionate solicitude on the part of the Foundress, might well experience deep and keen sorrow while contemplating her approaching loss. Sister Mary Cécile bent sadly and meekly to the burden of the cross, of the heavy cross that was weighing on the young Congregation. And yet, does God need even the tempered human instrument to do His work? His wisdom confounds us, and His methods amaze us. Through Him most wonderful successes are the outcome of disappointments, sorrows and travail. Nor can we overlook the precious lay Sisters: Mary Isidore, Mary Eusebe, and Mary Marthe, who faithfully preserved in their edifying lives the sacred traditions of the Foundation period. Sister Mary Isidore sleeps the sleep of the Just in the Oregon Province, after a life of surpassingly full days. Her ardent temperament mellowed like a rare fruit, until onlookers might have said that she

had been transformed on the hither side of Death. Her two friends filled up the measure of their earthly allotment in the Province of Quebec, with the fidelity and love of those who work under the Master's eye. With these were others no less remarkable: Sister Mary Anastasie, than whom there was none other more God-loving and pious; Sister Mary Philomena, the sweet flower, whose brief, bright young existence helped so materially to perfume those early days; Sister Mary Félicienne, strong and noble, and oh! so loyal to the woman who had led her gently but surely to God; Sister Mary Anne had also the privilege to abide near the Foundress on that last sad day of family communings, and to garner some new strength for the struggle ahead; Sister Mary Ephrem, Sister Mary Philippe, and Sister Mary Julienne—she of the long and holy life—sat there in the shadow, ay, in the very shadow of death, and listened in love to the last words of her who was to them a providence as well as a mother.

Such then, was the religious family that begged a longer lease of life for Mother

Mary Rose; such were the women to whom she entrusted her work. We of another day, who knew intimately those novices grown-old, were edified by their lives. Once and again, we applied to them the words of Professor McWeeney, of the Dublin University: "They have a firm hold of the supernatural," he said of the Irish. "They have a firm hold of the supernatural," we cried out, as we saw Mother Mary Rose's novices live in God's presence and die as saints. We like to believe that this was due in a great measure to the woman whc first taught them that eternity alone is "worth while." They conned their lesson well—the first lesson given by the Foundress on the basic difference between God and creatures. We who revere those seniors would like to see their spirit—the spirit of Mother Mary Rose—transmitted to all the generations that will follow.

XX

NEARING THE END

To prove that without Christ all gain is loss,
All hope despair that stands not on His cross.

COWPER

WE have seen what Right Reverend Bishop Bourget, one of God's own servants, thought of Mother's sanctity. His Lordship possessed her entire confidence, and when he testified of her, he was speaking from knowledge. Mother Mary Stanislaus, the fourth Superior-General of the Order, tells us: "Mother Mary Rose lived by faith; this was the impression she made on us every time we had any affair to treat with her." "Her faith was lively," Father Allard wrote from Rome. "She generously undertook everything which could contribute to God's glory and the advancement of the Sisters in spirituality or knowledge. I do not recollect that it ever happened to her to give a wrong advice in spiritual matters."

Not only was her absolute trust in God rewarded by interior enlightenment, but also by temporal favors. The Refectorian came to her once, a few minutes before dinner, to tell her that there was no bread.

"Very well, go and ask Our Lord to supply our necessities," Mother answered.

The Sister obeyed; she had been gone but a few minutes, when the baker came unexpectedly. These occurrences strengthened Mother's unbounded confidence in God. "God reigned as Sovereign in her heart," Mother John the Baptist affirmed, "and her angelic purity edified all who saw her."

The dear Heavenly Mother likewise compensated the trust Mother reposed in her, and seemed to rival her Divine Son in extricating her client from difficulties. Miss Mary Emerente Benoît recounts, that one day she was with Mother unpacking a box of books which had just been received from a Montreal bookseller for premiums, when Sister Mary Elizabeth, the Convent Bursar, knocked at the door. "Mother," she said, on entering the room, "the children's laundress is here again. She came this morning

asking for payment; I told her to return in the afternoon, as I might possibly receive some money in the meantime. It is now three o'clock, and I have not a cent to give her. She says she must get money to buy food for her children.

"Sister," Mother answered quietly, "go to the Chapel and pray to our Blessed Mother.

"Sister went, and I continued to take the books from the box and to hand them to Mother, who examined the titles and placed them on the table. I don't know why—I suddenly opened a book and found a two-dollar bill. I handed it to Mother who smiled and said: 'Sister Mary Elizabeth must be still in the Chapel; go and tell her to give this to the laundress.'

"Mother did not seem at all surprised, but acted as if she were quite accustomed to this kind of help. It was not so with me: I trembled with emotion at the thought of finding money between the uncut leaves of a book received directly from the bookseller."

Her faith was extraordinarily ardent, but

with it there flourished in Mother's soul, a wonderful growth of virtues. Like so many of the Saints, she seemed to possess the power to read hearts. Among several instances, I shall cite one. With her angelic tuition of persons and her keen discernment of spirits, she found herself one Sunday evening in the Chapel listening to a eulogy on women. Not on women in general, not on the devoted Religious of all times, but on the Religious who were present, on the Superior in particular. Coming from the Chapel the Chaplain, Rev. Father Chabot, requested Mother to assemble the Community.

"Why?" Mother inquired.

"I would like the preacher to meet the Sisters," the Chaplain replied.

"No, I would rather not," was Mother's brief but conclusive answer.

Yet the speaker's reputation was great; he had apparently done much good. Still, when he came to Longueuil and preached and praised, Mother looked beneath the surface and knew the heart within, and her judgment was correct. Here again we

see her wisdom exemplified, the wisdom that is from God. To the soul convinced that there is only one good—God, the incense offered self is unaccountably transmuted into a thong to lash, a scourge to stripe, a cross to crucify.

If Mother's faith was inspiring, her intuition remarkable, so also was her poverty extreme. Her cell contained a bed, two chairs, three cheap pictures, and a Crucifix; and so circumscribed was the room that during her illness there was not space for more than two Sisters near her at a time. Before her strength failed, she was in the habit of helping the auxiliary Sisters. She chose the poorest clothing and the meanest food, leaving what was best to others. She had only one religious habit, and this was much mended but extremely neat; and when she died, the Sisters, wishing to keep the dress which she had worn in life, were obliged to make a new one in all haste for her burial. She taught her spiritual children the same love of holy poverty, instructing them to suffer no waste however small, not even of a piece of thread. A novice, having let a vase drop, said to Mother:

"Oh, it was not much good anyway! I did well to finish it."

"Sister, you do not understand what poverty is to speak like that. There is nothing contemptible in the house of the Lord," Mother replied.

Sometimes when there was no bread, and the Sisters were unusually gay at recreation hour, even telling Mother how glad they were to feel the effects of real poverty, they made her genuinely happy, for this was a proof that they possessed the true spirit of poverty. Yes, she loved Holy Poverty as did the dear St. Francis of Assisi. She continued to practise the austerities at Longueuil which she had begun at Belœil. She ate little, often only a piece of bread and a morsel of sugar. She gave her medecine to others. Her own real food was suffering. "It is by suffering," she wrote to one of her Sisters, "that Our Lord purifies those whom He loves, and that He unites them to Him as His spouses." Here, we shall let Mother Veronica of the Crucifix, Mother Mary Stanislaus, and Bishop Bourget tell how thoroughly she grasped

the meaning of the Saviour's words, "Blessed are they that suffer," whether the pain is caused by privations and penances, or by the ignorance or ill-will of creatures.

"She hungered for crosses; and that she might love Our Saviour more, she often cast her eyes on the Crucifix. When seated, if she thought no one noticed her, she took the most tiresome posture she could.

"She mortified herself, not only in her words and postures, but also by self-inflicted penance, as proved by the bracelets, discipline, etc., found after her death.

"She treated her body with severity; her mortification might be considered excessive when we consider her feeble state of health. She waged relentless war on self-love, and often went to the kitchen and obliged the cook to give her the most menial tasks to perform."

"When I saw her come to the kitchen," Sister Mary Isidore continues the subject introduced by His Lordship, "I trembled with emotion, for I knew her intention: 'You are Superior in your office,' she would say to me; 'command me!' I was not

worthy to have lived with so holy a woman."

One evening Sister Mary Félicienne was scrubbing, and her work extended far into the night. While intent on what she was doing, she turned around to find the Foundress kneeling, busy washing the floor.

"Oh, Mother, you must not do that; you are too weak!" Sister said.

"Allow me, Sister," she answered gently, "you fatigue yourself too much."

How many similar incidents could be related of her!

"She had so low an opinion of herself," the Holy Bishop, to whom she confided her soul's dearest secrets, tells us, "that she believed she was good for nothing and begged to be admitted among the auxiliary Sisters, for whom, to the very end of her life, she had a most affectionate esteem. She was happy to wash the dishes, scrub the floor, and do the most repulsive work of the house."

Mother's correspondence breathes the same lowly spirit of "Christ meek, humble of heart." After the summer retreat of 1848, she wrote His Lordship: "My chief resolu-

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tion is to act only when I have clearly seen my own mental poverty and begged God's assistance.

"Permit me, humbly prostrate at your Lordship's feet, to renew the petition which I have already presented you, to relieve me of the Superiorship. My faults and my incapacity lead me to hope that you will not refuse my request. I know you will have pity on a wretch who needs to mourn and weep over her offences in all the bitterness of her soul."

Her thirst for humiliations showed itself continually. "My remissness and coldness towards the Spouse of my soul, cover me with confusion," she said to one of her daughters. To another: "I am the only Sister, and now more than ever, who is good for nothing but to tax the charity of the others." Writing to a novice who was returning home on account of sickness, and who, before leaving the Novitiate, had asked Mother for a Rule of Life, she terminated her letter by saying: "Pray for the greatest sinner whom Providence ever placed in a Religious Congregation, to exer-

cise the charity of others and make them merit Heaven."

Such, then, was the humility of this chosen soul that she not only believed no good of herself, but was even positively convinced that she was a most hardened sinner. How could she feel otherwise, when she had lived so long in the presence of Him who is all-pure, and with whose goodness her own perfection seemed vile by comparison? As we have seen, all her letters, her recommendations, her actions, her every thought breathed humility. "O my God," is a prayer she composed, "I accept with pleasure all the humiliations you will deign to send me; grant me grace to make them my joy and delight." Above this prayer was written: "I shall examine my conscience every day on the manner in which I accept humiliations."

She had acquired humility to the degree that she was surprised when the Bishop allowed her to make Profession. By removing self from her soul, she made more space for her God to occupy. "I hope in God," she exclaimed, "and I love Him

with my whole heart." Yes, she loved Him with a love as strong as death. But one must read her exhortations to the Sisters to realize the ardor of this love of hers for God. Her words have such warmth that it is easy to perceive the furnace from which they come. And during that last, long, painful illness she spoke continually of God. When her weak, weary lips could no longer speak, she had her Sisters speak of Him, or read and re-read to her the Chapter of *Christian Perfection* on Conformity to God's Holy Will. After illness had reduced her strength yet more and her dear voice had become almost inaudible, those near her could hear her still repeating: "My God, I cannot say with St. Teresa, Suffer or die. But suffer, O my God, and do Thy holy will: this is all I desire." Indeed, going to her sick room was like visiting a sanctuary where everything of earth had been put away, for the whole atmosphere seemed to breathe nothing but suffering and love, and both were for God.

Truly, every act of her life, every movement of her intellect, every working of her

soul had brought her nearer to God. "She often rose in the night to pray," her faithful daughter, Mother Veronica of the Crucifix, tells us, "and her attitude in prayer induced others to follow her example." "To see her pray made us want to pray," an auxiliary Sister declares. With all this obedience to Christ's injunction, "Pray always," her soul suffered intensely, for her last years were like many of St. Teresa's, years of spiritual dryness; but she did not relent from her purpose of serving God; she had determined to do so, and serve Him she would, in sad days and glad days, in sorrowful ways and joyful, and she persevered at any and every cost.

For this reason, the anniversaries of Christ, His Holy Mother, and the Saints were kept by her with the devotion of the primitive Christians. On each one of these memorial days she steeped her soul anew in the Blood of Christ, drew courage from His Mother's example, and the conduct of His servants. But the teachings of Christmas she made her own in a very particular manner. "Go to the manger and look upon

the Son of God," was one of her prescriptions for moral illness. Christmas, the season of holy joy, was blessedness to her; she entered into the spirit of the Church and made the hearts of her daughters thrill with gladness and overflow with the "Angels' peace!" The Passiontide was, however, her soul's centre, and she lived through its various stages with the love of Magdalen, and something of the pain of our Blessed Mother. The Way of the Cross was familiar to her as a daily devotion, and its agony was lived out in her life. When tortured with pain she went to look upon the Master's sufferings: the pain of wronged innocence was His, the agony of contumely, the anguish of abandonment. The extravagant love of God, who would save a vacillating and weak race, wounded her more deeply as days went by. Yet, when she knelt before the Crucifix, she arose from her knees with hope and charity enlarged, for did not the dear Jesus know all man's exceeding baseness and littleness, and still consent to be his ransom?

"One day," says Sister Mary Ignatius,

"I was in the Chapel when Mother entered; her face reflected the pain she was suffering. Not accustomed to see her thus, I was surprised, and remained in the rear of the Chapel, instead of leaving it as I had at first intended. She began the Way of the Cross and made it with fervor so evident that I ever after had a liking for this devotion towards which I hitherto had a strong repugnance. After she had finished the Stations her face was radiant; in fact, it seemed illumined; and I never lost the impression she made upon me that day. Each time I perform this exercise I see her as I saw her then.

"But at Eastertide all was bright and cheerful in the house; sorrow and worries were forgotten, or, at least, were kept in the background; and the victory of our Risen, Triumphant Christ was ours. Not as if it had occurred eighteen hundred years ago, but ours on that day, and the awe of His Resurrection lived in our souls as it did in the Apostles, in the pious women's, in Mary's. No doubt or shadow of doubt arose to mar our happiness, or dim the

joy of our hope in our own glorious resurrection."

The beautiful picture of Mother's piety which the Sisters loved to draw of her after her decease, was her posture before the Tabernacle. "Her favorite place was at the Communion rail. There she could be found when occupations in the boarding-school kept the Sisters away from the Divine Presence; and there too, far into the night she knelt, her hands joined, her head bowed, and when she arose from prayer, she was like Moses descending from the Mount—peaceful, serene, her will lost in that of God." "It was good to see her before the Tabernacle, especially in the evening after prayer. She knelt near the Holy Table with her head bent, her hands joined. I still seem to see her there when I enter the Chapel, and the thought helps me. Kneeling there, where she so often knelt adoring Our Divine Lord, I receive new light and an increase of love for God," asserts Mother Veronica, her successor in the Superiorship. The general testimony of her companions is: "She had a special devotion to the Blessed Eu-

charist, and every night after evening prayer, she could be seen near the Communion rail spending an hour in adoration."

Her love of the august Sacrament of our altars would allow her no peace until she had satisfied herself that nothing was lacking which could add to the solemnity of Divine Worship, and Mother often reminded the Sacristan of her duty in this respect by inquiring of the latter if she had the necessary linens, oils, candles, etc. In speaking of the oil, Mother would refer to the "foolish virgins," and bid the Sister Sacristan not to imitate them. She herself aided in decorating the altar. Sister Mary Julienne assures us that, "she put her whole heart and soul into beautifying the Chapel for Church feasts." Mother Mary Stanislaus adds, "She was never so happy as when decorating the altar." Her novices imbibed her spirit, and the Community faithfully treasures it, for care of the Sanctuary has become traditional in the Congregation. "How we loved to help her in the Chapel!" Sister Mary Ignatius exclaims, "What ardor on our part, what zeal and love on hers; and

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those among us who had not the privilege of helping her were very grieved."

The fervent pioneer members of the Community have delighted to dwell on Mother's love of the Eucharist, her zeal in the service of the sanctuary; but when they came to speak of her reception of the lowly Earth-Prisoner into her heart, they grew eloquent. We shall let Mother Mary Elizabeth—Miss Joanna Roche—Sister Mary Ignatius, and Mother John the Baptist, tell what they felt when they saw Mother returning from Holy Communion:

"It was always a happy moment for me, when I could see her return from the Holy Table, she was so completely absorbed in God by the greatness of the action just performed."

"What can I say of her face as she returned from Holy Communion? She appeared to me then to be an angel from Heaven!"

"Her face was radiant after Holy Communion, and we could not resist looking at her."

Brother Basil, who often served Holy

Mass, told Mother Veronica of the Crucifix that he saw an aureola over her head when she received Holy Communion; and yet Mgr. Bourget assures us that intense as was her desire for Holy Communion, it always cost her to approach the Divine Banquet; "her idea of God's goodness and her own vileness troubled her soul." From her letters to His Lordship, we see that she did not communicate as often as she wished, her spiritual Director preventing her. We do not know the reason, because her discretion regarding the Confessional was perfect. She suffered from the prohibition but said nothing. "To be deprived of Holy Communion is very painful," she wrote Mgr. Bourget, "but I endure it with calm and resignation. Our good Master seems to recompense me by a greater union with Him and His Blessed Mother."

We have seen how edifying she was in her relations with the Sisters and strangers, yet throughout all her life, she reproached herself with not loving God as she should. Disease consumed her, it is true, but we are tempted to ask: Was it only disease?

Was it not also this anguish of soul she endured at not being what she thought and felt God demanded her to be? Might it not be her insatiable love of God that helped to undermine her mortal habitation? She had been wounded by Love at her First Holy Communion, and all her after-life was a long continuous effort to try to become, in a small degree, worthy of the love of a God who died for her.

In Mother Mary Rose's life our Blessed Mother was inseparable from her Son, and in all her exhortations she urged her Sisters to carry their griefs and sorrows to Mary. She led her novices to Mary's feet, she consecrated them to the Queen of the Angels. In all their little trials she sent them to Mary. A departure of Sisters for a Branch House was always preceded by a prayer in common with their Mother at Mary's altar.

Her devotion to the Mother as to the Son was practical. "Have you a good Rosary?" she inquired of Sister Mary Ignatius on the eve of the young Sister's departure for Belœil. Sister handed Mother her Ro-

sary. The latter examined it and said: "Sister, love to recite the Rosary; teach the children to love it and to say it every day. Oh, make them know and love our Blessed Mother!" And as my heart ached to leave her who was so kind and tender a mother, she comforted me. The following morning she accompanied the three of us who were leaving for Belœil, to Mary's altar; and after consecrating us to Heaven's Queen, our first Superior, she left us under her special protection." Nor did she ever write a letter in which Mary's name did not find a place. "May Jesus and Mary be with you!" "I leave you in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary!" "I am always yours in the Hearts of Jesus and Mary!" are expressions characteristic of her correspondence.

Besides her inspiring love for the Blessed Sacrament and our Heavenly Mother, Mother Mary Rose had an abiding confidence in St. Joseph. She made him keeper of the Convent finances, and we have seen what a faithful steward he proved. Forced into debt, almost beyond hope of liquidation, the Community suffered no incon-

venience, the money came somehow, and always in time to meet the demands of the creditors. St. Joseph never fails, as many besides St. Teresa can affirm. Mother had also a particular affection for St. Francis Xavier, the model missionary, and for St. Rose of Lima, her patroness. But Jesus and Mary had the first place in her heart; all her other devotions led to them, or were based on them. Jesus! Mary! was the cry of her inmost being, as it should be of every Sister of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

XXI

MELLOWING

"Be you perfect even as also your heavenly Father is perfect."

ST. Catherine of Sienna frequently kissed the ground whereon a priest had trod, so great was her respect for the representatives of Christ. As Mother Mary Rose manifested the spirit of St. Clare of Assisi by making linens and vestments for the service of the sanctuary, so she followed in the footsteps of Sienna's beautiful Saint in her reverence for the clergy. "The priests, bishops, our Holy Father, all who directed Christ's Church had a share in her affection. She also loved the poor, who are an integral part of the Church; the unfortunate, her Sisters, other Congregations claimed a share of her wonderful sympathy. She mourned the death of Gregory XVI, and rejoiced when the venerated Pius IX was elected." On all occasions she made the joys and sorrows of the Church hers; she was one

of the faithful—in her own estimation the very least atom in all that vast body—and she loved her noble Mother the Church so well that she could not be indifferent to whatever promoted God's reign on earth, or combated vice and error.

But her love for the Church was practical. "When His Lordship, Bishop Bourget, or the Coadjutor, Mgr. Prince, spoke," says one of her daughters, "his words were for Mother the utterance of God's will." "Who heareth you heareth Me," was not said to the Apostles only, but to their successors throughout all time. "One evening in 1847, His Lordship told us that the genuflection which we were accustomed to make before the Blessed Sacrament was limited to the use of cloistered Sisters, and that we should make a simple reverence. We all regretted the change, but could not tell what Mother felt, for her face was smiling and calm as usual, although we knew that she must have experienced, at least, a certain regret. Still that very same evening, she assembled the Community in the Chapel to rehearse the new reverence." "Obedience

is better than sacrifice," dates back to Saul.

Moreover, she never permitted herself the smallest criticism of a priest. Even he who had tried to ruin her undertaking by calumny, was treated by her with the utmost deference, and she never uttered a derogatory word about him, nor let fall a phrase denoting bitterness even within the privacy of the Convent. It is true she did not live to witness his infamous career; yet, one thinks if she had, she would have prayed for him and pitied him, and left the judging to God.

She considered it a privilege to work for the Church, either directly or by aiding the clergy. Her reverence and respect for the Church were not barren. She asked the Sisters to repair vestments, to re-cover breviaries, and render every assistance they could to the priests. A favorite exclamation of hers was: "What could we do without the clergy? We can never repay them, no matter how we try." Mother Veronica confirms this statement: "She left us the most profitable example of respect for authority.

One day a Sister made a remark during recreation which Mother considered unnecessary.

"Sister," Mother immediately said, "you should not constitute yourself judge in this matter. Go to the Chapel and ask God to pardon you."

As we have already stated, Mother was most kind to the poor. "God does not purchase His spouses with gold," Mother Teresa of Jesus once said; and in voicing this sentiment, she was only adhering closely to the traditions of the Foundress. Mother Mary Rose, in her youth, hearkened to the Saviour's recommendation: "What you do for the least of these My little ones, you do unto Me." At Belœil, she supplied the indigent with food and clothing, compassionating with them in their misery and woe, aiding them to bear their burden by her sympathy and prayers; and this, her charity, like her other qualities, developed with the years. Even when she was obliged to practise the most heroic poverty herself, she still found means to relieve the needy. The most destitute of the pupils had the

greatest attention from her; those among them who received the least from parents and relatives, occupied her thoughts most. The Sisters, naturally, were nearest to her heart; but the sufferer, she who was a victim of physical or moral pain, was the favored object of Mother's tenderness. Her beneficence was of God, and seemed all-reaching and all-helpful.

Even in Religious Life there may be different ideals; but Mother's was the highest and holiest; her poverty, obedience, abnegation were perfect, as we have seen again and again. She excluded from her life all worldliness and expected her Sisters to do the same. There was to be nothing in common between them and that world which Christ so frequently and so strongly condemned. She was severe when she noticed anything like levity in her spiritual daughters, and it met with her sternest censure; in a word, she was inexorable towards whatever could affect the religious spirit.

One day, a Sister was guilty of some frivolity, irreprehensible in itself, yet out of place in a person consecrated to God.

Mother assembled the Community and calling the Sister said: "It is by such puerilities as these, Sister, that the spirit of the world creeps into the Convent." Rev. Father Allard mentions other religious features upon which she insisted. He says that she discountenanced sadness, and taught and recommended the joy which is of God. She was pitiless to those who were habitually thoughtless or lacked seriousness. She attached the greatest importance to the practices of Religious Life: modesty, silence, recollection, exact observance, and in all these, she herself was a model. Her weakened condition did not prevent her from rising at 4.30 a. m. and assisting at prayer and meditation, Holy Mass, and on through all the routine of the day, although she coughed continually. She was particularly severe about "strict" silence, which is observed in every religious house from "evening prayer until after the morning meditation." If she ever happened to require anything during that time, which she seldom did, she expressed her wish by signs. In no instance did she ever exact from others

what she did not do herself. Nor was her zeal confined to Longueuil. In the Branch Houses, at Belœil, St. Lin, and St. Timothy, she likewise insisted on absolute fidelity to all the religious observances and to every article of the Rule.

If she witnessed any infraction of religious discipline, she immediately warned the transgressors and showed them how to correct their fault. One day she was in her room and overheard two Sisters talking in the corridor; she left her cell and bade the delinquents kneel down for a short time. But the Rule, in her hands, was not inflexible, nor did she urge forward the strong and the weak equally. She studied temperaments and treated each subject according to her personal requirements. Wisdom and prudence characterized her in this as in all other things. She was severe with the Professed Sisters, but spared the Novices and Postulants who were not yet inured to the restraint and exaction of a Rule. But she knew when to make an allowance even with the Professed.

The perfection of these religious virtues

was constantly reflected in her own life. Her obedience and submission to authority were particularly attractive. In all the difficulties through which she passed she consulted her Superiors before acting. She did nothing without the sanction of the Bishop who was her first Superior, and of Rev. Father Guigues, the Ecclesiastical Superior. Let us hear what the Novice-Master, Father Allard, has to say concerning her in this respect:

"Obedience tempered her zeal and guided her in her duties as Superior. This was most evident in trying circumstances when she invariably sought the advice and counsel of the first Pastor of the Diocese." "Our Mother," Mother Veronica tells us, "governed us with wisdom and discernment; she was an able directress."

Her nature was marvellously well disciplined, and we ask if this was not the secret of her influence whether with the Sisters or students, for she passed over no fault in silence; she reproved when reproof was necessary; she counselled when counsel could be helpful; but what she

said was always listened to with respect and received with gratitude, for her meekness was such that even when she was correcting she never wounded. Sister Mary Julienne confirms this when she says: "Mother corrected us with firmness, and yet with so much meekness that we could not but receive her reproofs well." And Mother Veronica of the Crucifix substantiates these testimonies when she tells us: "Mother Mary Rose united great kindness and firmness, and reproved without human respect."

This happy combination of head and heart was noticeable in all Mother's intercourse with others. She had gained so perfect a mastery over herself that anger never surprised her, nor excessive severity caused her regret. "My dear Sister," she wrote, "I beg of you during this month of grace to reflect seriously on the obligations you contracted in making a vow of obedience; weigh well before the Almighty the account you would have to render, were you to die this moment. I pray you, my dear Sister, enter into yourself, and think of the Divine Master to whom you are consecrated. I

offer you anew to Him every day, that He may bless your sufferings and the sacrifices made for His love."

Nature and grace were indeed so blended in Mother, that whatever she said to the Sisters was to them like a command from Sinai; and the fear of causing her pain, was, after their fear of God, one of their strongest restraints. "When we were tempted to violate the Rule," Mother Veronica of the Crucifix tells us, "we would say to one another, 'Oh, don't do that; Mother will be grieved!' and that sufficed."

Mother Mary Rose possessed also the rare faculty of being able to find a favorable interpretation for every act. The mortified Mother Mary Agnes says: "Mother always found good in everyone, and consequently something to esteem in each one she met; seeing the good qualities of others herself, she liked to hear the Sisters speak of what they found admirable in one another, and would never allow them to discuss anyone's shortcomings; moreover, no one attempted to do so in her presence, since each one was bent on having her affection."

The remark of a Sister whom Mother severely reproved corroborates Mother Mary Agnes' words. "What you say, Mother, is true, but I know that you love me all the same."

"My affection will not make you better; correct your faults, Sister, that God may love you," was Mother's reply.

A vivid portrait of the virtuous Foundress is given us by a simple, holy, noble soul, Sister Mary Isidore, who had come to Longueuil from Rigaud. She was one of those strong, brave women who recoil before no sacrifice. She tells us that, at the beginning of her Novitiate, Mother said to her: "Come to me every day if you wish." I went and she spoke to me so beautifully of God and the Religious Life, that she won my entire confidence; I told her everything that I had ever done, and it seemed to me that she could read my heart. She encouraged me to suffer in silence, saying: 'To be happy in this life we should bear one another's burdens, my dear Child.' And this kind Mother daily left her important occupations for me! She would spend

hours with me, poor and ignorant as I was. I often wept from the holy joy which her conversations gave me. Then she would ask: 'Why do you cry?'

"What you say is so touching, Mother. You speak so well of God and His perfections," I would answer.

"Sister, the more sacrifices you make, the happier you will be. Love to be the lowest and least; seek the last place, the most servile work, the greatest humiliations. Respect your Sisters always, and oblige them when you can. See only their good qualities and be blind to their faults."

"What delightful days those were!" the good Sister exclaims; and her beautiful life proved her a worthy daughter of the Mother she loved so well.

We shall let Sister Mary Ignatius take up the story of Mother's virtues, where Sister Mary Isidore leaves off. "Mother Mary Rose showed special affection for the auxiliary Sisters; she wrote letters for many of them who had not the time or the education to do so themselves. She was equally devoted to the auxiliary Novices and Pos-

tulants, and when any of them left the Novitiate, her interest followed them into the world. Her heart never grew tired in its mission of good; her love for God and souls never diminished."

We have already said that she deeply respected ecclesiastical authority. We should have added that she gave her esteem not only to her Superiors, but also to her equals; nay, even to those who grieved her most, which may easily be taken as a test of high virtue.

"I used often ask myself how can Mother like such or such a person who is so tactless. I perceived one day that a woman was rude to her, and I knew that this one frequently made Mother suffer, but neither on that nor on any other occasion could I detect any change in Mother's face. I never knew Mother's affection to lessen towards any one who was the cause of sorrow to her; her line of conduct was ever courteous. Great or lowly, rich or poor, amiable or disagreeable, Mother made no distinction, all shared her love; or, if there was any difference in her treatment of those under

her charge, the preference was for those who had been unkind to her."

Another companion of the Foundress says: "If Mother saw traces of grief on any face, she did not fail to seek the sufferer before retiring, lest the pain should prevent the sorrowing one from sleeping. And Mother's kindness made the sore less sensitive."

"What can I say of that mother-heart of hers!" cries Emerente Benoît. "She forgot herself for her daughters; her own illness and weakness were lost sight of, in her solicitude for her Sisters. Let me cite a few instances. After class—I was teaching Catechism—during the luncheon period, Mother came up, 'Sister that class tires you; ask Father Allard to take your place sometimes. I also shall come occasionally.' Owing to her persistent cough, the Infirmarian often brought her medicine, but Mother was more concerned about the sufferings of others than about her own, and if she chanced to hear Sister Mary Elizabeth, who was also ill at the time, coughing, or any other Sister show symptoms of a cold, the remedy was sent with the injunction: "Mo-

ther says you must take this;" and when the Foundress could carry it to the patient herself, she did so and offered it saying: 'Take this now through obedience.' "

"One day," a Sister relates, "Mother was suffering more than usual, and I asked permission to prepare a prescription for her which I had always found effective; she granted my request, and a few days later I enquired if the remedy had given her any relief.

"No," she answered.

"The Infirmarian whispered to me, 'She did not take it; she gave it to another Sister.' "

When any of her spiritual children were ill Mother's solicitude was boundless. She was tireless in helping them. Her first visit in the morning, and the last at night, was to their bedside. She sent for the physicians who had treated them at home, and wrote to thank the doctors when the patients had recovered.

"Take good care of the sick Sisters!" was one of her strongest recommendations to the local superiors. "Neglect nothing

which will relieve them." And she showed the same maternal tenderness to the auxiliary Sisters who are so important a part of the Congregation. Her solicitude was ever active. If a pupil was ill, the little invalid would never fail to ask: "Does Mother know?"

"It was not during illness alone that Mother's sympathy went out to her daughters; their troubles of any and every nature were hers; aye, keener to her than her very own. She did not wait for the sufferer to come; she went out to find her and allowed herself no rest until comfort was given."

"Sometime after my Religious Clothing," wrote Sister Mary Ignatius, "I was named to teach the little ones to speak English. Our Mother came to see how I was getting on, and Sister Mary Magdalen, Assistant and Directress of the Boarding School, happened to be present, and turned to Mother and said, 'That novice is not fit for our work; she will never succeed with the pupils.'

"I was only a few steps away and heard the adverse judgment pronounced against me. On turning, I met Mother's gaze which

said all I needed to know to restore my peace of soul. The same reassuring smile was still mine, on the morrow; it seemed to say: 'Have confidence, all will be well; you will persevere in Religious Life.'

"How good she was, how interested in us, to the very last auxiliary postulant! I might think she had only one to direct, and that one, 'me', each Sister would say. How near we felt to God with her, everywhere, and always! Naturally the Sisters were lonely and desolate when they had to leave her for a Branch House."

"In May, 1849, Mother paid a visit to Belœil. We had been watching for her coming, and I cried with joy when I saw her. How motherly she was during that short stay with us! She inquired after our health, our food; but at the same time, she asked us in what manner we observed the Rule, and reproved us for our failings. She requested me to explain to her the methods I used in my Catechism class, and in the direction of the Sodalists, and the Congregation of the Infant Jesus. Every word she uttered referred to the knowledge

and love of God, and the honor of religion. She desired our perfection at all cost, and insisted so strongly on silence that we grew to love it. She seemed to hunger and thirst after our sanctification, and happiness beamed from her face when she saw that we had made some progress in holiness. We, on our part, studiously avoided anything that could cause her pain, and we looked upon her as far superior to us, for we knew that she was holy. On leaving Belœil she kissed us most affectionately and gaily—but we were sad to see her go."

"A few days after my arrival, in June, 1848," Joanna Roche relates, "never having seen Sisters before, I looked at them in surprise, as I saw them walking two by two from the dining-room, in the deepest recollection, saying the *Miserere*. I was particularly struck by the dignity and sanctity of her who walked last, and inquiring her name was told: 'That's our Mother Mary Rose!'

"Everybody proclaimed her a great servant of God. The little girls speaking one day of Heaven inquired: 'Are the Angels

holier than our Mother?' All the Sisters re-echoed the pupils' words: 'Our Mother is a Saint!' Seculars who met her exclaimed: 'She is a Saint!'"

"July 3rd, 1848," Sister Mary Ignatius, to whom we are indebted for so many of these interesting notes, goes on to say, "I pronounced my vows; my brother wept bitterly, and Mother Mary Rose tried to comfort him. 'I regret the departure of my Sister,' he said later to his friends, 'but one thing consoles me, her Superior is a Saint.'"

And Mother Mary Rose was unusually versed in perfection if we judge her by her deeds, which were holy even in the sight of man; by her charity, which embraced all manner of suffering and sorrow; by her tireless life, her unquenchable zeal, her penance, her prayer, her love of God and Holy Church. We shall be saved as by fire: and Mother's life was passed in the crucible. Would to God that every woman could suffer and grow Christ-like as did Mother Mary Rose!

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XXII

THE FINAL CALL

But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

COWPER

ST. Rose's Day wore sadly to its close. The Sisters, who had gathered around their Mother for the last time, scarcely realized the nearness of the end; yet, as evening crept on, and drove the weary sufferer to seek rest, she felt that the time of waiting was limited, that the God whom she so loved and so faithfully served might come at any moment. Indeed, her weakness had increased noticeably this day, and turning to the gentle Mother Veronica of the Crucifix who hovered near, she said: "Sister, are you going to let me die without the Sacraments? Speak to the Chaplain."

Sister answered through her tears, for her soul was knit to her Mother's: "To-morrow, Mother, tomorrow!" A sleepless night followed, which the patient passed in

anxious longing for the dawn—for the coming of the Spouse. She prepared herself by aspirations and prayers, and she herself placed on a small table all that was required for the Blessed Sacrament. On the morrow, when the Spouse would come in Holy Viaticum, His faithful servant wished to give Him one more proof of her love. Fearing that she might be too weak in the morning to speak, she dictated, during the night, what she wanted to say to the assembled Sisters, before receiving the Last Sacraments.

In the early dawn the Chaplain gave her Holy Communion; and when the priest began to administer Extreme Unction, she made a sign to Mother Veronica of the Crucifix to read aloud her last words to the Community. The Sisters were pressing near, her small room overflowed into the corridor, whither a few pupils had come.

Listen to Mother Veronica's soft voice as she kneels amid the sobbing Sisters. It is not last recommendations that Mother is making to her daughters: she had already confided them to God and His Holy Mother. She says: "I ask your pardon,

Sisters, for having failed in kindness and meekness towards you; I ask your pardon for having wounded your feelings during recreation, by harsh and unkindly words; I ask your pardon, for having failed in charity towards you, by not having for you the heart of a mother; I ask your pardon for the bad example I gave you by my lack of punctuality at the religious exercises; I ask your pardon for my scant regard for recollection and silence."

Mother Veronica's voice broke into a sob; the patient lay white and peaceful on her bed with grief stricken hearts around her; the suppressed anguish sought expression; it rose and fell and filled the adjoining rooms; not one in all that assembly was calm except the Mother whose home-call could almost be heard: the hushed solemn awe of a good life's closing was already felt. By degrees, however, the pupils and Sisters withdrew to spend their grief elsewhere, and Mother lay still and happy with her Lord in her heart, and His Blessed Name on her lips.

As the hours went by, the Sisters came

to her room to take one more look at their Mother, or to get one more word to treasure up against the days to come... Her cell was so small that few could remain long in it without exhausting the air which the poor patient needed so badly. So her bed was brought into the Chapter-room and remained there until her death.

School opened a few days later, but the kind Mother was not present to bid each student welcome, and make her feel at home; no, she who was the soul of the Institute lay in a room above slowly dying. On September 15th, however, the pupils came in groups to see her. She greeted them most affectionately as was her wont, with that eloquent smile which touched hearts and won them to her forever. But among the young ladies were some whose exaggerated worldliness did not escape the eyes of the dying Foundress. Weak as she was she told them how it grieved her to see these signs of vanity. Tears filled the culprits' eyes, and later they proved that their contrition was sincere by a thorough change of conduct.

Friends afar joined friends anear in expressions of sympathy. Father Allard writes: "It is with very real pain, dear Reverend Mother, that I hear of your continued weakness which deprives your Community of your motherly care. The Sisters of Bytown share my grief and offer their prayers for your happy restoration to health. I recommend you to the suffering Heart of Jesus. God has His designs on you; He wishes to sanctify you and increase your merits. Your greatest sorrow, I know, is your inability to be present at the religious exercises. Remember, dear Mother, that in this case an act of submission to the will of Heaven is more agreeable to God, and promotes His glory more effectively, than all you could do for Him, were you personally conducting prayer, reading, or meditation."

Her submission to God's will was most edifying, as inspiring as it had been in every event of her life. And she was called on to make another supreme act of resignation. The Sisters wanted her portrait, and endeavored to persuade her to consent to

their wishes. But all their entreaties were in vain. They next enlisted the services of her brother, Rev. Théophile Durocher, to win her consent; but he too failed. Then Mother Veronica crossed over to Montreal and represented to the Bishop, the sorrow of the Community at not having a portrait of the Foundress. His Lordship went to Longueuil and requested Mother to accede to the Sisters' very legitimate wish. The idea was most repugnant to her, yet when the Bishop spoke she immediately yielded, and Mr. Hamel of Montreal was engaged to do the work. Mother's extreme weakness permitted only one satisfactory sitting; but the artist managed a second one, and another Sister posed for the arms and hands. However, a faithful resemblance was obtained, for the artist had to guide him a good daguerrotype, taken before the commencement of the work.

Mother was compensated for her sacrifice through Mgr. Prince. He came to the Convent, September 25th, and allowed her to receive Holy Communion daily; but she could not see Mgr. Bourget who was con-

fined to his bed with sickness. The days wore slowly on; all hope of recovery had been abandoned; yet some of the Sisters, who could not give her up, prayed steadily to keep her as long as possible, and Heaven seemed to listen to their prayers. The absent Sisters came to look upon her again and bear away with them her image in their hearts. Sister Mary Alphonsus and Sister Mary Ignatius arrived from Belœil. The Sisters of St. Lin and St. Timothy still hoped that God would spare their Mother, she seemed so necessary to her work, but God's *fiat* had gone out—the day of her triumph was fast approaching.

Her brother, Rev. Flavien Durocher, O. M. I., who was leaving for the Saguenay, turned aside from his journey to look his last upon her. He came and went, and her life of silence wore on, wore away in prayer and peace and perfect trust; a word now and again to her companions was the extent of her intercourse with creatures, for her chief business was with God; now as in the days of her health she was interested in supreme values, not in the trivialities of time.

The last week of her life began with the month of October. A night or two before the end she thought she was dying; and, as the Sisters on retiring had asked to be roused if the call came before the morning, the Infirmarian started to give the word, but Mother took her by the hand, "Do not disturb the Sisters," she managed to say between paroxysms of coughing; "do not break silence; call the Chaplain only."

Another night the Infirmarian had placed a sedative near the patient. In the morning she asked Mother, "Did the medicine relieve you last night?"

"No, Sister," Mother answered.

At first Sister was surprised, but remembering Mother's methods asked: "Did you take it?"

"No; a Sister was coughing so violently that I sent it to her."

She was merely alive and still her thoughts were, as of old, all for others. Sister Mary Isidore was with her the second last night of her life. Mother turned to her sweetly and said: "Sister, do perfectly all that your Superior commands."

Convent of the Holy Name of Mary, Outremont, Que.

While she could think, her thoughts were either with God or her spiritual daughters. "Sister," she would ask Mother Teresa of Jesus, who had charge of the business of the house, "have you everything the Sisters need?"

When not concerned about the well-being of her religious family, she was absorbed in God, or rather she was with Him continually, and with her daughters only through Him. She was at peace, having placed her Congregation, once for all, in the hands of the Almighty—that Congregation which He had made prosper through dark days and fair—and she knew that all would be well with it. The resignation which lived in her beautiful soul radiated from her countenance, even in suffering and the near approach of death. In the silence she listened for the coming of the Spouse, the God of her First Holy Communion. On October 5th, she seemed only to be awaiting the signal to set out. Smiling, she said to Mother Veronica: "It is your prayers that keep me here."

But the end was drawing near. Mother

Veronica made the sacrifice that Heaven was asking of her. She stopped praying for a prolongation of Mother's life, and asked instead resignation to the will of God. Towards evening, Mother Mary Rose rested; there were no more coughing spells; a serene, peaceful slumber was granted her. Everlasting peace had been the condition of her pact with Heaven; her life had been dedicated to God's glory, and now He was coming to fulfil His part of the contract.

In the weary watches of the night, while silence reigned, her pure soul went to its God. The clock marked 12.15 when she left, in the early morning of October 6th, 1849, just thirty-eight years, day for day, since she had come to bless the earth.

A few hours later the Sisters were aroused by the tolling of the bell. Pupils, postulants, and novices hearing it, cried "Mother has left us!" and hastened to the Chapter-Room to look upon her face. All day long the procession continued; they did not tire of gazing upon her as she lay, seemingly, in that protracted, peaceful sleep of the previous evening. The natural kindness and

goodness of her countenance were there, even in death, and an expression of faith satisfied, of peace conquered forever, of unalloyed joy.

On the 7th, her remains were taken to the Chapel after Mass, and the concourse of people on this day exceeded that of the day preceding. On the 8th, there was an early service in the Convent Chapel, by her brother, Rev. Théophile Durocher. The Sisters were in the choir; sobs broke their voices; their emotion would not permit them to continue the *Requiem.* A friend who was present took up the sad responses for them.

After the Mass in the Chapel, the *cortege* made its way to the Parish church. The occasion was the triumph of virtue. She who in life loved lowliness and humility, who sought the last place, and desired to be despised, in death drew crowds from their homes to do homage to her worth. The unkind forgot their part, and hastened churchward mourning; the indifferent came to grow fervent; the friendly pressed forward to pay their last tribute of love to

one of God's own, for the word had gone abroad that on this day His servant would be interred.

"Within the church on a catafalque, now a mound of flowers, she rested, almost on the very spot where she had knelt five years before, and promised poverty, chastity, and obedience to God. His Lordship was again at the altar, assisted by her two brothers, Fathers Théophile and Eusebe Durocher. The Bishop and Father Théophile had also been present at that other ceremony, the ceremony of the immolation; and they were here again in the hour of her triumph, in the period of her crowning. The same Prelate, the same Assistants, the same Priests, the same Religious, the same Congregation"—to do honor to the lowly Religious who, in all she thought, did, or said, sought earnestly and sincerely God always, and God first, and God alone.

Thus did this dear Mother live, thus did she die, and thus did her death—shall we say it?—call souls to life and exertion. She died by degrees, consumed by sorrow and disease, but there were there among

the mourners, twenty-three professed Sisters, eleven novices, and twelve postulants, who were imbued with her spirit and chartered by God to carry on her work.

The *Requiem* over, the procession reformed and the remains were carried back to the Convent. They rested again for a little while on that spot before the Communion rail where she was wont to kneel—in her own peculiar place before the Tabernacle—and her daughters came once more to look upon her face, the last look they should have of her until they would gaze upon her glorified, in the presence of the All-Holy. She was still smiling and beautiful. Mother Teresa of Jesus cut a piece of her veil, the coffin was closed, the *Libera* sung, and the earthly remains of Mother Mary Rose were lowered beneath the Sanctuary. There she was placed by the side of her two daughters who had preceded her. As the clay fell on her coffin, her orphaned family could not restrain their grief—their Mother had indeed gone and left a void which could never be filled.

On returning to the Chapel which they

had quitted a moment before, an unexpected vision met the eyes of all, and moved every heart. The artist had finished his word, and Mother's portrait, almost life-size, had been placed at the foot of Mary's altar. "Her face, her attitude, her indefinable expression were there on the canvas; and on coming from the crypt, the mourners gathered around the image of her whom they had just laid to rest."

On the day following that sad burial, Bishop Bourget paid a visit of condolence to the Sisters. He knew Mother Mary Rose as none other knew her, and these were his words on that occasion: "I say to you in all sincerity, that I marvelled constantly to see so much virtue in a human being. Considering her holiness I could not help thinking, 'I have done nothing yet for God and for the flock entrusted to me.' I have prayed to the dear deceased to obtain for me the same ardor to govern my diocese that she showed in directing you. I beg of you to go to her often with confidence and say: 'O good Mother, obtain for me from God that I may observe exactly all that you have recommended!' "

"Her reputation for holiness spread. There were hymns composed in her honor, cures were obtained through her intercession. Twenty-five years later, an Archbishop pronounced her funeral oration; a whole people again made an ovation in her honor, as they had done on the day of her funeral."

Thirty years after her death, when experience and reflection had time to efface first impressions or correct wrong ones, Bishop Bourget wrote: "I often invoke her privately as a Saint, and I hope the Lord will glorify her before men, by the Church decreeing her the honors of the altar."

In life and in death, Mother Mary Rose was one of God's own, an ideal for us to revere. May her virtues be ours; may her spirit live with us! As Bishop Bourget taught us, we pray: Dear Mother, obtain from Jesus and Mary that we honor their Holy Names, as you did, by a service of love and sacrifice!

XXIII

SYMPATHY

No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels—
No cure for such, till God who makes them heals.

COWPER

THE Cross which Mother Mary Rose had chosen as the seal of her Community, became unquestionably its dowry through her death. The Sisters were genuinely afflicted at her loss. But in the heavenward journey there is no time for useless repinings. God knows what is best for us; He sees real success and true victory where we can detect only failure and defeat. Consequently, the members of the young, orphaned Order set their faces more resolutely than ever towards the country whither their Mother had gone. At the same time, they bravely took up the burden of her work. Mother Veronica of the Crucifix was appointed Superior-General, Mother Teresa of Jesus remained bursar; there was no halt in the progress of the Congregation, the

Foundress was helping it more potently than ever, no doubt, from her new nearness to the Eternal Father. The sympathy of friends and their own strong, unfailing reliance on God were the support of the Sisters in this trying period. Father Allard, from his Bytown Mission, expressed admirably the feelings of the ecclesiastical well-wishers of the Order when he wrote:

To the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary,

"ESTEEMED AND WELL-LOVED SISTERS,

"May the grace of God be always with you!

"We were still besieging Heaven to obtain your revered Mother's recovery, when your letter announced her departure for a better life. The tidings have saddened us here; we feel keenly the stroke which removes the chief pillar of your Congregation. The wound inflicted upon your hearts will not soon close, therefore I need not fear to probe it anew by speaking freely of your departed Mother. Cherished Daughters of that dearly loved Mother, long will you weep over this tomb, where tears and re-

grets are so justly due. My esteem for you, the relations I have had with your Community impel me to offer you some few words of consolation that may sustain you in this hour of trial. The death of the Mother you mourn is certainly a calamity, but the memory of her holiness will afford the greatest comfort to the hearts of her religious daughters. Your Mother sleeps the sleep of the just; she has happily exchanged a life of trial and of suffering for an existence of peace and unalterable bliss.

"How could you doubt of her happiness after a career eminently marked by the practice of all Christian and religious virtues—virtues which she carried to heroism? You know this as well as I do; but I would wish to remind you especially of the charity and meekness which she so well knew how to combine with firmness for the good of souls, of her love of Holy Rule constantly manifested by scrupulous fidelity to the least detail. I might propose her to her daughters as a living Rule, on account of that solicitude with which she maintained exact observance. You are able to recall

the advice she gave on this subject. I cannot be silent concerning her angelic piety, and her ability to inspire piety into those favored ones who came under her influence. Her lively faith manifested itself especially when there was any infraction of the Rule. Her ardent love of God, notwithstanding her weak health, sustained her amid occupations far beyond her strength. Her wise replies favorably decided the most delicate and difficult questions. Her constancy and fortitude shown in evil days, defeated the plans and measures which she saw opposed to the welfare of the Community. These virtues and sterling qualities reassure us today about her salvation, and, at the same time, they are the cause of our most poignant sorrow and keen regret. We affirm here with St. Gregory that a Religious passes from her cell to Heaven. And remember that it is her virtues, left as a precious heritage, that will constitute the riches of the Community, for the memories you have of her are a treasure for a religious family. But I must warn you that, in dying, your Mother has laid upon you each and all a

weighty responsibility: *To preserve her spirit in the Community and to keep her virtues alive.* The future of your Congregation is in your own hands; if each member, understanding the critical position in which the Community still finds itself, applies her energies to the practice of obedience, and rallies promptly and loyally to the side of the new Superior, and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Rule, and conscientiously faithful in observance, you will come forth from this difficult trial stronger than ever, and God will bless your undertaking by giving you a considerable number of Sisters who will rejoice your hearts and help you to develop the good work begun. If, on the contrary, you are not united in charity and obedience, God will no longer be among you, and the Religious Life will cease to be for you what it has proved until today—a life of peace of soul. Let each one of you, then, set her own views aside, and choose rather to obey than to command.

"You are now orphans; ask the Blessed Virgin Mary, your Mother, to develop in

your souls the religious virtues which will ever be the most solid support of your Community, and be convinced that Heaven's Queen will not disdain to accept the position you offer her; she will surely let you feel the effects of her protection.

"I end this long letter by expressing the desire I have to hear that you all show great zeal for regularity, for the fulfillment of your duties, and that Divine Charity inspires you with holy confidence in Jesus and Mary.

"Kindly accept the expression of my most sincere devotedness.

I have the honor to be,

Your very humble servant,

ALLARD, O. M. I."

All the Sisters in their sorrow and deep religious spirit did rally around the new head of the Congregation, Mother Veronica; the work progressed, and the spirit of the Foundress abided with her Order. This was due to the intensity of Mother Mary Rose's love of God and her tenacity

of purpose in striving after the highest perfection. To understand fully what the impact of her virtue was on the Sisters of her time, we had but to witness their fervor and devotedness, and to reflect on the wonderful expansion of her work.

Nor must we judge of Rev. Father Brassard's attitude to the Community as one of unqualified disapproval. On the contrary, he proved himself a friend in the hour of direst need, and was always, at heart, loyal to the best interests of the Order. He had donated ground to the Convent and furnished money wherewith to begin the projected buildings thereon. When he withdrew the gift later, the Sisters' hold on public confidence was secure. This conclusion is evident, since Father's differences with the Superior in no way disturbed the onward march of the Congregation. Later, Father Brassard was transferred to the Parish of St. Roch. There he built a Convent to which he invited our Sisters, a further evidence of his attachment to Mother Mary Rose's work. When he retired from active labor, he sought to pass the remainder of

his life at the Longueuil Convent, and was inconsolable, when lack of room prevented him from being admitted. His two housekeepers were received, and boarded with the Sisters until death.

Thus we see that Father Brassard shared in the labors of the foundation, and took part in the joys and sorrows of that time; although temporarily estranged, the past could not be forgotten by those who had profited by his generosity. For this reason the Community has given his name an honored place on the roll of its benefactors, with a claim on its prayerful remembrance.

And so on throughout the list of those who had befriended the Order. The memory of Mother Mary Rose's virtues kept them bound in strict allegiance to the fortunes of her daughters. Those who knew how profoundly versed she was in the wisdom of the Saints, remained faithful to her enterprise and grateful for the edification of her blessed life.

XXIV

THE AFTERMATH

Thou art not idle: in thy higher sphere,
Thy spirit bends itself to loving tasks,
And strength to perfect what it dreamed of here
Is all the crown and glory that it asks.

LOWELL

"SISTERS, the only fault I find with you is your youthfulness," a visiting Prelate once said to the assembled Community.

"Thank God; that, at least, is a fault we are daily correcting," Mother Theresa of Jesus replied.

Years passed, many of them, rectifying this score, multiplying the schools of the Order, and increasing its members. The rapid flight of time brought around the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation in 1895, when Archbishops, Bishops, Priests, benefactors, friends and former pupils assembled at Hochelaga, whither the Mother-House had been transferred in 1860. The celebration was one of those soulful occa-

sions, when good-will and sympathy make life so full of the higher joy of living. The celebration lasted three days. On the first, Most Reverend A. Langevin, O. M. I., addressed the Community. He outlined the history of the Order. In speaking of the three Foundresses, he showed how the Lord had wrought great things through them and in them.

"Mother Mary Magdalen," His Grace said, "was remarkable for her perfect obedience, and her intensity in the work of instructing and educating. Obedience was her daily bread during a long and active life; indeed, she was heroic in the practice of this virtue, essentially the virtue of a true Religious. Her love of the Gospel was that of the first Christians. According to the recommendations of St. Augustine, she respected the Gospel as she would a particle of the Blessed Sacrament.

"Mother Mary Agnes was noted for her austerity, and her ardent love of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. She was a living Rule. Pitiless towards herself, she sometimes forgot the human weaknesses of others. The

companion and friend of Mother Mary Rose at the Belœil Presbytery, she drew from this holy friendship, intenser love for God, and a thirst for sacrifice and expiation which made her an ardent lover of the Cross. She found her happiness near the Tabernacle, for there she fed the flames that consumed her soul, and there she learned the pious arts of zeal and immolation.

"But, according to our limited light, the most admirable of the trinity of Foundresses was Mother Mary Rose. As she was to rear a lofty edifice of sanctification, she began by building the foundations in the very depths of humility. The story of her life, as read in the *Annals* of the Order, surprises us, but it also makes us understand why God showered graces upon her. Her obedience knew no hesitation. A word from her spiritual director would have decided her to make any sacrifice, no matter how trying; and she drank deeply of the cup of humiliations from the hand of a severe but wise guide. He saw that her virtue was rare and virile, and he desired to give it the strength of steel.

"At that bitter hour in her life, when her Community was to be deprived of the help and guidance of the holy Religious who had directed it from the beginning, she wrote to Bishop Bourget: 'My Lord, I know you will have pity on your children who will always make it their happiness to obey you, recognizing in you the goodness of God.' Her humility made obedience easy. Her spiritual joy was increased by suffering. 'Go to Heaven by the Cross,' she wrote one of her spiritual daughters. Yes, to suffer and endure in silence, and cause no one else pain, is what God asks of each of us. To be a victim for the love of God was her daily desire. 'I would never have believed that it is so sweet to live for God alone,' she once exclaimed. When it devolved upon her to resist the 'roaring lion' that threatened the fold, she knew how to use superhuman courage, combining, at the same time, exquisite tact and delicacy with disinterested magnanimity towards a benefactor, whose confidence and trust were suffering the shock of surprise.

"Mother Mary Rose is the woman of

whom Rev. Father Odelin said while she was still at the Presbytery at Belœil : 'I know no judgment more sure and safe than hers, nor anyone better fitted to guide others to perfection...' Sisters, thank God that you have such a Mother. Could Jesus, the Lover of virgins, give more undoubted proofs of His love?

"Since the foundation days you have been inundated with favors. To convince you, look around at the development of your Order. The tree is known by its fruit. Bishop Bourget in blessing the Foundresses said: 'I bless you, my Daughters, your Sisters and your pupils,' and he exclaimed prophetically, 'Be vessels of election to bear afar the glory of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.' Literally his wish has been accomplished."

"Laborers were called for at home," Miss Kilroy writes in the *Catholic Record*—and her words shall complete the statement of His Grace of St. Boniface—"in our sister Provinces, and in the United States. On the banks of the St. Lawrence, and of the Detroit; from the beautiful Hudson to where

the waters of the Red River mingle with the Assiniboine; from Lake Huron to the Golden Gate of the Pacific; from the Keys of Florida to Oregon and the new State of Washington, academies are founded, parochial schools are taught, provinces of the Community, with parent and minor houses are permanently established. In Quebec, the Sisters have schools not only at Longueuil and Belœil, but at St. Lin, St. Hilaire, St. Timothy, Beauharnois, Vercheres, St. Roch and Valleyfield. The removal of the Mother House from Longueuil to Hochelaga in 1860 is an important historical event. This change was largely due to the munificence of the late Mr. Simon Valois who donated a chapel and a superb site for an academy and novitiate.

"Ontario, Oregon, Washington and California, Florida and New York, Michigan and Manitoba have representatives here today. Yes, forty-seven houses are represented; seven hundred and twenty-seven professed Sisters and seventy-two novices. We may pause and murmur, *Requiescant in pace,* with a benediction on their memory,

for the one hundred and ninety-two pure souls gone to the eternal sunshine of God's presence."

The second day of the Jubilee *Triduum* witnessed the return of over three hundred of the former pupils. Canon—now Archbishop—Bruchési was the orator for the occasion. He spoke eloquently of the religious and educational advantages his hearers had enjoyed within the precincts of Hochelaga Convent. "And today, Ladies," the speaker went on to say, "you reverence and love your *Alma Mater,* and your admiration is not sterile. You are its glory in society by your staunch and uncompromising faith, by your piety void of human respect, by your charity which opens your hand and heart to every deserving need, by the example of your edifying and well-regulated lives, by a salutary influence on the souls of those who are dependent on you. This was the most valuable lesson learned here. Can you ever forget it? We are told that character is weakening, principles disappearing, manners becoming depraved; they say that the laws of the Church are less res-

pected than formerly, that dangerous and frivolous books are invading the home, that an immoderate thirst for pleasure exists. Who will re-act against these evils, overcome these unwholesome tendencies, if not you, Christian wives and mothers? You are the guardians of the peace and happiness of the family, the saviours of its honor and virtue. The Church is engaged in this important struggle—she expects your co-operation. Much is asked of you, because you have received much."

One of that audience wrote when the day was over: "What I experienced today surpasses all my dreams of happiness!"

* * *

"What shall I say to you?
What can I say to you?
Better... is silence."

Thus spoke the actual pupils of Hochelaga Convent to the Clergy and guests in the reception room. "Yet on us devolves the pleasant task to greet you on this auspicious occasion, and to express our gratitude to you for joining in our canticle of thanksgiving.

"If the sainted Mothers who planted the precious seedlet half a century ago, can behold its growth into this stately tree, producing abundant fruit, and affording grateful shade—what a reward for all their labor and fatigue! We cannot clasp their hands 'tis true, but they are in our midst; we hear them whisper: Give not to us the honor of this day, but render the glory thereof to Him who exalteth the lowly.

"Most Reverend Archbishops, Right Reverend Bishops, and Reverend Members of the Clergy, your presence adds new lustre to our celebration; it is a convincing proof that you appreciate the good that has been done in the past, and that you are willing to further the development of the Congregation by all the means at your disposal.

"And you, dear Friends, you who 'once filled the places we now fill,' the readiness with which you have responded to our call, assures us that time has but riveted the golden chain which binds you to the home of your childhood. The thought of re-tasting the purest happiness earth can offer has lent you wings, and from the North

and the South, from the West and from the East, you have hastened to slake your thirst at the overflowing fountain of friendship. Drink copious, invigorating draughts that the ardor and buoyancy of youth may be renewed. You have borne the burden and the heat of the day, you have found, perhaps, by sad experience, that the battle of life is harder to fight than you expected, but panoplied, as you were, by wise and loving hands, you have learned to parry the thrusts of your subtlest foe."

And one, who had been a pupil, Mrs. Edith Cook Holbrook, in replying spoke thus of the influence of her Convent training on her life and the lives of her sister schoolmates: "Memories crowd upon me so thick and fast that I cannot express my gratitude for all our beloved teachers have done for us. Your presence here, dear Friends, is a testimony of your appreciation of their efforts to accomplish God's work on earth, training us to become good children, true Christian wives and mothers.

"You have felt all, no doubt, as I have, the quiet influence of their example, the per-

fume of their cloistered lives, penetrating ours in so holy and lasting a way, that often it is not we who direct and speak in our manifold duties, but they, who labor afar from the giddy whirl of the world.

"We left our *Alma Mater* many years ago, but we have felt its steadying influence in our intercourse with life and its various problems. This age contains so much that distracts and leads astray; it needs the single-minded purpose of the Mother's influence to hold true to the soul's best interests those whom God has placed under her care. How blessed are we who can close our eyes and hearts to the bustle of our busy lives, and hear the far-off tinkle of our Convent bell awakening sweet echoes, while memory brings back the heroic example of those beloved teachers who devoted their lives to our welfare. God bless them, each and every one, from the oldest Professed to the youngest Novice! God bless them! I say, and I speak for every child and every woman who has ever been sheltered by the Convent roof of dear old Hochelaga... May our love and gratitude be

well proved by the truth and purity of our lives! 'Tis the best and only return we can make.

"When we leave this room, let us enter the Chapel and send our silent thanksgivings to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for those whose life-work is ended, but who remember us there, in the blessed Home where they rest from their labors."

And we shall cull still another garland from the profusion of fragrant literary blossoms presented on the Jubilee day. This wreath came from across the Atlantic. A New World bloom dowered with the perfume of the Old.

"Since the foundation of the Order in 1844, fifty-one branch houses have been established, and the same rule and spirit are maintained in all, by women who have taken vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Think of it! Women have given up the possibility of wealth, worldly honor, and legitimate pleasure; have put aside the natural and God-given maternal instincts, the love of home and parents, and this understandingly and deliberately; have willed

never to will, have promised to obey, not only outwardly, but also in spirit, generously and entirely! Oh, Friends, may we not glory in Mother Church who teaches her children thus to sacrifice self? It is only when we are without personal interests that we are free to do all for others...

"Convent education differs greatly from that of the secular or public school system. As I understand it, the Convent plan is threefold. It wishes, first, to reach the soul of the pupil, to guide it, to train it—the soul lives on and on through eternity, then why should not the chief care be given it? Secondly, the heart is cultivated, the natural impulses are directed into safe channels; lofty, inspiring examples are put before the pupil, and self-control is taught. Lastly, the mind is developed. Learning avails not if the mind only is developed, and the soul left groping in the dark, and the heart remains with passions uncontrolled. Education and not mere instruction is the Convent aim. I do not wish to convey the impression that instruction is in any way neglected, only that learning is used

as a means, not the end of education—it is a rung in the ladder by which we may mount to the King's throne. As the children of the King, our lives must be one rounded whole.

"Many years separate me from my Convent days; the two deepest impressions I carry—and I believe I owe much to these—are the constant, never-failing cheerfulness of the good Sisters, rain or shine, summer or winter, always the same cheerful atmosphere; it would seem as if they had solved the philosophy of living. The second impression is that the Sisters help us to idealize life. To the young growing girl this means much. Too soon will the hard realities come—dull care, or, perhaps the frivolities of this material world—and efface the aspirations of the budding woman. Be the cause the one or the other, the need of high ideals is the same. The more life is idealized, the greater our courage to fight its monotony and cares. Then let us cultivate the beautiful, or better still, make the useful, beautiful, that both may be always with us.

"There never shall be one good lost,
What was good shall be good—
All we have willed, or hoped, or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not in its semblance, but in itself. Not beauty, not good, not power,
But what survives for the melodist.
The high that was the high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once, we shall hear it by-and by!"

It is Mrs. Agnes Sullivan Mullin who writes thus of her Convent and her Convent education.

Rev. Charles Prideaux Fox, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Ont. (Kenora), contributed to the Jubilee celebration of 1895 words that we cannot omit, for they remind us too forcibly of all that we owe to the dear Heavenly Father who watched over Mother Mary Rose's work with such love and beneficence.

SONG OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES OF JESUS AND MARY

Jesus! on this great day we all rejoice,
And sing Thy praise in universal voice;
We, grateful Sisters of the Holy Names,
Would publish far and wide the varied claims
Which ever prove to us Thy power and love,
And bless us daily from Thy throne above.
For fifty years Thy dear and gentle hand
Hath led us upward to the better land.
For fifty years Thy mild and watchful eye
Hath seen when joy was near, or sorrow nigh.
For fifty years Thy ever-listening ear
Hath heard our prayers, though but a sigh or tear.
For fifty years Thy still and gentle voice
Hath bid us labor, suffer, and rejoice.
All honor, therefore, praise and glory be
To Thy sweet Name on this our Jubilee!
Mary, dear Mother, doubly we rejoice
On this our Jubilee, uniting heart and voice:
For whilst we look on Jesus as our Brother,
We recognize in thee our loving Mother.
For fifty years He gazed adown and blessed us,
For fifty years each day thou hast caressed us.
Where'er our Sisters are, thou too art near,
And not alone in Hochelaga here
They kneel before God's altar and thy shrine;
But one in heart, their prayers to thee combine.

Continue then, sweet Mother, still to pray—
That we may love thee better day by day.
We thank thee for these fifty years of love,
We thank thee for those faithful ones above—
Our blessed Founder and those Sisters dear
Who through the merits of thy Son are near
To thee, O Mary! Pray that all may see
Jesus and thee in Heaven's eternal Jubilee!

Magnificat anima mea.

Thus sang our gifted friend. Who will voice the gratitude of the Community this autumn day of 1911, the hundredth anniversary of the Foundress' birth, when our loved Congregation counts sixty-six Convents, and forty-two parochial schools? Three of the sixty-six are Colleges: St. Mary's in Portland, St. Mary's in Winnipeg and Holy Names College, Oakland. There are now over sixteen hundred Sisters and one hundred ninety-one Novices. During these latter years, three Normal Schools have been opened; one in Seattle, Wash., another in Spokane, Wash., the third in Valleyfield, Que.

The glory of a Convent school is the exemplary women who go forth from it to hallow the home by their virtues. The

lives of the hundreds, nay, thousands of wives and mothers trained by the Sisters of the Holy Names, are the best tribute paid to the memory of Mother Mary Rose today... And from out these schools also have arisen priests of God, "to lift up hands in prayer," for her who founded the good work and for her daughters who are laboring to perpetuate her spirit and her zeal. Among those clergy who were once pupils of the Holy Names, is Right Rev. E. O'Dea, D. D., Bishop of Seattle. Gifted by God he has used his power unto justice and right, the true friend, the ideal priest, the faithful shepherd of God's flock.

From out the past the Foundress seems to stretch forth her hands to us, to signify that we must be up and doing, for the harvest is white; to urge us to give the best that is in us to Christian education; to take up the challenge thrown out by the powers of darkness which are abroad under many names, and to keep the banner of the Holy Names well to the forefront. By our energy and earnestness, our resolution and courage, our progress and prayer, we shall compel

victory for the right, and by so doing save the youth of today, the men and women of tomorrow, for God and country. But this we cannot do unless our lives are marked by the charity which is Christ's—that symbol of the Lamb, the distinctive character imposed upon the Order by Bishop Bourget through the Foundress: "By your charity you shall be known to be true daughters of Jesus and Mary." May this, our first Mother's abiding trait, be ours everlastingly! It will be, if we, in very truth, let Jesus and Mary be our strength and our glory!

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